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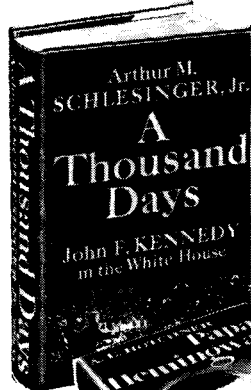
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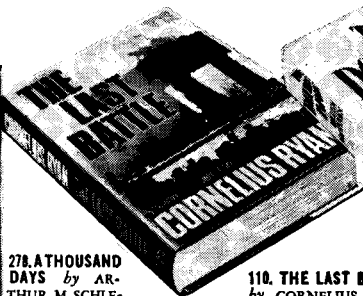
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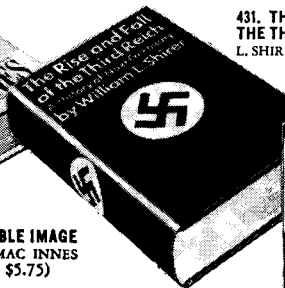
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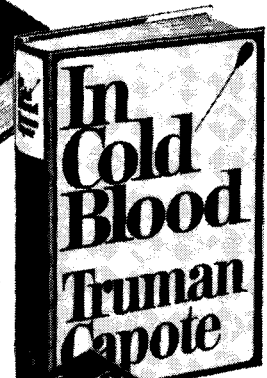
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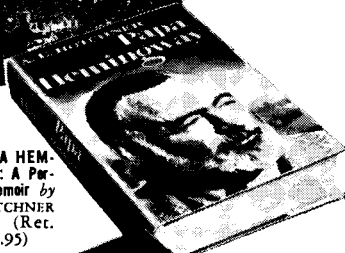


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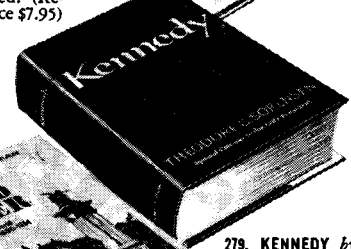
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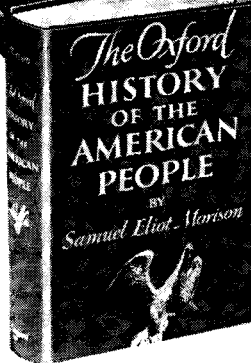
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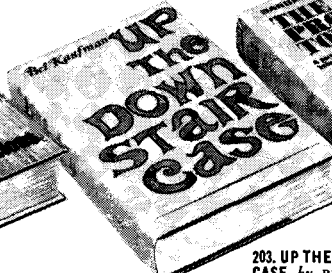
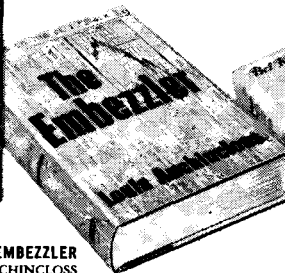


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Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamics

A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, *and* (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, *and* (3) strike supersonically at treetop height *or* dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first 17 developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

The matter of flight envelope:

Every aircraft has a specific "envelope"—a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several

possible purposes is most important.

A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, long range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high lift demanded, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to two miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound—can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or delta shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as drogue parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long-range, subsonic flight.

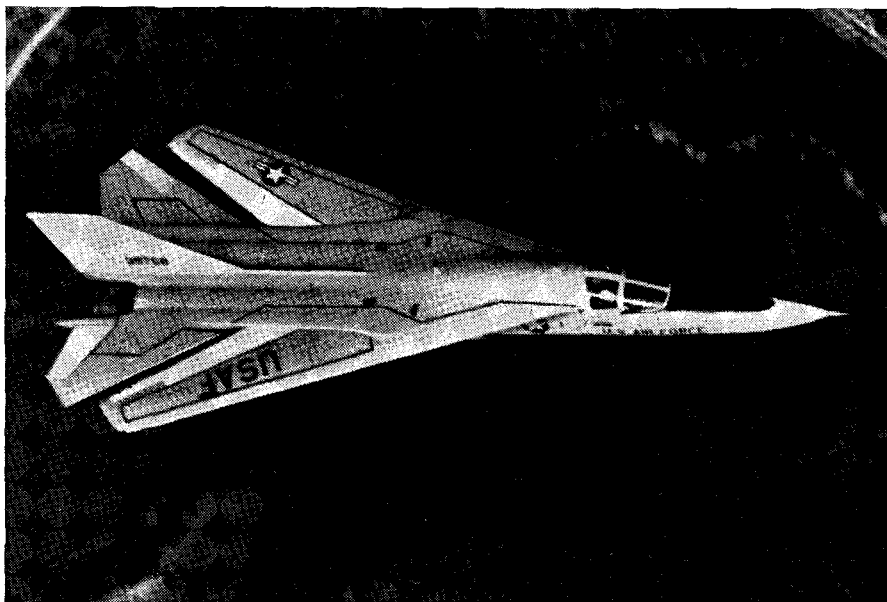
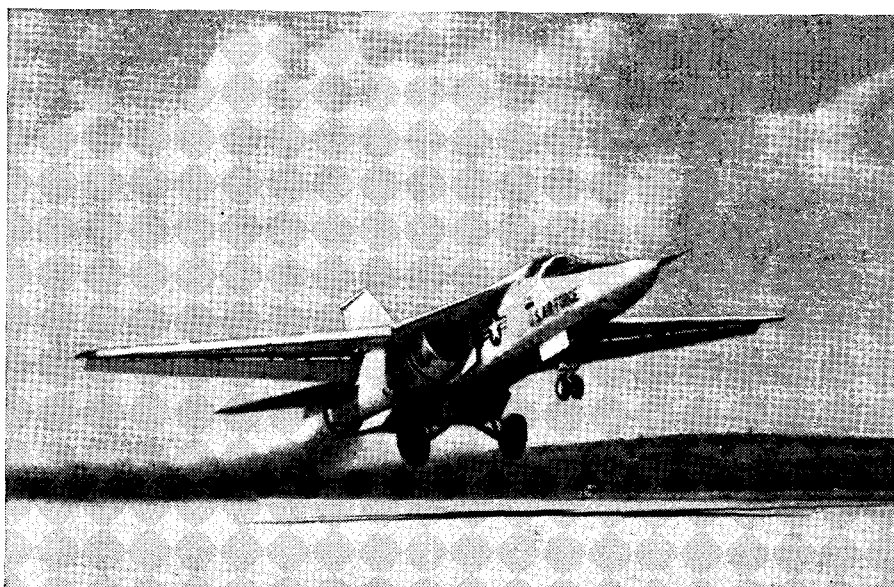
Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot *in flight* gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff or landing or high-load capacity. With the wings partially swept, efficient long-range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back to their smallest exposed area provides supersonic dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous—and impractical—attempts to achieve variable wing geometry go all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause an airplane to nose up and down sharply—become longitudinally unstable.

How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration conceive the answer to this instability—simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather



Top: The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.

Bottom: Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.

than having a single pivot in the center of the fuselage. The concept has been refined and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of wind tunnel testing, and more than 25 million man-hours of design and development.

The F-111's variable wing can be moved in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep measured at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5°, with the wings tucked back against (and much of them actually inside) the fuselage for a narrow delta shape. The position of the wings can be set and held at any position between these two extremes, with the pilot himself deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally lever the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

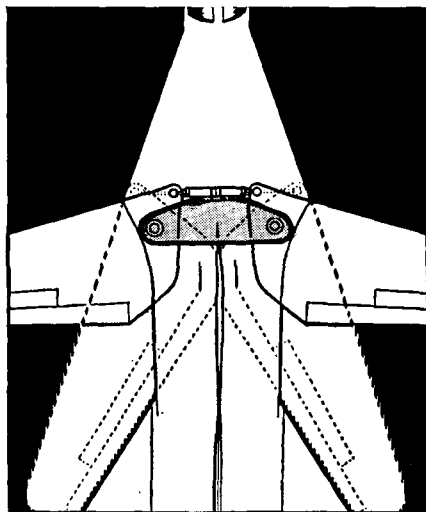
The precision of design is so exact and the wing so balanced that negligible elevator trim is needed to compensate for full sweep of the wing.

Heart of the system:

The heart of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

The movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by 8½-inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's control selection, move the wings from one position to another.

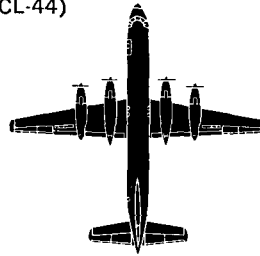
For additional high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing itself is ingeniously tapered so that much of its area when fully extended is highly cambered—that is, with a relatively



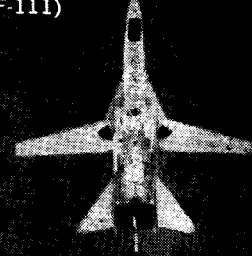
How the wing works. A 14-foot steel yoke, with its 8½-inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and pins support the whole plane in flight. A jackscrew just forward of the yoke actuates the wings during sweep.

How wing configuration determines flight envelope

Extended wing
(CL-44)



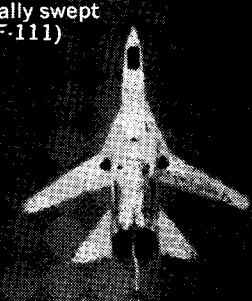
Fully extended
(F-111)



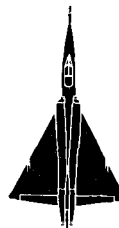
Swept wing
(Convair 990)



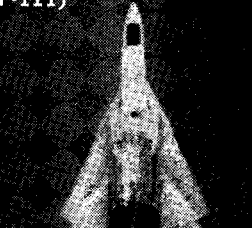
Partially swept
(F-111)



Delta wing
(F-106)



Fully swept
(F-111)



Left, top to bottom: Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

Right, top to bottom: Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.

The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination of very high-speed flight, long economic

cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

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WASHINGTON

I THINK you'll see a good deal of me this year. I expect to get around the country and talk to the people about our problems," President Johnson told reporters during a press conference held at his Texas ranch in early July. The President noted that he had visited ten different states within the past few weeks, and added, "At that rate, we could cover all fifty of them between now and the middle of October."

Such a public appearance tour will come none too soon in the opinion of Lyndon Johnson's friends and supporters, for it will serve to end an unusually long and puzzling period of isolation.

Nobody in Washington has seen very much of the President for almost a year now. Since his abdominal operation last October, he has isolated himself from the nation, from the Democratic Party, and increasingly from his own Administration. That the White House becomes a prison to its occupants is a fact widely acknowledged by the men who have served there. Johnson's predecessors all attempted to escape the confinement, however. For the past year he has withdrawn into it.

It was as if he were some brooding Roman general leading an army of siege encamped on a plain. He secluded himself within his tent. His lamp burned late. A small contingent of faithful lieutenants and aides came and went. Camp rumor raged — something obviously was up, an air of urgency prevailed; but so did an air of mystery and uncertainty. He was seldom seen about the camp. Occasionally he went out for one of his short, infrequent walks, but it was obvious that he was distracted and did not wish to be bothered. At night, when the lamp burned late, his shadow could be seen against the tent side as he paced back and forth.

Except for a quick, impromptu trip to Mexico City, which he insisted did not constitute a state visit, he has not been to a foreign capital since he entered the White House, and he remains a stranger in the eyes of the world. All year long there have been rumors that he will go abroad before the end of the year, but he has not given strong indication that he is planning to do so.

Except for one brief afternoon in late June, when he spent forty minutes touring an Iowa farm and a couple of hours shaking hands in Des Moines, his domestic appearances have been perfunctory ones, marked by strident self-justification, as in his Chicago speech on nervous Nellies in May, and in Omaha in June and Indiana in July.

This curious loss of identification with the electorate has not escaped the attention of some of Mr. Johnson's advisers. One of them suggested recently, in fact, that Doyle, Dane, Bernbach, Incorporated, the New York advertising firm which handled the Democratic advertising campaign in 1964, be rehired now to put a new gloss on the President's national image. The President himself reportedly gave thought to keeping them on the job after the election, but this time the proposal wasn't given "serious consideration," a White House source says.

Except for occasional briefings at the White House, he has remained aloof from Congress this session. In contrast, at the beginning of his Administration it seemed as if the congressional leadership's real headquarters were at the White House, and there were new stories every week about the personal pressure he was exerting to get his program passed. This year the task of briefing Congress plainly has been a chore to him; there are complaints on Capitol Hill that he did little to push the bills he introduced, and the congress-

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Report on Washington



sional leaders came and went routinely, half-heartedly mumbling their prepared statements of the legislative prospects as they departed from the weekly White House leadership meetings.

Except for a few friends and favorites, hardly any Washington reporters have had the chance to talk with him privately in months. He used to march them around the White House grounds, leading his pet beagle on a leash and talking on and on about his plans and hopes for his Administration. Now he nods in brief recognition when he steps into the Rose Garden to read the latest proclamation or to preside at a quick public ceremony before the television cameras, and leaves without a word as soon as possible. His press conferences in recent months have been haphazard affairs, called on the spur of the moment and conducted with little prior preparation.

Except for the nominal allegiance he pays to it, he is ignoring the existence of the national Democratic Party and leaving it to its own devices. For fifteen months the national committee held no meetings. The party's national treasury is virtually empty. A shortage of funds caused the ambitious voter-registration program to be abandoned. A plan to aid first-term Democratic congressmen in their re-election fights was canceled. State party leaders complain that the President has abdicated as their national chief, is indifferent to their problems, and consistently bypasses them.

Except for a few minor offices of inconsequential influence, his administrative appointments in recent months have displayed a similar isolationist tendency. He is appointing more and more career men to high office, and he is showing increased inclination to choose the current second-in-command as the successor to the departing agency chief whenever possible. Both practices tend to make his Administration one more and more composed of officials who are manageable, whose points of view are well known, and whose philosophies are in no way unsettling.

Barrier of nonresponse

The President trusts no one to act as his official spokesman these days. When he has something to say, he either says it himself or lays such exact boundaries for its release through the White House

press office that reporters now consider it largely a waste of time to ask Deputy Presidential Press Secretary Robert Fleming—or, to a growing extent, Press Secretary Bill Moyers himself—to comment on anything. After a stubborn fight to break through the barrier of nonresponse, the Washington press corps now appears to have given up on it as a lost cause.

There is little or no meaningful dialogue within the White House between Mr. Johnson and members of his personal staff. His staff aides fulfill a function which is a cross between being an orderly and an aide-de-camp, and are in no sense presidential advisers. He commands, they obey.

When he entered the White House, much was written about the “kitchen cabinet” of knowledgeable, independent men outside the government whom Mr. Johnson reportedly called on frequently for advice. The group was said to include Washington lawyers James Rowe, Tom Corcoran, Ben Cohen, and Abe Fortas (since appointed to the Supreme Court), and former Secretary of State Dean Acheson. This was largely a myth, however. “He’s probably seen Khrushchev more than he’s seen Dean Acheson,” one source admits. And in any event, they are not called on for much advice now.

Too much secrecy

The day-by-day secrecy surrounding Mr. Johnson’s activity has become more pronounced in recent months, too. His appointments schedule is seldom announced in advance. When he travels, his plans are kept secret until the last possible moment.

His brief Midwest trip in June provides a typical example of this. After privately promising Iowa Governor Harold Hughes that he would attend a Democratic fund-raising dinner in Des Moines, he refused to commit himself publicly. The governor, hard-pressed to sell \$100-a-plate tickets in a state where no party dinner ever had cost over \$25 before, finally took it upon himself to announce the visit. Even then, the White House refused to confirm it until the day of the dinner.

In the end, the President almost decided not to go. Then, after making a last-minute decision to go, he scheduled an unexpected appearance in Omaha without telling Governor Hughes anything about it, and made a major address on Vietnam there which captured the headlines and made the Des Moines dinner seem like an anticlimax by comparison.

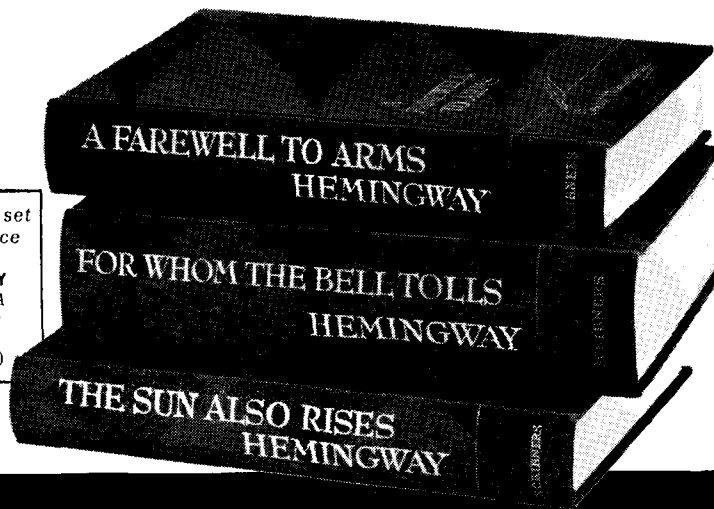
“This is not my show, as you can damn well see,” the governor angrily told reporters. “I feel as useless as a bangle on a horse’s tail. Security

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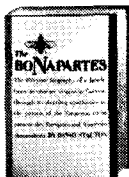
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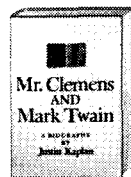
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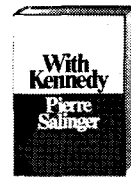
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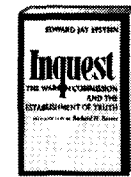
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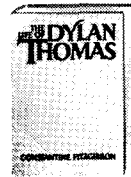
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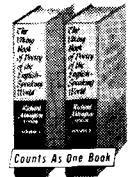
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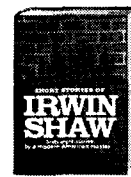
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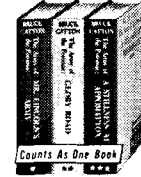
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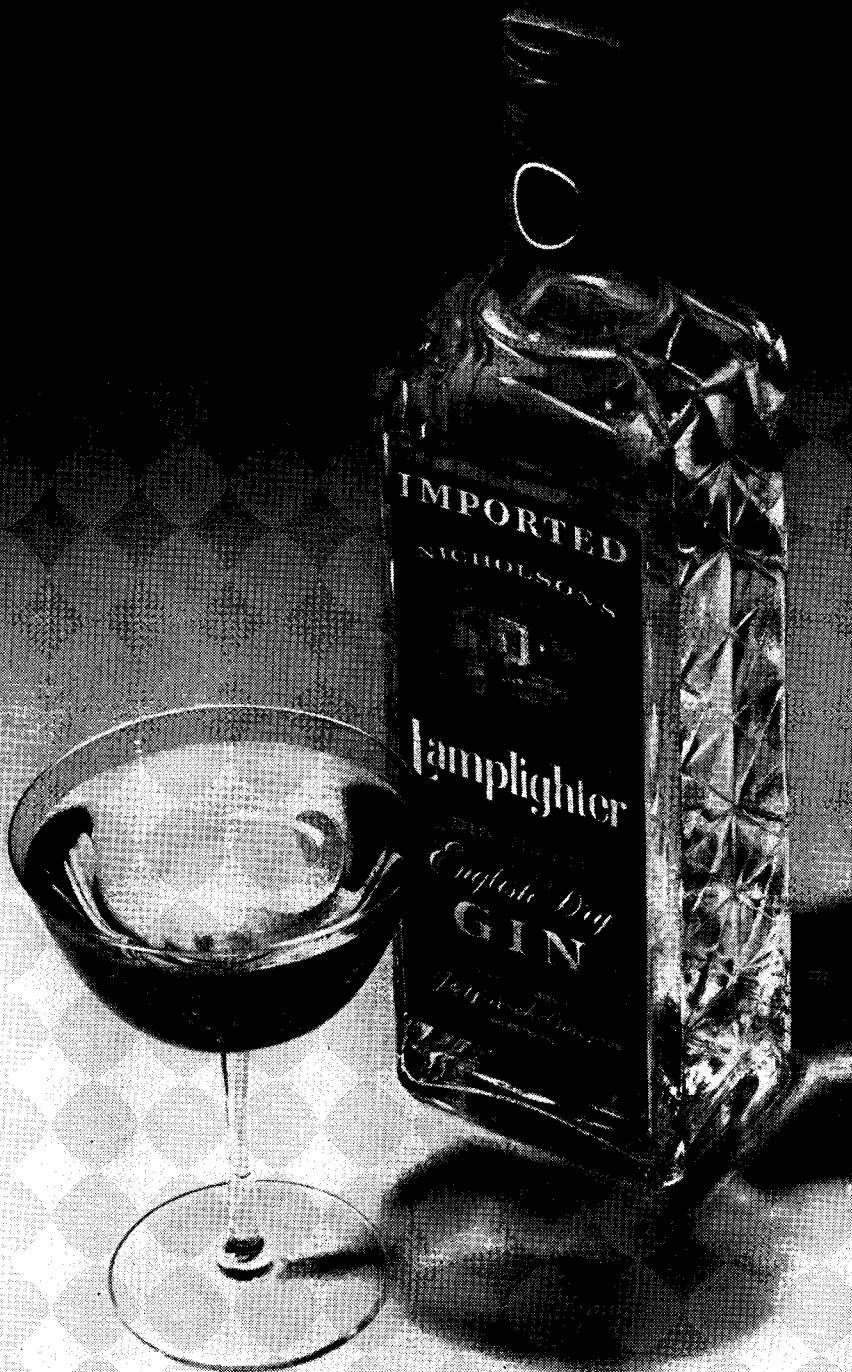
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Report on Washington

measures are so tight around the President that even I don't know things."

The new isolation

The President is not about. He has been in his tent. Why? What was he doing in there? Is he now about to emerge again?

Mr. Johnson always has been a politician who likes his privacy and who believes in the value of the dramatic and the unexpected. When he was Vice President, on more than one occasion he swore his staff to keep his whereabouts secret when he left Washington for a needed weekend of rest at his Texas ranch. But this new isolation has little or no connection with his past habits. "Everybody is making a big mistake in assuming he's always been this way," says one who both knows him well and loves him. "His mode of operation has changed. . . . It's not like the past, it's new."

The self-imposed isolation began, it is generally agreed, last October. Johnson entered Washington's Bethesda Naval Hospital, had his gallbladder removed and a kidney stone excised, then went to Texas to recuperate. He was weak from the operation, and he was tired. He had bulled his Great Society program through Congress, and he had been constantly involved with the war in Vietnam situation. He secluded himself at his ranch, and didn't return to Washington until January. "Things haven't been the same since" in the opinion of one of his friends. Another is even more blunt: "He just doesn't seem to care."

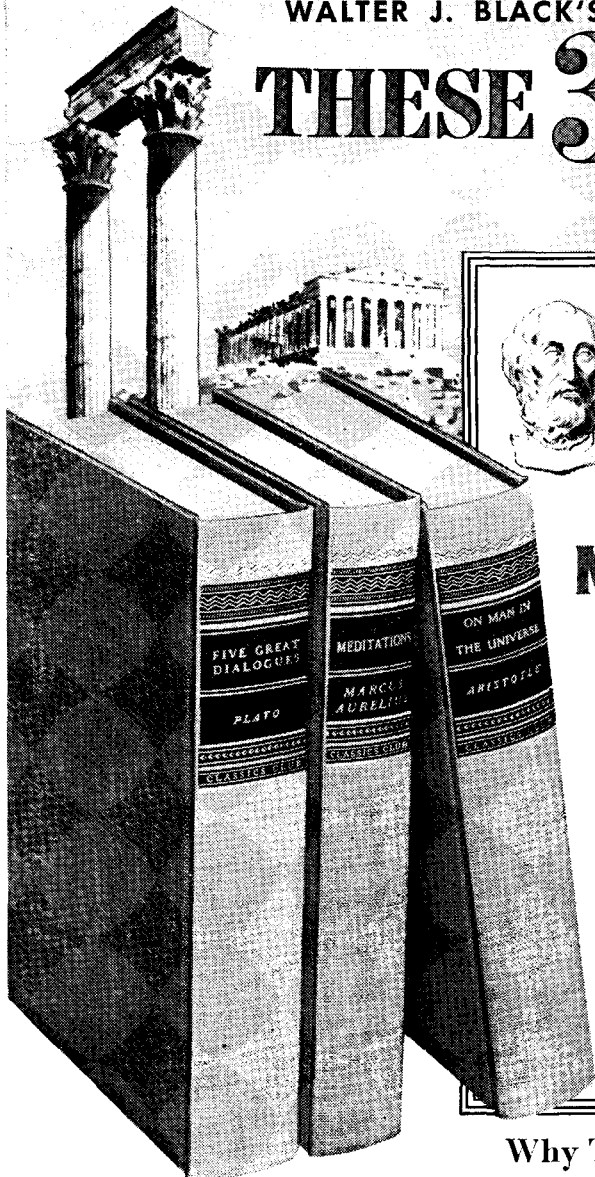
The Texan who for two years had managed to keep his national political consensus herded within a corral built from a set of interlocking political alliances quit his patrol and made few repairs.

Was it Vietnam? In part. Here is a man of political genius frustrated by an essentially political problem which consistently defies political solution, and he is responding to the application of military power only in the slowest, most agonizing way. The image this analysis suggests is that of a wartime

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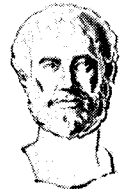
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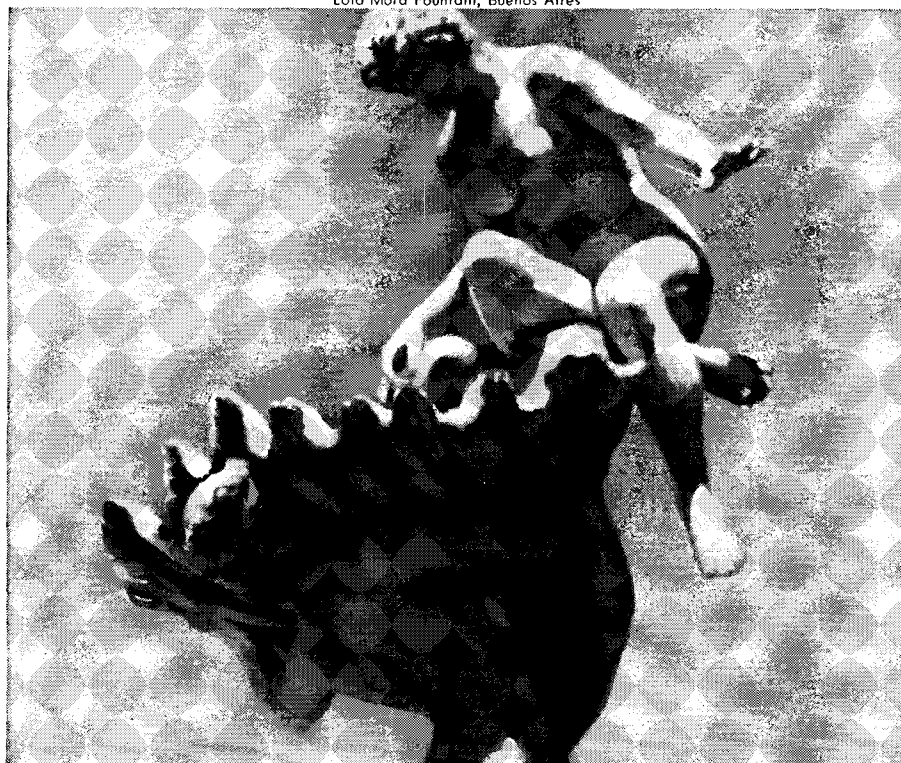
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Report on Washington

President whose involvement in crucial decisions leaves precious little time for anything else.

LBJ's disenchantment

The analysis is correct, as far as it goes: it explains his preoccupation, but not his new isolation. The fact is that Lyndon Johnson is disenchanted, and his disenchantment is a hulking, Texas-sized sorrow.

He is disenchanted with the press, which he believes has never really given him a fair shake from the day he took John F. Kennedy's place. He is disenchanted with segments of his own party for not providing a unified Democratic front for a Democratic President. He is disenchanted with the American intellectual community. "Criticism is one thing, diplomacy is another," he told the professors at Princeton.

He is disenchanted with the American liberal community, which he believes never trusted him and never will and is not giving proper recognition to his domestic social accomplishments. In recent private conversations, when he was asked about the effect of new attacks on the thoroughness of the Warren Commission's investigation of the Kennedy assassination, his very dismissal of concern implied irritation with the wave of critiques. He said he is personally convinced that the Commission's findings are accurate; he had been especially careful in choosing the members of the Commission because he realized that "people" would be speculating about the assassination for years to come unless all doubt was completely satisfied. Those present feel sure the "people" he had in mind were the liberals.

Even more telling, however, was the estimate of the liberal intellectuals which he delivered at a speech in San Antonio last April: "Sometimes among our more sophisticated, self-styled intellectuals—I say self-styled advisedly; the real intellectual I am sure would not ever feel this way—some of them are more concerned with appearance than they are with achievement." He is disenchanted with U.S. allies. "It is difficult to understand the

"GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... what would be *your* judgment?



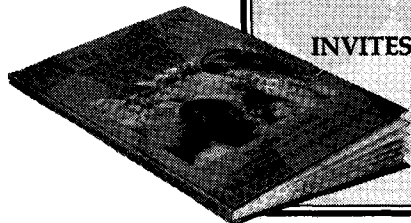
THE STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.



THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of *assisted* self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.



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advantage, however, over reproductions thrown upon a screen in a lecture hall: they can be more faithful to the originals, can be studied for as long as one wants, and can be referred to again and again. Another advantage is that members of a family can "take the course" either separately or simultaneously—husband and wife, parent and teen-age child. Reading each portfolio aloud, and examining the reproductions together, is like visiting a museum together, pointing out to one another something to be appreciated and enjoyed.

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Report on Washington

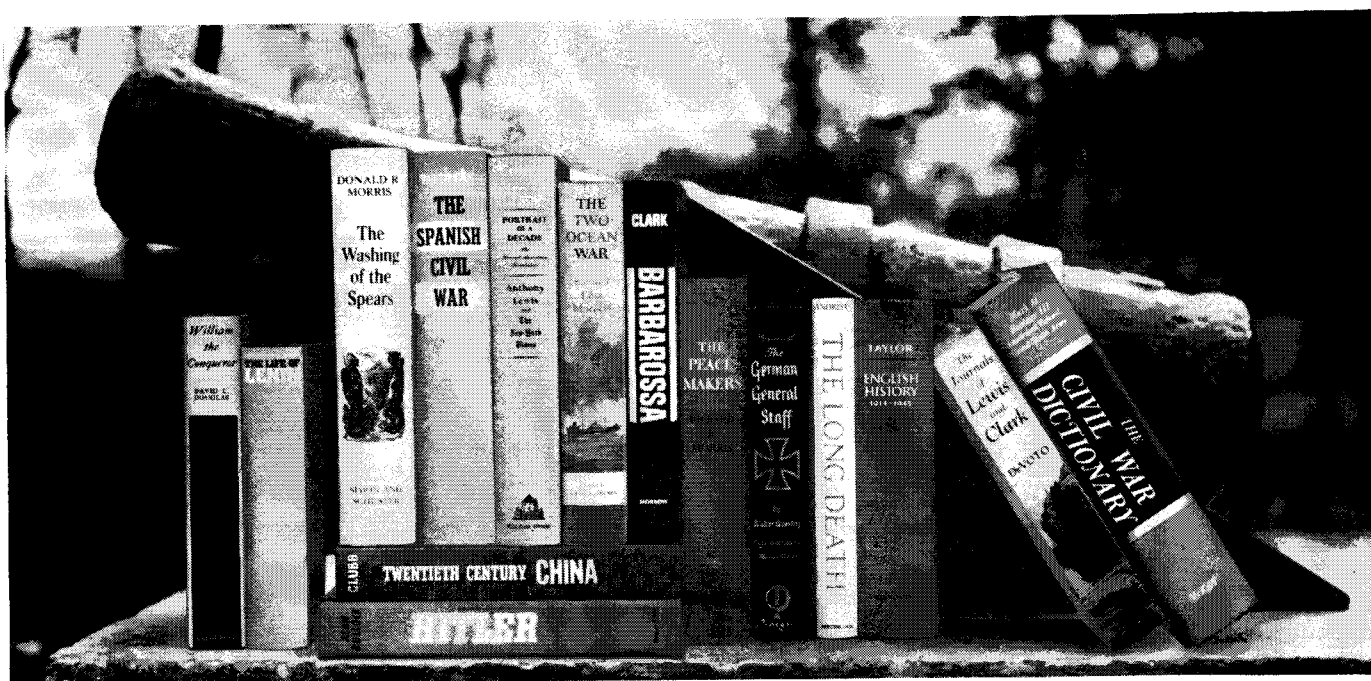
response of nations who a few years ago, with their own security involved, wanted American troops and military support," he said in July.

Most of all, he appears to be disenchanted with his own fate. He feels he inherited the Vietnam problem and that his solution to it is right, politically and morally. He feels, in any event, that he had no real choice in the matter. "A lot of our friends tell us how troubled they are and how frustrated they are," he said in Chicago. "And we are troubled and frustrated, and we are seeking a way out."

He feels cheated by fate, for his was a presidency which began at a time of almost unparalleled opportunity for social and economic advance at home and the pursuit of peace in the world at large; yet now he may have to raise taxes to pay for a war which has made it necessary to cut back on his Great Society programs, and every time a Western European paper runs a cartoon of him it depicts him with a bomb in each hand. "Who could have foreseen it?" the *New Republic* asked in a July 16 editorial entitled "The War President." "The Great Society exponent, the practitioner of common sense, compromise and consensus, has become The War President — sworn to prevent at any cost one set of Vietnamese (unfriendly, we have guaranteed that) from overcoming other Vietnamese (who could not hold power without us)."

It is almost certain that the President's intention to forage through the nation for support was forced on him. His national popularity has been in a slow but steady decline all year long. In Iowa one poll showed that Michigan Governor George Romney would defeat the President but would be defeated soundly by Senator Robert Kennedy, and another poll in California showed that Democrats in that state would rather have Kennedy than Johnson as President by almost two to one. That is enough to send any man hurrying to the boondocks to win back friends and influence people.

DOUGLAS KIKER



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AT 68 S



SHORTLY before President de Gaulle set out on his long-anticipated visit to the Soviet Union, the irreverently enterprising Paris satirical weekly, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, dug back into the official Soviet Encyclopedia of Stalin's day in 1952 and reprinted for French readers the following entry:

"Charles de Gaulle (Born 1890): French reactionary politician and general, graduate of Jesuit college, monarchist and clerical. In 1920 participated in the Soviet-Polish war on side of Poland. After 1921 served for a long time at the headquarters of Marshal Pétain, head of French reactionaries. During Soviet-Finnish war of 1939-40 he was one of the authors of the criminal plot of the British-French attack against the U.S.S.R. . . .

"In 1940 De Gaulle escaped to London and on the instructions of Churchill he created the organization called 'Free French,' consisting mainly of reactionaries and intended to place French colonial forces at the service of British imperialism and to hinder the development of an anti-fascist movement in occupied France. After defeat of the forces of Hitlerite Germany, De Gaulle had to conclude a Franco-Soviet treaty of friendship under pressure of the broad masses of the French people. De Gaulle sought to use this treaty as a shield of his anti-people foreign policy. . . .

"After the occupation of the territory of France by troops of the U.S.A. and Britain, the Anglo-American imperialists played a decisive role in extending the power of De Gaulle's government over all of France. His endeavors to establish a dictatorial regime were met with decisive resistance of democratic forces headed by the Communist Party. He was forced by circumstances to leave the government in 1946. After this he openly developed widespread subversive activity against the French people. In 1947 he created the 'Rally of the French People,' a fascist party acting under the direction of Anglo-French-American imperialists and subsidized by the biggest French and American banks. De Gaulle openly calls for the establishment of a fascist dictatorship in his country, intending himself to be the dictator, and fol-

lows a war policy against the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies. . . ."

But Charles de Gaulle is as hardened as any Communist to the process of political rehabilitation and the art of rewriting or retuning history to the circumstances of the times or a particular point of view. When his gleaming and graceful presidential Caravelle jet landed in Moscow to the thunder of saluting guns and the crash of national anthems, past estimates were forgotten, all cynicism was muted, all barbs hidden behind smiles and handshakes—except for a French journalist watching the scene who murmured: "General de Gaulle's policy is well known. It is to have only one friend at a time."

Collaboration now

And that same evening in the Kremlin, De Gaulle himself was saying in a keynote toast to his Russian hosts: "Russia is indeed and in all respects the leading power in the part of the world where she is located. She seems to France to be an interlocutor with whom understanding and collaboration are natural to the highest degree. Until the time when all of Europe reaches the point of finding together the ways and means that would lead it to essential goals, everything in our view commits France and the Soviet Union to do so between themselves—right now."

The last Western statesman to make a visit of comparable political importance to the Soviet Union was Prime Minister Harold Macmillan of Britain, seven years ago, in February, 1959. The contrasts between the Macmillan visit and the De Gaulle visit are revealing. Macmillan went to Russia in the dead of a cold-war winter to try to break the diplomatic ice jam with Khrushchev over Berlin. De Gaulle arrived in the warmth of the summer sun to talk in sweeping generalities about historic friendship with Russia and a common interest in European détente. Macmillan toured a country which had only painfully clawed its way up out of the terrible physical destruction of the war and was still in the shadow of the psychological and moral destruction of the Stalin

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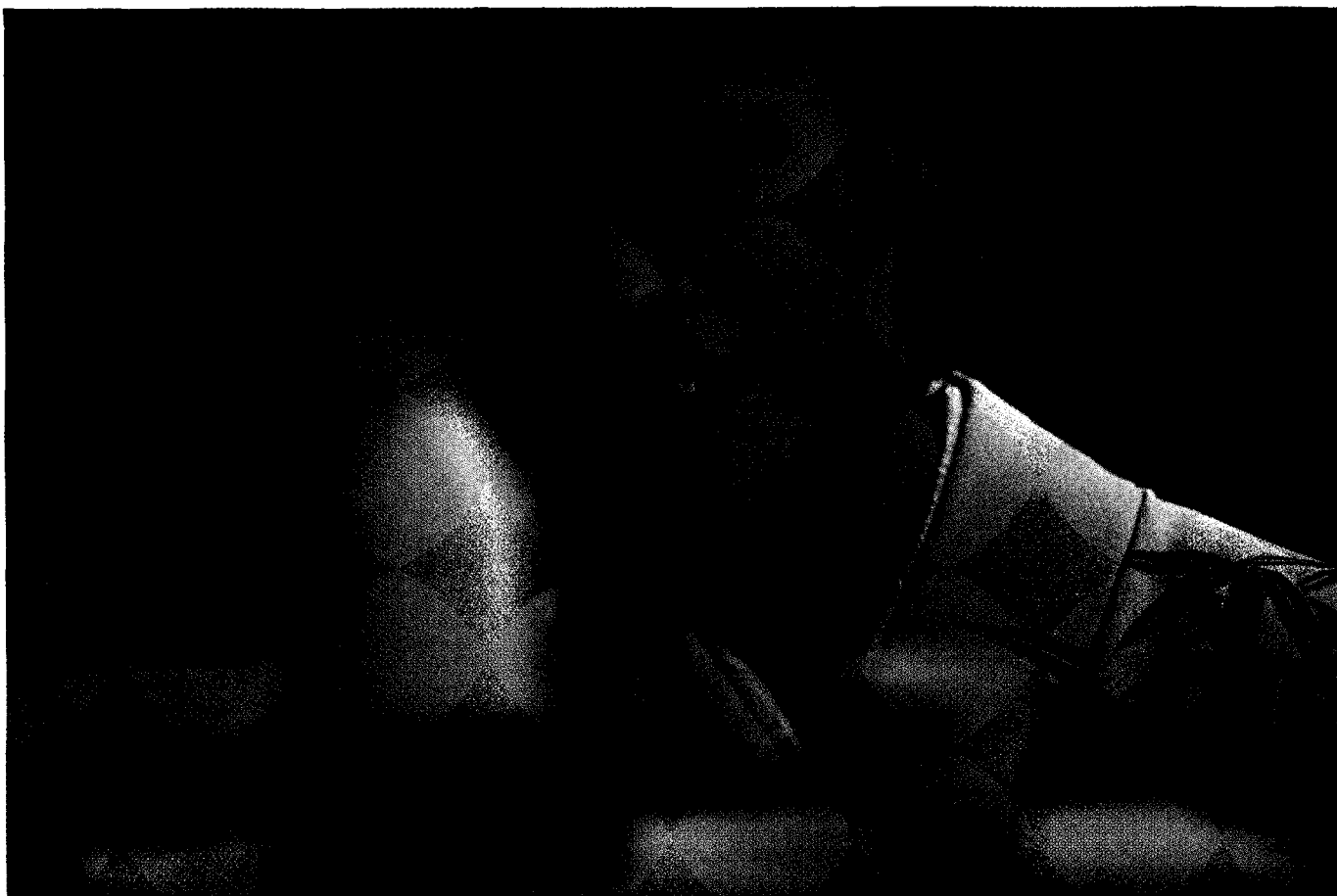
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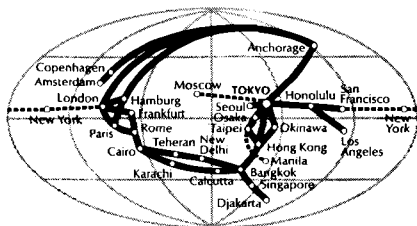
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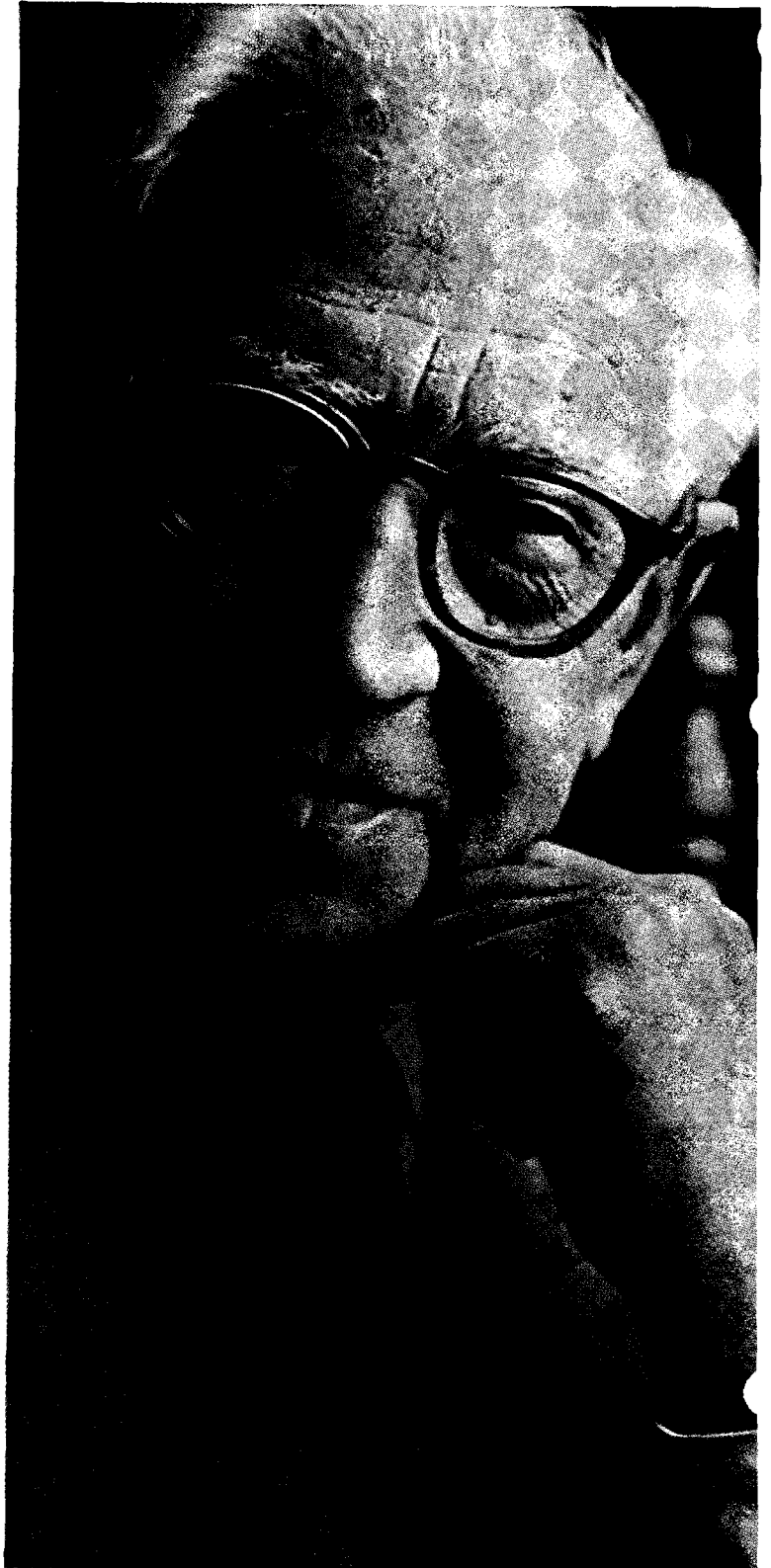
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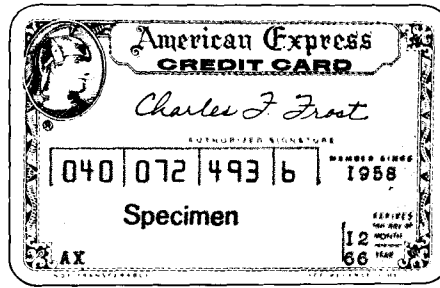
Ideas like these (and the ones at left) come from teamwork between physicians and G-E scientists and engineers. And more new ideas are on the way.

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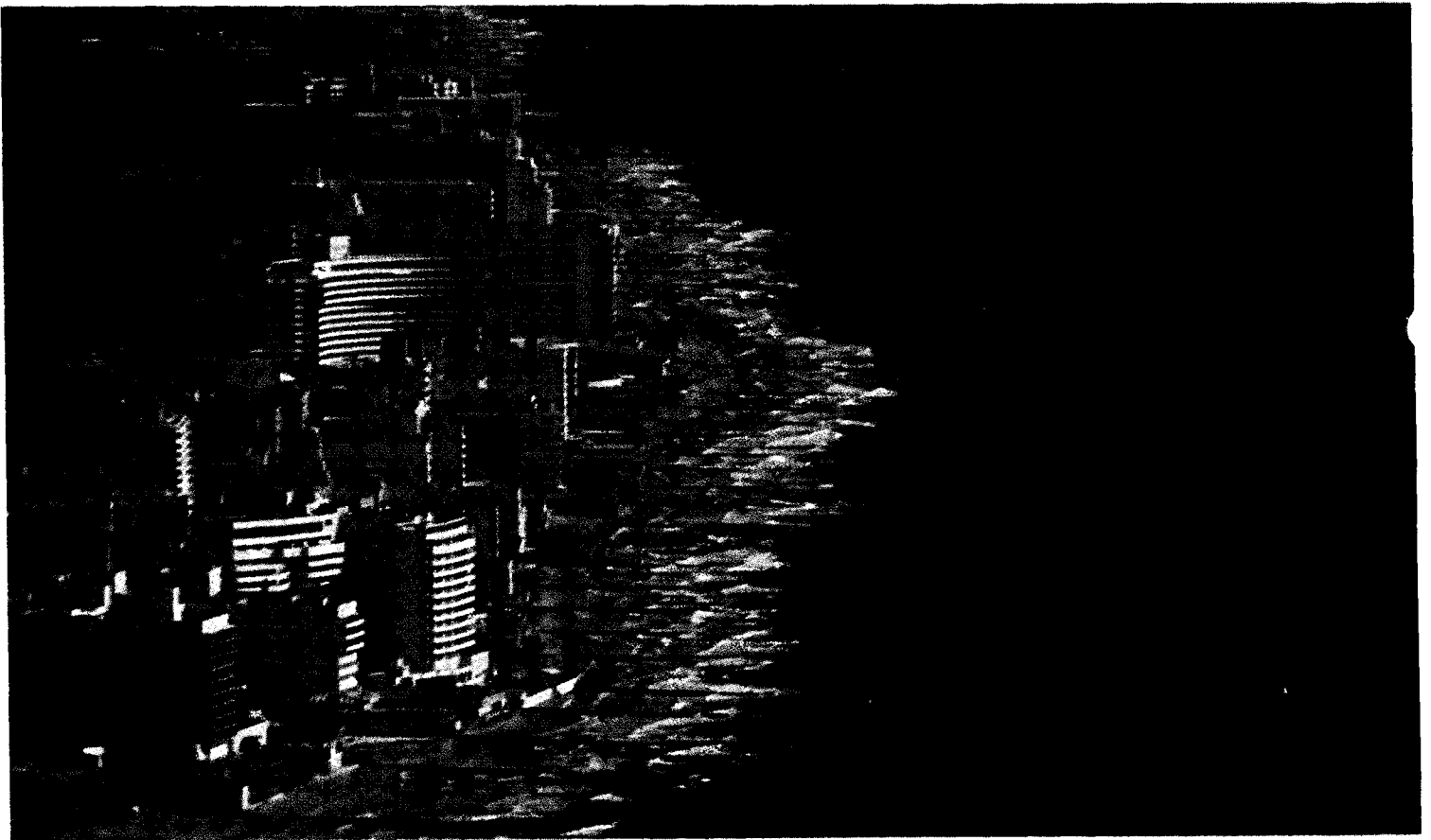
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De Gaulle in the U.S.S.R.

era. Seven years ago the Soviet Union was a country of silent fear, with the fear of another war worst of all.

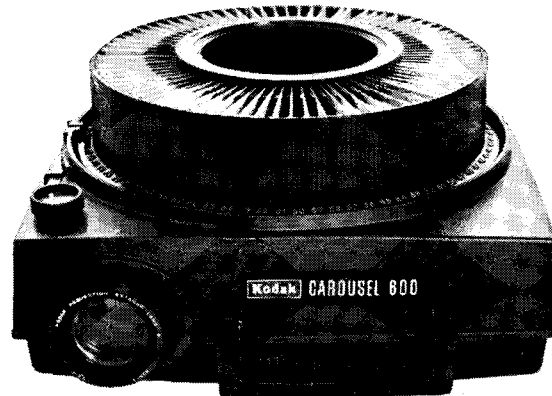
Today the oppressive sense of fear has largely gone, and the Soviet Union is a fairly relaxed and normal place. This is said with all due regard for the fact that on a journey of this kind, 120 or more journalists and 30 or 40 French officials and aides move from place to place in a kind of well-spun cocoon. And it is also said without any disregard of the fact that the Soviet Union is a police state.

Physically, the amount of building which has gone on in the Soviet Union and the signs of economic improvement everywhere are enormous. Direct comparisons with Western Europe are pretty pointless, because the Russians have a capacity for putting up block after block of hideous, ugly, stereotyped apartment buildings all the way from Leningrad to Novosibirsk, and they all look ten years old before they are finished. By the most menial standards of French provincial life, the Soviet Union is a pretty drab, dull place. But whatever the faults of the system, which, God knows, are plenty, the Soviet people today are better housed, clothed, and fed and are enjoying greater opportunities of education, vacation, a little luxury, entertainment, and modest comfort than ever before in their bleak and downtrodden existence.

This improvement has brought with it a deeper and far more important and vital change, a change in the whole psychology of the Communist system. The Soviet Union has shifted from militancy to mere-triciousness, and in order to have any kind of success, the system is having to become more and more imitative of the West in every direction.

Things that were scorned in Stalin's day and were still frowned upon or suppressed when Harold Macmillan visited the Soviet Union are today the measure and the means of a better life. The Soviet Union is openly embracing the profit motive, hard currency, tourism, window displays, short skirts, hairdressers, la-

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De Gaulle in the U.S.S.R.

dies' underwear, and Western culture. All of this puts Communism on a treadmill. The more the standard of living is improved, the greater the demands become and the more complicated the running of the economy. The more relaxed the general atmosphere, the more the people tend to become outspoken and individualistic. The more education spreads, the more there is thought as well as questioning. The more the system does for people, the more it has to change in order to maintain itself and its success, and the more priority the Soviet government thus has to give to living standards instead of armaments, foreign policy adventures, and the fate of Fidel Castro.

"Long live Russia!"

With the China problem at its back and the domestic economic problem on its doorstep, the collective leadership of the Soviet Union has become very cautious indeed. This combination of caution and economic need in Russia is precisely what De Gaulle sought to play to in preaching the wisdom and advantages of détente and friendship embracing all of Europe.

"France had its revolution two hundred years ago. After revolution comes evolution — it cannot be avoided," General de Gaulle remarked during a conversation with the Communist Party Secretary, Leonid Brezhnev. If the reply was anything more than a grunt, it was not recorded. De Gaulle has a way of rubbing in his own view of history, and he has long held the view that Communism is merely a passing phase for Russia, that ideologies and rulers come and go but nations and national character go on forever. To this end, everywhere he went, except Siberia and the Ukraine, he constantly repeated in Russian, "Long live Russia!"

What the "Russians," or more precisely, the Soviet leaders, made of all this is difficult to say. Certainly they went out of their way to ensure the friendliest and most hospitable atmosphere from start to finish. Some of the gestures to De Gaulle were unprecedented. As a chief of state, he rated a suite in the Kremlin while he was in Moscow,

and then as a special mark of approval on his visit he was invited to address the people of Moscow from the balcony of the city hall, where no man has appeared or spoken since Lenin in 1922. Unhappily, a torrential afternoon rain began just as De Gaulle was about to make his appearance (prompting the inevitable French remark "*Après moi le déluge*"), but a few hundred drenched Muscovites bravely stuck it out below in Pushkin Square.

After that, between Novosibirsk in Siberia and Leningrad on the Baltic Sea, De Gaulle was detoured to the city of Baikanour in central Asia to watch two Russian space launchings from their equivalent of Cape Kennedy. As far as is known, he was the first foreigner ever to visit the area — on the ground, that is. Then on the last day of the visit, the Red Army put on a full-scale mock battle for De Gaulle, involving two regiments of troops and tanks, live ammunition, and a dummy tactical nuclear explosion. He was accompanied throughout the twelve days by Soviet President Podgorny and half of the time by Prime Minister Kosygin as well; so there was no lack of official approval on the visit.

Maximum hospitality

The popular receptions outside Moscow were generally warmer and more enthusiastic than the welcome in the capital. Far out in Novosibirsk, in the flat expanse of Siberia, De Gaulle was an event and not just a traffic tie-up, and there was genuine friendliness and enthusiasm, which were repeated in Leningrad, Kiev, and Volgograd.

Enormous efforts and preparation had gone into the visit. In Novosibirsk and Volgograd, hotel interiors had been completely repainted — every room — and new telephones, draperies, and bedspreads had been installed throughout. In Moscow all the houses had been repainted on the route from the French Embassy to the Kremlin.

In Leningrad, the cobblestone street in front of the little Catholic church where De Gaulle worshipped in a poignant and emotional Sunday morning service had been newly paved with asphalt, and flower beds had been installed along the sidewalks. The government provided

fifteen Telex machines, with trained operators who leapfrogged around the 6000-mile route to furnish press communications in each city. Potëmkin put up his villages for Catherine the Great, but this was something different. This was maximum hospitality, the best that could possibly be done for an honored guest and those who came with him.

In the end, what did it all amount to? Was it a charade, or was it a new opening in foreign policy? The Russians got very little out of De Gaulle except an outstretched hand of friendship and a Gaullist view of how Europe ought to evolve. But De Gaulle is a landscape painter, while the Russians specialize in icons. When he talked in broad sweeping terms about improving the détente atmosphere across all of Europe, including West Germany, they replied that they wanted military security first and then détente could follow. The tone of the final Franco-Soviet declaration was definitely more French than Soviet. To the French this was, of course, encouraging, but they are realistic enough to know that a mere diplomatic declaration of this high-minded kind does not by any means constitute a policy. Brezhnev and Kosygin went on to Bucharest the week following and signed another declaration with a very different tone.

But in addition to urging the Russians face-to-face to improve their relations with West Germany, De Gaulle also alluded on two occasions to "the essential role that the United States has to play in the pacification and transformation of the world." For what it is worth, several highly placed Russian journalists volunteered that they considered this to have been of very great importance. "Eventually we have to come to an agreement about Europe with you," one said, "and it is very important to us that De Gaulle recognized this in his Kremlin speech. As far as we are concerned, the main thing that De Gaulle is doing is keeping the dialogue open at a time when it is impossible for us to talk to you Americans because of the Vietnam war."

That may not have been De Gaulle's purpose in going to Russia, but if that is one of the results, it was certainly worth the journey.

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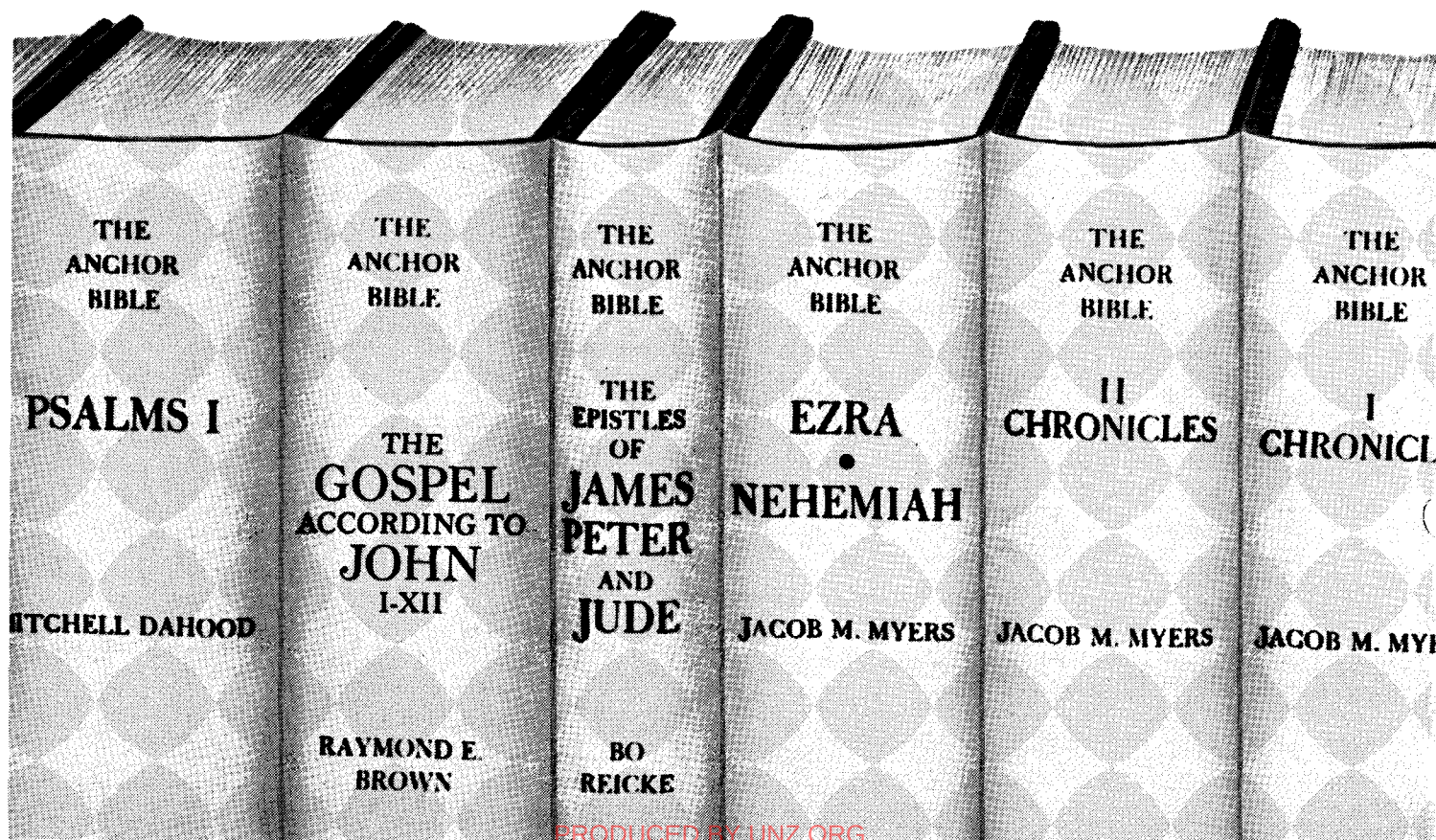
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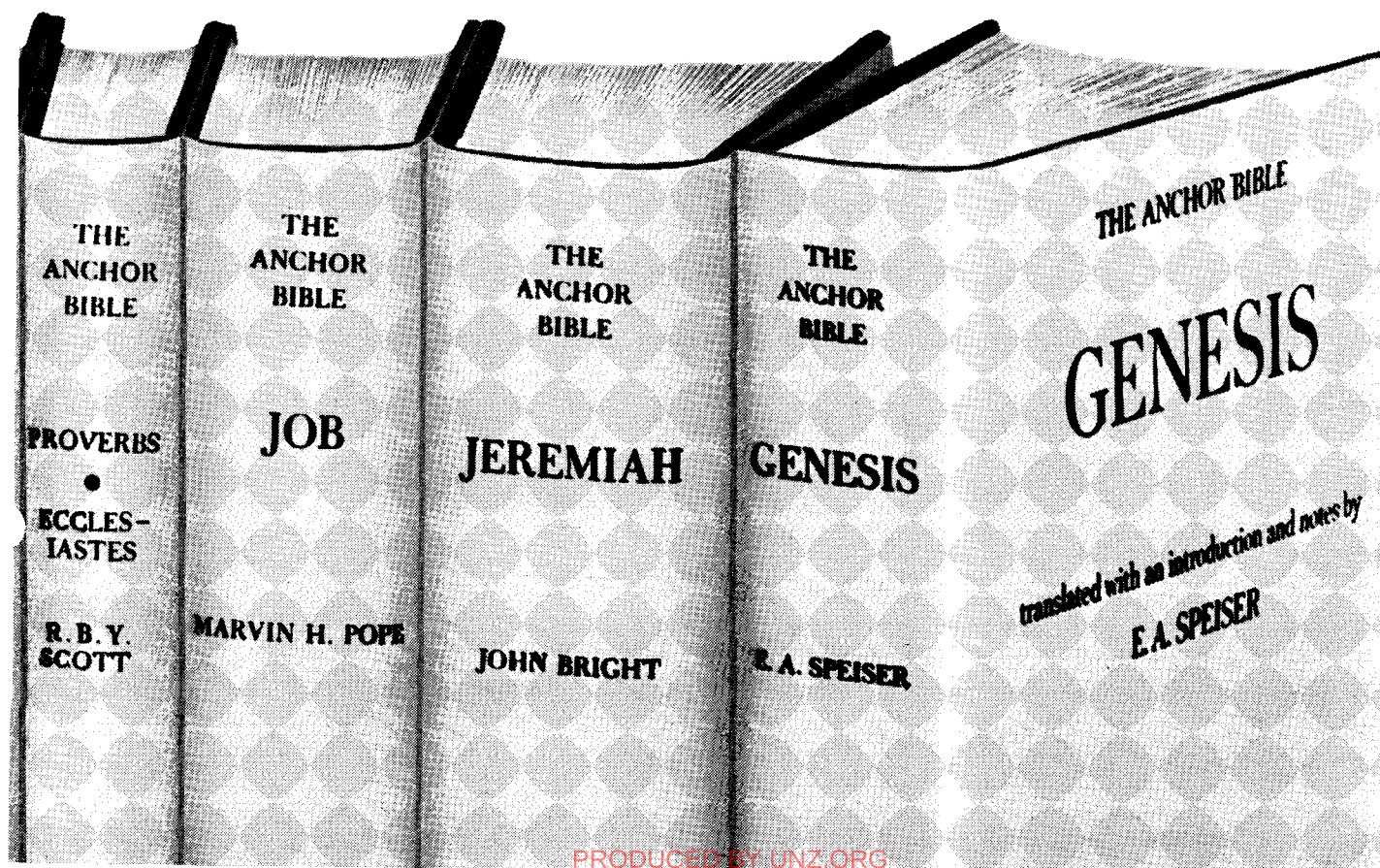
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The Atlantic Report ILLINOIS



THE two great national issues, Vietnam and civil rights, are posed in Illinois this autumn, because a Democratic senator more hawklike than President Johnson is up for re-election and because Chicago has been chosen as the target city of Martin Luther King's Northern crusade. Nonetheless, the significance of the campaign between incumbent Senator Paul H. Douglas and Republican business executive Charles H. Percy may be confused by another development of significance for politicians generally: Percy may, by avoiding a specific stand on either of these issues and campaigning on his youth (forty-seven) and personal attractiveness instead, be the first major victim of the heretofore infallible "personality cult" campaign.

The style — "fresh," "young," "sincere" — has been practiced with some success by Percy's fellow Republicans William Scranton and John Lindsay, and perfected by the Kennedys. But the most profound lesson of this campaign may be that personality devoid of apparent commitments is ultimately an image unappealing to voters and productive of suspicion. It may be that Chuck Percy could learn a thing or two from Martin Luther King, who has shown Chicago that he is, to say the least, forceful.

Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference came to Chicago from Atlanta last autumn little aware of the complexity of racial inequality and poverty in the North. As one of SCLC's community organizers ruefully puts it, "We were gonna end slums." That naïveté soon vanished in the depths of the West Side neighborhood where SCLC set up shop in a run-down church building. There, King joined forces with indigenous rights groups which had previously been coordinated into one citywide council, but which lacked the strong leadership of King and talented lieutenants like James Bevel.

SCLC realized early that the usual stereotypes are frequently inaccurate. Housing is the Negro's most visible major problem in Chicago: with one or two exceptions, no neighborhoods are inte-

grated; a five-room apartment rents for \$70 to whites as against \$95 to Negroes.

Experiences in the South have made some rights activists susceptible to "devil" theories, such as the one which says that substandard housing is caused solely by rapacious landlords. The shortcomings of this theory became embarrassingly clear when the target of King's first public action in Chicago, an attempt to institute what he called a "supra-legal trusteeship" over a run-down tenement, turned out to be not a slumlord, but a slum-weary eighty-one-year-old invalid who said he would be only too glad to convey the building to King if King would relieve him of the mortgage. Subsequently, the mayor has released figures indicating that 50 percent of all buildings in the worst West Side slums are owner-occupied.

Such reverses caused King to describe the first stage of his sojourn in Chicago as a period of "definition and dramatization." His staff sought the advice of scholars at neighboring universities in devising more sophisticated programs.

King's thirty-three demands

The final result, hammered out in long sessions between the many civil rights groups now working in Chicago, was a remarkably specific set of thirty-three demands. Eleven of the demands concern housing, but none relates directly to slumlords; the emphasis has shifted to what King calls "structural changes," such as more, scattered low-rise public housing and open-occupancy laws to relieve the pressure on Negro neighborhoods.

To date, the movement has little it can point to in the way of direct-action programs. True, in two West Side neighborhoods it has organized some fifty tenant families into a union which has negotiated a contract requiring a major real estate management firm to repair and maintain buildings. Boycotts of local food-producing companies have led to agreements to prefer Negroes in hiring and promotion. Rights workers have met with teen-age gangs, who are in many ways already more organized than the rights groups themselves,

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Report on Illinois

to attempt to divert their energies to the movement. But such efforts have yet to make a noticeable impression on the neighborhoods.

The power of the mayor

The movement's strategy has been largely directed toward forcing significant government action, not on a municipal but on a national scale. Chicago was chosen as the target city in part because Mayor Richard J. Daley is probably the most powerful public official in the country outside Washington, as his ability to override HEW's stoppage of federal funds to Chicago's de facto segregated school system dramatically indicated.

But because Daley is probably also the country's most efficient big-city mayor, a total commitment to the solution of city problems, were it made, would be more likely to produce results in Chicago than in other cities.

Examples of promising starts and of distances still to be traveled are

plentiful. Largely in response to pressures from civil rights groups, the Chicago poverty program is the best in the country: with federal funds, Daley has begun housing-code enforcement and rodent-control campaigns and has instituted a sizable pre-school Head Start program. Yet there is hardly a pretense that the poor are represented on the governing boards, and legal services for the poor have been stymied because of the mayor's refusal to permit federal funds to be used in litigation against city agencies.

Police brutality charges in Chicago lack some of the credibility they carry in other cities because of the good faith and competence of Orlando W. Wilson, who has won acclaim both for the swift efficiency with which his police department produced a suspect in the murder of eight student nurses and for the tact he displayed in integrating every two-man patrol, insofar as the number of Negroes on the force permits. But Negro and Puerto Rican minority groups remain bitterly conscious that physical abuse and harassment are still standard

operating procedure in some lower echelons of the force, and the need for a full-fledged civilian review board is emerging as an issue.

Although in 1963 Daley won barely half of the votes of Chicago's whites, since then he has been careful that his every move to the left should appear to be in response to irresistible pressure, and it is unlikely that he has lost support among the conservative ethnic groupings — the Poles, the Germans, the Irish — that constitute much of Chicago's white population.

For example, by stalling before retiring "Big Ben" Willis, the controversial school superintendent who kept Chicago's schools largely segregated by rigid adherence to the neighborhood-school concept, Daley appeased white groups who feared Negro inundation and deflected the criticisms of civil rights leaders to Willis. In the June election he mobilized a massive campaign for a \$195 million bond issue that carried by more than two to one. He has the solid backing of the business community because he has improved transportation facilities, encouraged business expansion, and ensured that the various city agencies are more honest and efficient than in recent memory. With the Republican Party in Cook County so moribund that it has no workers in a quarter of the city's precincts, Daley has a control so absolute that serious challenge, if he chooses to run again in 1967, is nearly unthinkable.

Hence the civil rights groups are hardly able to treat with the mayor from a position of strength. SCLC did not commit itself in the primaries in June despite the fact that several insurgents were running against the city machine specifically on civil rights issues. SCLC knew that Negro bosses such as Congressman William Dawson would make certain that the primaries produced negligible protest votes from the Negro poor, 90 percent of whom voted for the mayor in 1963, and who remain the backbone of the Democratic machine. What worries the mayor is not challenge at the polls, but more protest, Watts-style, in the streets.

Rallies instead of anarchy?

When mobs grew so irrational during the July disorder that they



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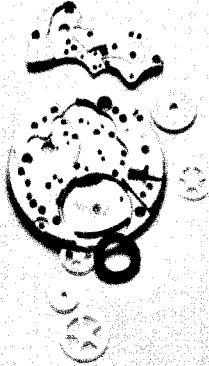
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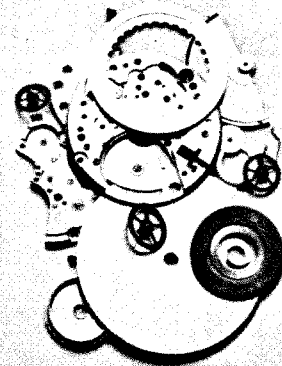
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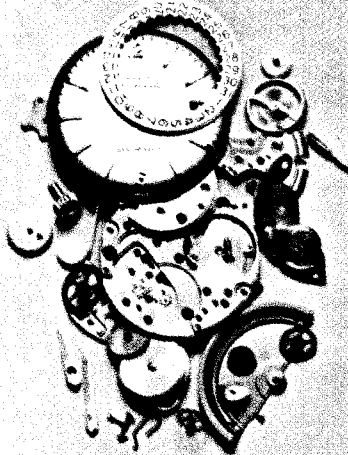
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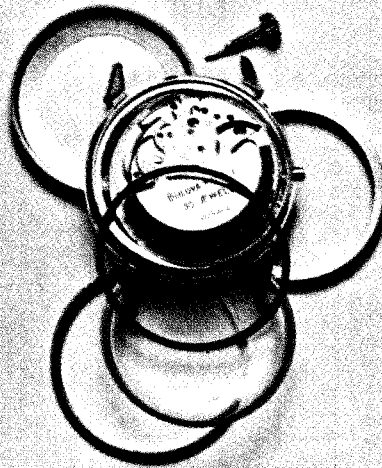
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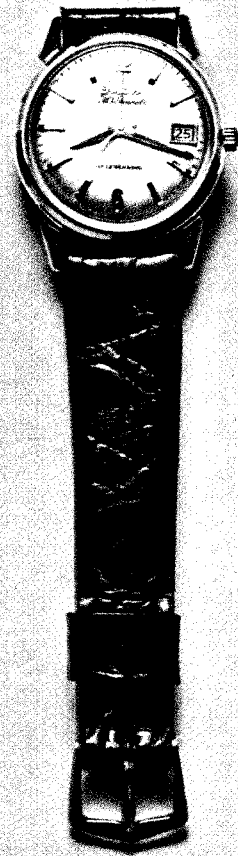
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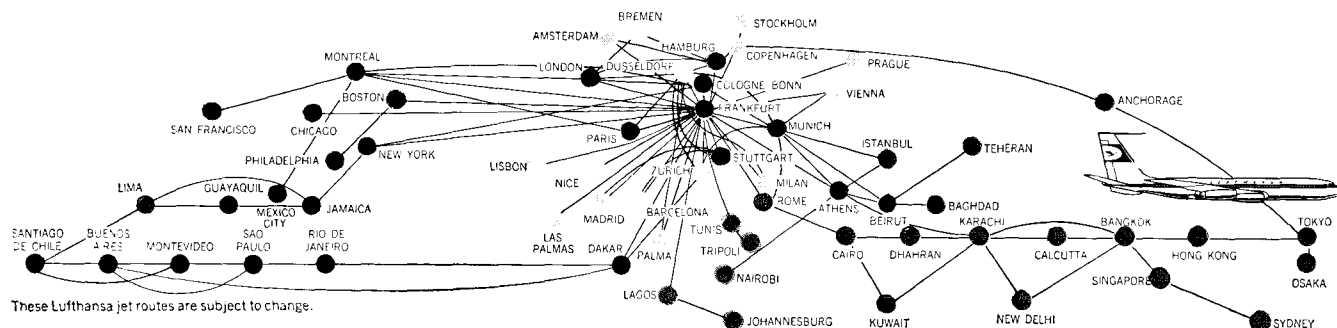
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pelted rocks and Coke bottles at firemen fighting fires in a Negro area, conservative businessmen with no previous concern for the movement began to grasp at civil rights rallies as a desirable alternative to anarchy; in the words of one of them, "They're a better way of letting off steam than rioting."

The anomaly is that with the exception of certain gangs, persons likely to riot do not attend civil rights rallies. Of the forty thousand in attendance at the Freedom Rally on July 10 the great majority were middle-class Negroes and sympathetic whites. The atmosphere was friendly, and the sullen and alienated poor, who are almost as far removed from the Negro leaders' control as they are from the white city officials', were not in evidence. But both city officials and rights leaders know that if demands once made are peremptorily and publicly denied, frustration in the ghettos will spur new violence.

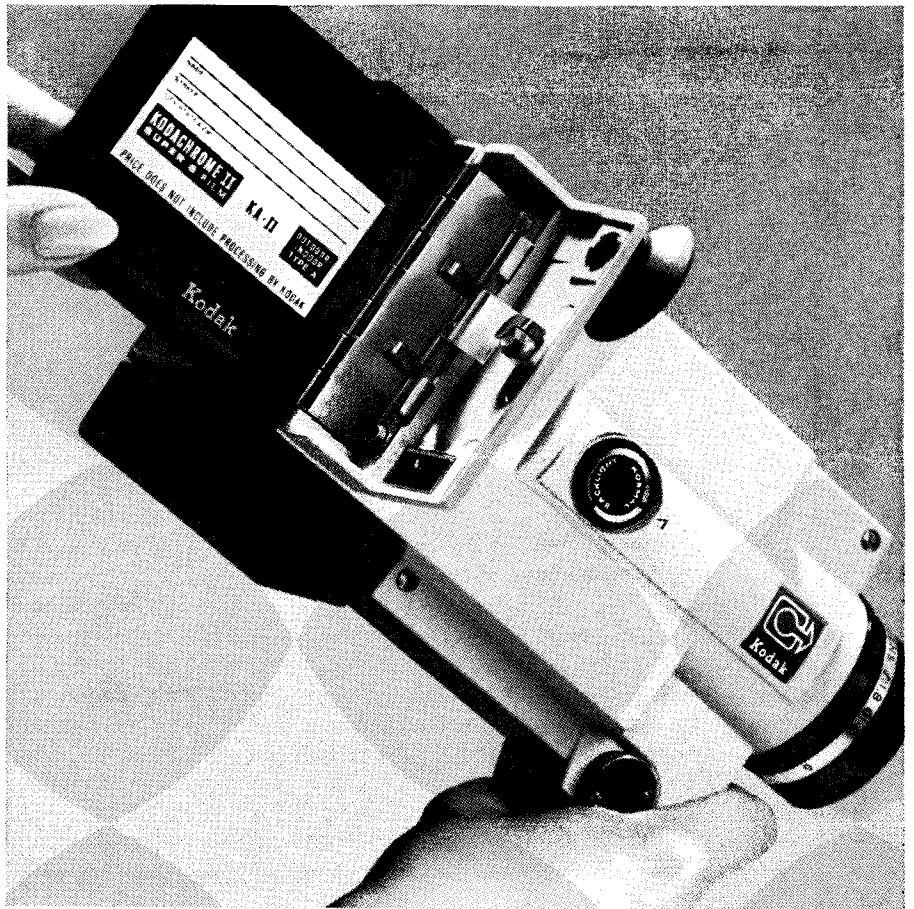
This is the trump that King and the others hold, and it is why Daley has been careful not to permit the sides to polarize. A top Daley aide summed up both the core of the mayor's strategy and the reason why King has had difficulty in finding a focus for his campaign when he said, "In the South, King gave them love, and he got back hate. Here he's giving us love, and we're giving him love right back."

If the Democratic machine in Chicago does founder, it will be because it loses the votes of middle-class Negroes such as those who attended the Freedom Rally. The mayor himself claims that because 35 percent of Chicago's Negroes own their own homes, have college educations, or earn more than \$6000 a year, Chicago has the largest number of middle-class Negroes of any city in the world — but he cannot claim them as his supporters.

In the June primaries, independent Democratic candidates ran strongest in middle-class Negro districts, where loyalties based on patronage are no longer relevant and voters are apparently anxious to assert their independence of un-

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pleasant associations. Just as the move to the suburbs changes the voting habits of many a good Democrat, the climb to respectability encourages new habits among urban Negroes.

Percy's chances

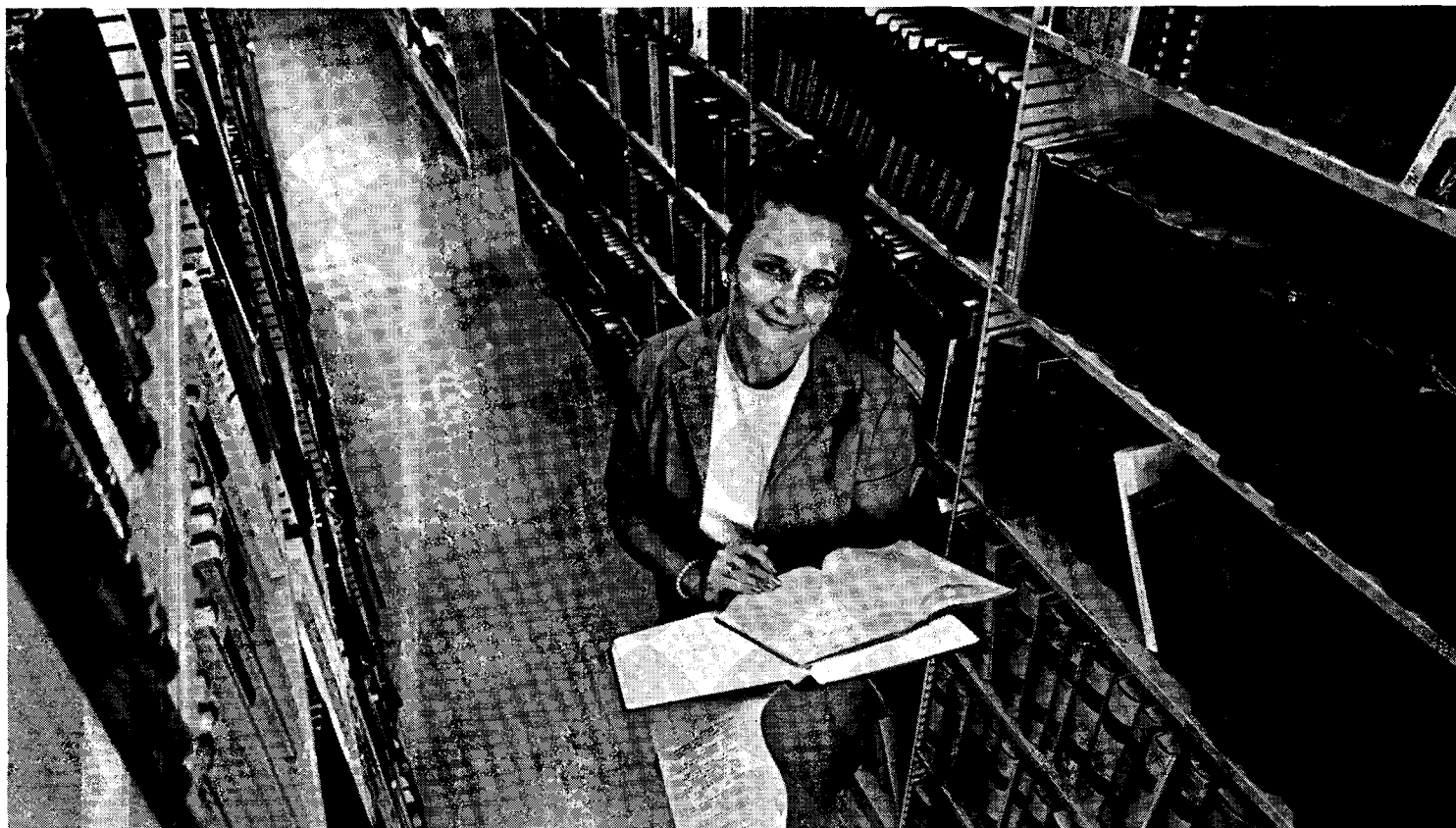
Because the Percy challenge has caused Senator Douglas to cast his lot more closely with Daley than with any previous Democratic boss, Percy could attract a substantial number of these middle-class Negro votes despite Douglas' record as a leader in the fights for liberal civil rights legislation in Congress.

Percy has made much of the facts that under his *wunderkind* presidency of Bell and Howell, the company adopted a strict fair-employment policy long before such policies became fashionable, and that he was instrumental in the passage of Illinois's first FEP law. But he opposed open-occupancy laws in his unsuccessful 1964 campaign for governor, and his subsequent change of position, purportedly because he became convinced that real estate dealers would not voluntarily abandon their discriminatory practices as he had previously expected, seems insincere to some because he has hedged before committing himself solidly behind any particular legislative proposal. There is a general feeling that the Republican strategy is to smother the problem in platitudes: so long as Percy is seen shaking hands with Floyd McKissick of CORE, he can afford to ignore the movement's specific demands.

The lack of credibility that may deny Chuck Percy the substantial portion of the Negro vote which he needs in order to win is not an isolated phenomenon. Percy began the 1964 gubernatorial campaign with the enthusiastic support of many moderates and liberals of both parties, who saw in him an opportunity to retire antediluvian GOP wheelhorses and revive the two-party system in Illinois. He would undoubtedly have defeated incumbent Governor Otto Kerner had it not been for Goldwater, as Percy ran 650,000 votes ahead of the national ticket and lost to Kerner by less than 200,000. But time and



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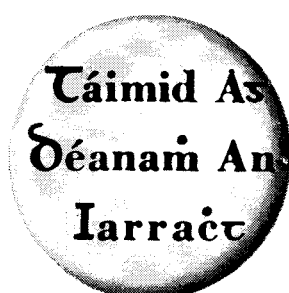
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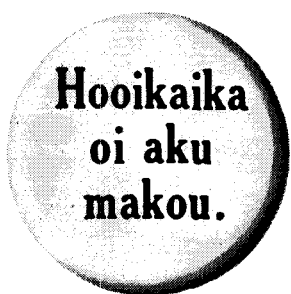
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Report on Illinois

time again since that first race, he has alienated people by protesting his sincerity to excess.

Yet it is the very vagueness of his 1964 anti-Goldwater position which has him in a dilemma, for it did not save him from the wrath of the conservatives, and it has not made him a hero to liberals. He has only lukewarm support from the business community and from conservative Republican politicians, and he has had to rely on a small group of amateurs for campaign staff. And in terms of "image," he is haunted by the fact that his 1964 strategy was to campaign largely on the innocuous platform plank of bringing more business to Illinois, avoiding altogether the issue of Goldwaterism.

Douglas and Vietnam

Where another candidate might not have to declare himself, Percy may be compelled by the general suspicion that he is a man without political convictions to come clean on the most complex of all current political issues, the war in Vietnam.

Even in downstate Illinois, where troublesome questions of foreign policy are generally rapidly resolved in the simplistic syllogistic terminology of the *Chicago Tribune*, frequently the only questions asked of the candidates at a stopover concern Vietnam. In a statewide study for which people were asked to name the major political issues of the November elections, 80 percent specified Vietnam, with the next most frequently named issues mentioned only 20 percent of the time. More than half the people questioned in the same poll did not believe that the national security is involved in Vietnam, and a comparable number were dissatisfied with the Administration's conduct of the war.

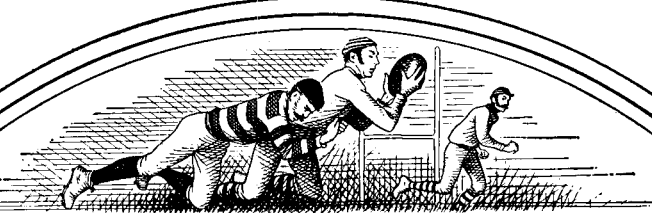
The Administration's defender, Paul Douglas, is, at seventy-four, one of a disappearing breed of hard-line anti-Communist liberals — Humphrey is another. At fifty-one, he quit his University of Chicago professorship during the Second World War to enlist in the Marines, and was decorated in the Pacific. As a senator in 1950 he advocated a preventive war in the form of an atomic bomb dropped on China,

and has since been an enthusiastic sponsor of the Committee of One Million, which was created to keep Red China out of the UN. His constant theme has been the need to "probe, needle, and press the Communists." He said last year, "the equation is simple: either they obliterate us, or we obliterate them."

How this style of rhetoric will go down this year remains to be seen. His stock phrase now is that he "does not see what else the President could have done." He has gone on record as opposing negotiations of any sort, and has privately said that though he recognizes his stubbornness on Vietnam may be his Achilles' heel, he will stand by his earlier statements. Percy's contribution thus far has been to suggest that the dilemma might be resolved by an All-Asian Peace Conference. The proposal has been received with less than enthusiasm in some circles as it would not only include the Red Chinese but would absolve all Americans, including Chuck Percy, of responsibility for a resolution.

With a sizable anti-war vote and substantial middle-class Negro support, neither of which he has yet courted effectively, Percy could both win his election and breathe life into Republicanism in Illinois. But if a sizable peace vote or dissatisfaction with the Johnson Administration spells defeat of the Democratic ticket, down with it may go a more promising young Illinois political figure, Adlai Stevenson III. Although Stevenson refused to side with Daley on several major issues, Douglas insisted that he be slated as the Democratic candidate for state treasurer because of his 1964 tour de force at the polls when in an at-large election he led 176 other candidates for the state House of Representatives. In the House he earned a reputation as a hardworking and competent legislator.

On the hustings this autumn he has seemed less articulate and witty but perhaps more approachable than his father, and has begun to amass the independent support that his father never quite built in his home state. If Stevenson runs ahead of Douglas and wins, he will become a leading figure in Illinois politics, a possible candidate for governor in 1968.



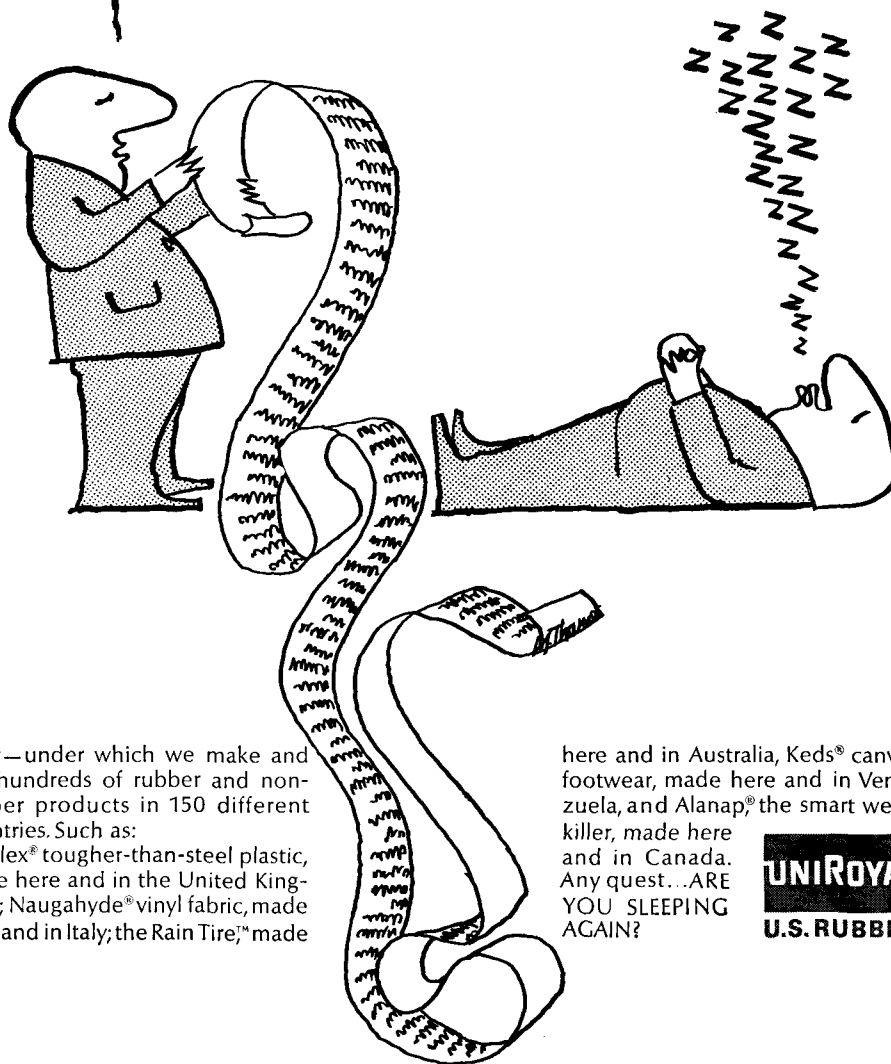
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A POTENTIAL Middle East balance of terror haunts the capitals of long-contending states. Security is no longer measured in numbers of divisions and exact distributions of military hardware. Possible future atomic capability, or an equivalent command of atomic guarantee, is becoming the criterion of strength and power. The most optimistic view is that the Arabs and Israelis are using atomic language in a new version of psychological warfare. Can Israel produce bombs at Dimona? Did German scientists really put Egypt on the track of the same possibility? Each side hopes that the other believes it. Each says it will not be the first to introduce such weapons into the area. Each needs to bolster prestige by keeping up the sinister guessing game.

The Middle East contenders appear today to be approaching the nuclear world with somewhat different strategies. Egypt and Israel both signed the test-ban treaty of 1963. But since that time Egypt has made no secret of its need for international reassurance. Last May's joint appeal by Presidents Tito and Nasser for a general disarmament conference was only the last of a series of such moves. At Geneva disarmament sessions, Egyptian delegates play an active role, suggesting means of detecting underground tests and ways of control. Along with other atomic have-nots at Stockholm last spring, Egyptians explored ways of differentiating between underground explosions and earthquakes.

Pending general disarmament developments, Egypt has sought a guarantee of atomic protection from the U.S.S.R. Part of the psychological pressure in the area depends on the unknown response to this appeal. Soviet Premier Kosygin took the occasion of his last visit to Cairo to warn of the dangers of nuclear proliferation. He stressed the need for a treaty to prevent it "as soon as possible."

Denuclearization of the Mediterranean is, of course, an important Soviet objective. The Russians have offered an agreement there conditioned on the removal of American bases and of the Polaris elements of the Sixth Fleet.

Given the lack of progress toward general agreement on nonproliferation, it is not surprising that such countries as Israel and Egypt (and India) should weigh the possibility of joining the atomic club. President Nasser has said that Egypt is thinking about developing nuclear weapons because Israel "is working in this field." It is clear from the tone of his various statements to this effect that considerations of prestige weigh as heavily as does actual security. At this stage Egypt is not believed to possess the potential for making bombs. Yet it must *seem* to be in the race while it is seeking actual security through guarantees.

Israel's atomic reactor

Israel, on the other hand, appears to have a real choice. While urging the major powers to draw the line against "impermissible" arms in the area, and promising that Israel will not introduce atomic weapons itself, Premier Eshkol has made it plain that Israel will make its own policy. In this field Israel leads from a certain amount of strength. Its research reactor in the Negev is capable of producing plutonium for weapons. Built with French help, and reportedly with the help of other European scientists, this reactor has a capacity of 24,000 thermal watts. It is of the heavy-water-moderated type using natural uranium. Thus each time there is mention in the world press of an Israeli deal with some South American country for uranium, the question again arises whether Dimona is being diverted to military purposes.

Israel today rejects the idea of international inspection by the International Atomic Energy Agency. Until such inspection is the rule and not the exception, it sees no reason to reveal its secrets. It contends that the IAEA is staffed with many representatives of Arab countries. If Dimona came under such scrutiny, Israel would lose its freedom to decide whether or when to make bombs. Thus even the psychological deterrent of uncertainty would be lost, as well as the final choice about a real deterrent. Visits of American scientists have been permitted with a view to reassuring Washington about Israel's intentions. This arrangement is informal and appears to have as-

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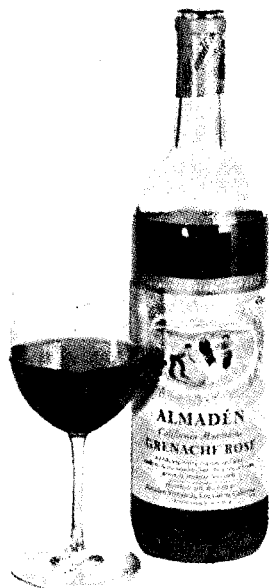
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Middle East Arms Race

sured the visitors that Dimona is not producing weapons.

The race for tanks and planes

Meanwhile, the balance of conventional threats to peace is precarious. A higher proportion of resources is spent for military purposes in the Middle East than anywhere else in the developing world. Military equipment has become a symbol of power and influence. It is no longer enough to have steel plants, national air lines, computers, and food freezers. The latest tanks and planes are essential status symbols.

In the arms race, figures are obsolete on publication. An order of magnitude is indicated by estimated troop strengths ranging from Israel's 250,000 on immediate call, Egypt's 180,000, Iraq's 82,000, Syria's 61,000, Jordan's 36,000, and Saudi Arabia's 20,000.

Tank strength is estimated at 1200 for Egypt, from the U.S.S.R.; 600 for Israel, including British Centurions and American Pattons; 320 for Iraq, mostly from the U.S.S.R.; and 200 for Jordan, including 150 Pattons acquired in 1965-1966.

Aircraft strengths have rapidly increased in the last two years. Israel apparently leads here with about 470 planes, among them French Mirages, Mystères, and Super Mystères as well as Skyhawk bombers now promised from the United States. Egypt is estimated to have a force of about 450 planes, of which Soviet MIG-21D's are the most important component. Iraq accounts for about 250, including MIG-17's and -19's; Syria about 150; and Jordan about 36 Starfighters plus a small number of British aircraft.

Missiles on each side remain a secret to nonprofessionals. Egypt periodically announces production of long-range missiles. Soviet-made SAM-2's, of the type used in North Vietnam, protect Cairo, Aswan, and the Suez Canal. Israel's theoretical possession of French missiles with 500-mile-range is denied in Tel Aviv. Its possession of French Matra air-to-air missiles is public knowledge, however, as is its acquisition of U.S. Hawks.

Defense budgets last year ran at \$400 million for Egypt, \$271 million for Israel, \$142 million for Iraq, \$108 million for Saudi Arabia. With stepped-up purchases on order in 1966, all must be rising, particularly that of Saudi Arabia. Its \$400 million package for arms, fighters, rockets, and a complete air defense system, to become operable in two years, will make Saudi Arabia the potential defender of the entire Arabian peninsula. This appears to be the purpose behind the Anglo-American agreement with King Faisal this summer.

United States policy shifts

United States policy in the Middle East in the sixties has been based on two ideas. One is the encouragement of peaceful internal development. The second has been disengagement from local quarrels. Aid programs have been tailored to encourage local initiative. The Jordan Development Board, for example, began under British and American tutelage and has evolved to independent status. Between 1959 and 1964 Jordan's income rose 65 percent. Its growth rate is 5 percent a year. The government aims to be self-sustaining in the next decade.

In Egypt the same principles have guided American policy in a much more hectic atmosphere. Since 1955, aid in the amount of \$1.2 billion has gone to the revolutionary government for its internal programs. Much of this has been for food. But much has also gone into useful work in water development, education, and management training. Private American funds have gone into oil exploration, and private American foundation grants have helped establish small industries and advanced Egypt's birth control program. The United States has maintained a diplomatic exchange and sustained the basic food program while remaining disengaged from Egyptian political gyrations.

The U.S.S.R. is estimated to have spent a billion dollars on military aid to Egypt in rubles or in exchange for cotton. Large amounts have also gone to Syria; and 85 percent of Iraq's matériel has come from the Eastern bloc. By contrast, during the eight years prior to 1965, American military aid to Jordan amounted to only \$36 million.

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Middle East Arms Race

Two factors have combined to pressure Washington into assuming a more direct role in Middle East defense supply. One is the increasingly sophisticated character of modern arms. These new weapons, and the ancillary matériel which goes with them, involve elaborate scientific training for those using them. Thus the question arises whether it is more advantageous to supply and train some of those who turn to Washington for support rather than to let them all turn to the East.

The failure of Arab unity

The second factor which has had to be weighed is the political polarization which has taken place with the failure of attempts at Arab unity. The effort toward unity began late in 1963 under Gamal Abdel Nasser, who was the architect and leader of what came to be called Arab summitry. It was he who then headed off a violent confrontation with Israel over diversion of Jordan River headwaters. Such a confrontation could not succeed, he said, until the Arabs were united. There must not be another 1948. The struggle against Israel must be postponed until a Unified Arab Command, drawing on pooled Arab funds, developed a united strategy.

To appease the activists, particularly in Syria, a Palestine Liberation Organization was set up. Palestinians eager to prepare for action were steered into a force called the Palestine Liberation Army.

Priorities set up by the Unified Command soon put heavy pressure on King Hussein. Jordan's pivotal geographic position, and the fact that two thirds of its citizens are former Palestinians, made this inevitable. Hussein was assigned a given number of arms to be obtained for the cause. Funds would come from the United Command treasury in Cairo, to which the oil states were heavy contributors. It was suggested at command headquarters that Russian arms were available in the needed quantities, and that a unified command could best deploy unified armament.

At this point Hussein turned to Washington. The much debated

shift in American arms policy followed, after a more than usually agonizing reappraisal. Allocations of arms to help Jordan modernize its forces (and maintain its independence among the Arab states) were announced in April, 1965. There was no outcry in Tel Aviv, where Hussein has long been regarded as a stabilizing if unfriendly figure in the Arab world. In Cairo, of course, the move was recognized as a check to Nasserite ambitions.

In this fashion the American government was persuaded to face the shifting realities of power and weakness in the Middle East and to devise a case-by-case approach to appeals for defense assistance.

The second case was that of Saudi Arabia. The decision by London and Washington to provide a modern defense system in the Arabian peninsula is related to Red Sea and Arabian Gulf politics. Britain's decision this year to relinquish its position in Aden by 1968 means that another power vacuum will be created. Its location is particularly vital, for Britain cannot relinquish its dependence on Middle East oil. Sixty-four percent of Britain's oil imports come from the Middle East. About a quarter of its seaborne trade transits the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. London must therefore be concerned about what happens at Aden.

King Faisal's role

Chaos in Yemen, and the failure of any federated state to evolve in response to British prodding in Aden and adjacent protectorates, causes London to look hopefully toward the one stable figure in the Gulf region, King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. In a more utopian era an alternative source of security might be a UN police force. A UN role in the political evolution of South Arabia is now being sought. But neither London nor Washington can contemplate without concern the prospect of a Yemeni-style struggle over a "liberated" Aden Federation.

Lacking constructive alternatives in the face of one more British evacuation from the Middle East, Western hopes therefore focus on King Faisal, a gradualist leader to whom the mini-states in the region can look for support. But since gradualism is anathema to the hotheads in South

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Middle East Arms Race

Arabia and Aden, the King is being supplied with an air and communications system adequate for an eventual regional defense.

The stakes in this region are high. Even before the Yemeni revolution in 1962 the Chinese had appeared, offering technical aid. In its turn the U.S.S.R. invested \$28 million in military aid to the former Imam's regime. The only conceivable point to both these ventures was to gain footholds in the Red Sea region. Thus today's contest was clearly foreseen in Peking and Moscow. Soviet air bases remain at Sanaa and Hodeida. Lately, some electronically equipped Soviet trawlers, operating from Egypt's Red Sea coast, have appeared to be fishing in more than one sense. Across the Red Sea, Soviet arms have for some time been going to Somalia, causing great anxiety in Addis Ababa.

It seems significant, therefore, that King Faisal has been making friendly overtures to Emperor Haile

Selassie, and that he has visited Khartoum as well as Washington. Nearer home he is sponsoring and paying for a "Friendship Road," which connects the small states on the Arabian Gulf coast with each other and with Saudi Arabia. He has settled local border disputes with Kuwait and Qatar. Another recent agreement with Jordan has set the border between them so as to enable Jordan to expand its port of Aqaba.

Israel's position

With the obvious breakup of attempts at Arab unity and the present polarization of factions, Israel should feel more secure than in the immediate past. No one today expects an Arab drive against Israel. The violent talk about Israel seems almost in inverse relationship to potential threats. Syria is most vocal — and weakest internally. Half of Egypt's army is still bogged down in Yemen. King Hussein is fully occupied keeping a step ahead of subversive local Nasserites, and parrying efforts by Shukairy to divide the Palestinians who make up the backbone of Jordan's electorate. The river question is a chronic issue,

but Israel does not object to the dam being constructed by Jordan on the Yarmuk.

Even so, Israel has continued insistently to argue for American defense commitments. Earlier, the plea was for a unilateral guarantee of Israel's frontiers. When the United States determined that such a move would not be in Israel's interest, or in its own, the argument moved to different ground. Israel wanted its independent means of defense. It wanted not to rely indefinitely on the presence of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean.

Israelis believe that an important turning point in relations with Washington has been reached with the agreement for eventual delivery of A-4 Skyhawk bombers. Skyhawks can operate from short runways, such as those in Israel. They have a combat range of 1000 miles and can carry 5000 pounds of bombs or missiles. The significance of this deal is that for the first time Washington has been persuaded of Israel's need of an offensive American plane.

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There are in this case, as in those with Arab countries, restrictions on procurement from other sources and on total amounts spent on arms. Yet press reports from Tel Aviv and Jerusalem reveal that Israel regards the Skyhawk agreement as a great diplomatic victory. To Tel Aviv it means that Washington accepts the idea of independent deterrent power. It is also suggested in this period of euphoria that with this deterrent promised, the decision about atomic weapons development in Israel can be postponed.

Israel may have reaped another temporary bonus in defense this last summer. U.S. pilots in July in Vietnam demonstrated a way to evade the Soviet SAM missiles in North Vietnam. The possibility that the SAM's may therefore become obsolete is a potential blow to Cairo. The search for a new means of protection could only lead to further escalation in the region.

The lesson here is that any so-called balance of forces is transitory. And the preservation of the long Middle East truce remains as difficult as ever.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The Trouble With Hospitals

SIR:

I would like to take issue with economist Gerald Rosenthal ("The Public Pays the Bill," supplement on hospitals, July *Atlantic*), who advances the theories of free-market supply, demand, and price as the solution to the issue of hospital cost control. But economic theories of private firms cannot be so readily applied to medical organizations.

An example is Professor Rosenthal's reliance on price as the only effective method for allocating hospital resources. He states that only the patient knows his own hospital service preferences, and that patients collectively are fully capable of determining through purchase option whether additional hospital services are worth the increased price. Such collective judgments would in large part be pooled ignorance. Certainly doctors and hospital officials, with their training and experience, should make such judgments before patients are in need of care. Physicians come closer than patients to meeting the economic definition of hospital-service consumers. Physicians decide whether hospitalization is necessary and what services are needed.

Professor Rosenthal fails to mention a major force in the control of hospital costs—hospital trustees. Physicians and hospital administrators who struggle to convince conservative directors to spend money for hospital equipment and services would recognize that Professor Rosenthal's example of a radiology department made doubly expensive just to be fancy and without im-

proved quality is highly improbable.

Finally, the tone of his article is that hospital costs are running rampant, that hospital officials are not interested in efficiency, and that eventually the public will catch up with the rascals. I would propose the opposite: that costs are under constant scrutiny by hospital officials, that elaborate care for complex medical conditions should not be equated with fancy care, and that operating expenses may well be below rather than above what is in the best public interest. For instance, a large portion of hospital operating costs are personnel wages. Yet nurses earn less than common laborers, and medical interns and residents are paid less than the minimum wage. One result is lower hospital costs. Another is the failure to attract medical personnel in sufficient numbers to provide the basic services expected of hospitals.

DAVID B. STARKWEATHER
UCLA School of Public Health
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

Professor Rosenthal's article suggests that in the past, controls were exercised by the interplay of individual buyers and sellers in relation to prices. This is misleading. There has never been any period in history during which a substantial proportion of hospital patients paid for their service out-of-pocket on the basis of retail prices.

In the early days, few patients paid anything, and those who financed the hospital service never were hospital patients. Self-supporting individuals who might be influ-

enced by price considerations did not begin to use the hospital in any numbers until the twentieth century. By the 1930s, Blue Cross, insurance, and welfare payments were beginning to set the new patterns of third-party payments that Professor Rosenthal is criticizing.

ROBERT M. SIGMOND
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR:

In reference to Jan de Hartog's article, "What Money Cannot Buy," I can say from personal experience that the treatment a patient receives sometimes results more in psychological harm than in the therapeutic benefits one is supposed to receive. I am referring to the custom of putting all gynecological patients in the labor and delivery wings.

I had a D and C for a miscarriage and was put in a room next to the newborn nursery. Because of this experience, I had quite a long period of depression and psychological adjustment which could have been spared simply by putting me in a different ward.

I wish we had a Jan de Hartog in every city to make people realize that they can have a say in what goes on in our hospitals.

K. COSETTE RUSSELL
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

Stephen Becker's "On Being a Patient" should be required reading for all concerned with patient care. As a former student of clinical pastoral care, I am particularly appalled by the three chaplains he met—one tongue-tied, one irrele-



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vant, and one argumentative. But Mr. Becker and his readers should also know that thousands of clergymen have had training in pastoral care of the sick, taught by such men as the Reverend Robert B. Reeves, Jr., who wrote in the June issue of *Pastoral Psychology*:

"The chaplain works with people who are often so far reduced that there is little he can *do* for them. . . . The only grace they can apprehend is the grace of immediacy in another person's caring enough to be there. . . . The only divine Word they are capable of knowing is what the chaplain conveys through the immediacy of his feeling for them. . . . In the hospital we rediscover spirituality . . . as the dimension of trust in every relationship. Wherever trust is, there is spirituality."

And wherever such a relationship exists, one might add, the universe is no longer random or absurd.

CAROL MURPHY
Swarthmore, Penn.

SIR:

Congratulations on your excellent hospital supplement, and especially on the concluding sentence in Stephen Becker's article: "That nature never rejoices, and never mourns." This frankness is refreshing.

NELSON MORRIS, M.D.
Toledo, Ohio

SIR:

"The Trouble With Hospitals" almost completely missed the point of what is really wrong with our hospitals: the administrative staff.

Any competent hospital consultant knows that the largest percentage increase in hospital staff and salaries has been in the administrative department, not in badly needed increased pay for the poor nurses and orderlies who do the actual work of caring for the patient.

H. G. SICHLER, M.D.
East Lansing, Mich.

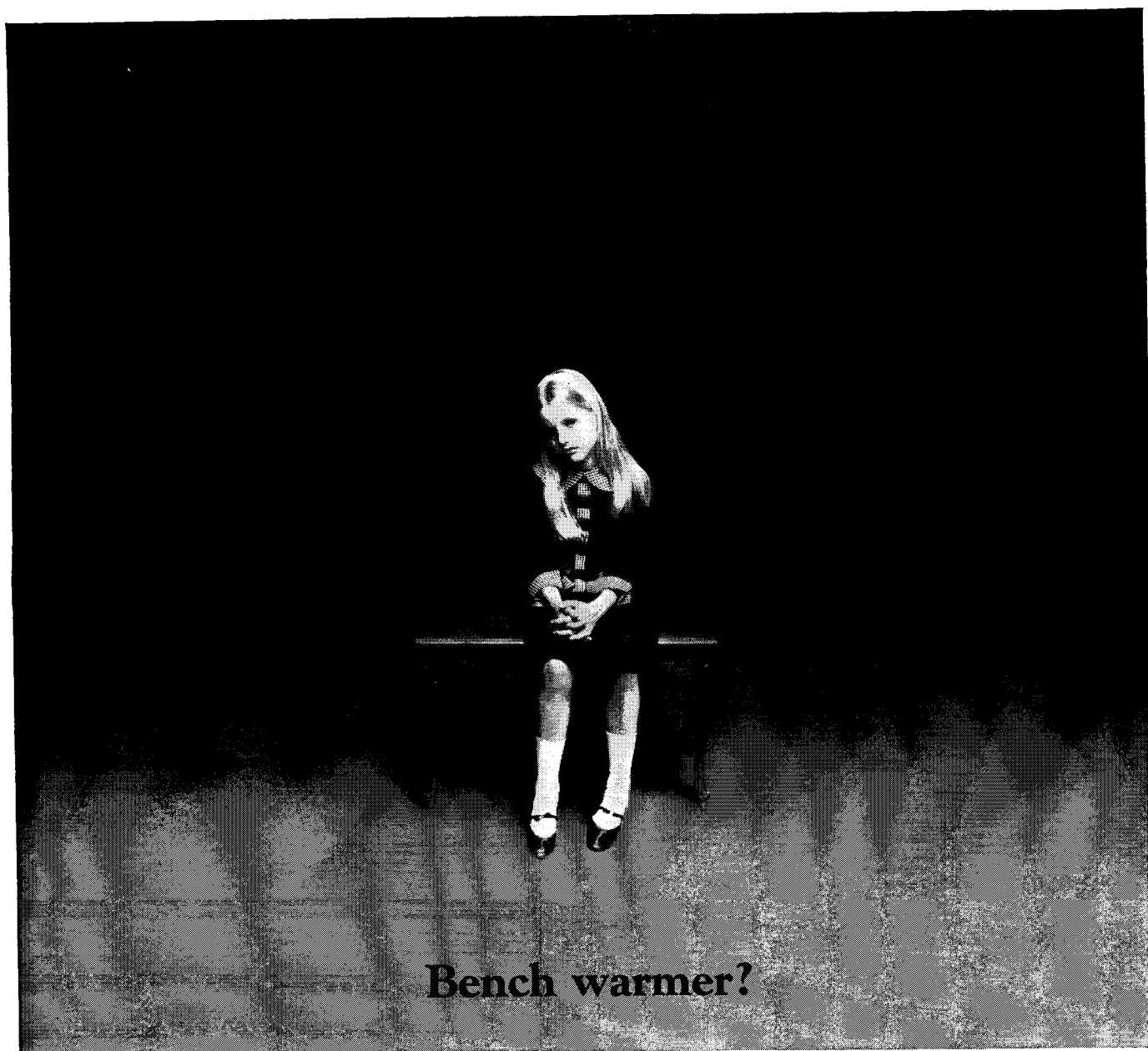
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(From the *New Yorker*)

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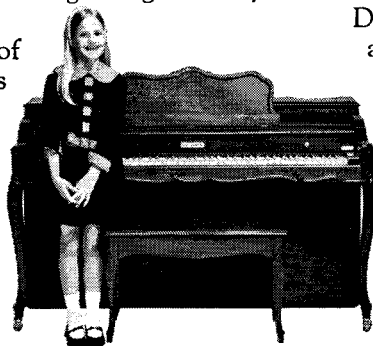
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More on Szasz

SIR:

I enjoyed Edwin M. Schur's measured discussion of Dr. Szasz ("Psychiatrists Under Attack") in the June issue. However, he leans on the assumption that the hostile response to Dr. Szasz is provoked by his innovations in outlook, which force psychiatry to confront some painful moral dilemmas. A more likely explanation is that his ideas are not new, that his largely unreasoned dissent suffers because of his preference for the polemical flourish rather than a scientific examination of the issues.

For example, much of the legislation regarding commitment procedures which Dr. Szasz reviewed in his most recent book, *Psychiatric Injustice*, has already been superseded. Psychiatrists have long been in favor of voluntary or informal admissions to mental hospitals, rather than legal commitment procedures. Even so, his assertion that patients cannot possibly be helped by involuntary hospitalization is difficult to reconcile with the sharp decrease in the number of hospitalized patients over the last decade (in spite of increasing admission rates), which is generally attributed to more efficient treatment procedures. Dr. Szasz is in the position of a man trying to crash through already open doors.

ALAN HOLDEN, M.D.
New York City

In praise of heresy

SIR:

Caught as we are between an America which is disappearing and an America which yawns, Ping Ferry's strategy ("The Happy Heretic," Victor S. Navasky, July *Atlantic*) may be more "necessary" than it is "peculiar." It may also represent his sturdy hope that the American public *can* be awakened. If this were not his hope, I suspect Mr. Ferry would not be shouting "fire"; he would be trying to start one.

FERNANDO DE NECOCHEA, JR.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR:

I am grateful to you and, through you, to Mr. Navasky for introducing me to "the happy heretic."

When Bernard Shaw died, our impoverishment in this particular area seemed settled. But now that I have sampled Wilbur H. Ferry, my

hopes for man's condition are again on the rise.

Alistair Cooke wrote an article some years ago on our imminent incineration by thermonuclear weapons, and suggested that what was needed was not some complex arrangement of disarmament but a plan that would work as simply as the corner traffic signal. Mr. Ferry has supplied that very thing in his suggestion of a compact between the President of the United States and the Premier of the U.S.S.R. to murder fifty children before firing the first thermonuclear weapons. These children "would stand not as hostages but as proxies for the profoundest hopes of humanity."

A. L. MCGREGOR
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Your Report on London (June *Atlantic*) makes a perceptive comparison between Harold Wilson and Stanley Baldwin. But it is unfair to claim that Baldwin in 1936 admitted that he had avoided the rearmament issue in the 1935 election because it would have cost him victory. He was referring to a hypothetical election in 1933 which was not in fact held; in 1935 he asked for a mandate for limited rearmament, and got it. This is not to defend Baldwin, who was certainly largely responsible for the development of the appeasement policy.

BRIAN INGLIS
London, England

SIR:

I deeply enjoyed "The Solitude of William Faulkner" by Malcolm Cowley in your June issue. Mr. Cowley did a magnificent job on the story, and I cannot wait until the book is out.

There is one thing, however. Faulkner writes, "It is my ambition to be, as a private individual, abolished and voided from history, leaving it markless, no refuse save the printed books." I wonder if he would have allowed Mr. Cowley to publish the book were he alive today. I am happy at the opportunity of learning more about this remarkable writer through your article, but I wonder if I would be happier if Faulkner's ambition had been fulfilled. He deserved it.

GARY M. GRIBBLE
Seattle, Wash.

SIR:

"Pius XII, fearing a Bolshevization of Europe more than anything else," writes Oscar Handlin in the June Bookshelf, did nothing to protest Hitler's crimes against the Jews.

Just so, the American people, brainwashed by the Johnson Administration into fearing Red China more than anything else, do not protest the brutal, horrifying manner in which the United States is destroying the Vietnamese. People all over the world know what we are doing there with napalm and tons and tons of bombs, but the majority keep silent or call it a "necessary evil."

Your magazine with its biased and unrealistic Reports is as guilty in this war as the Europeans were in World War II.

MRS. BILLIE DAHLSTROM
San Bernardino, Calif.

SIR:

Couldn't the *Atlantic* (even if it is the *Atlantic*) occasionally print a story or a poem not about a bartender or a hobo or an old bag?

MARJORIE N. WEEKS
Waltham, Mass.

SIR:

The president of the National Right to Work Committee, S. D. Cadwallader, in a letter in the June *Atlantic*, is critical of David S. Broder because in his objective analysis of the Republican Party ("The Struggle for Power," April *Atlantic*), Mr. Broder said that the right-to-work issue is "more than a little phony."

I recognize that the president of this committee, as the position suggests, must be ready at all times to throw a few darts at anyone whose statements come within firing range of the truth. After all, Mr. Cadwallader's job is to achieve acceptance of an unsound and unpopular premise by utilizing a popular but misleading title. For this reason he perhaps should be excused for his not unexpected expression of indignation.

Mr. Cadwallader says "right-to-work relates to only one issue: compulsory unionism." He is wrong. Briefly, right-to-work means and should be called a compulsory open shop.

M. A. DEFANCE
Phoenix, Ariz.

What do other station wagons have that a Volkswagen doesn't?

1 A snazzy looking body.

Compared to other station wagons, a Volkswagen comes off kind of plain, styleless and boxy looking. But that's the beauty of it. Because it's shaped like a box it can hold about twice as much as stylish wagons. And because we make the body higher instead of longer, it'll park in 4' less space than stylish wagons.

2 An engine in the front.

Most station wagons devote about $\frac{1}{3}$ of their space to carrying an engine around. But our engine is in the rear, out of the way, so most of a Volkswagen's space can be devoted to space. And with that extra weight in the rear, it gets extra traction in mud and sand and snow.

3 A drive shaft.

(It makes that big mound in the floor, from front to back, forcing the middle passenger to sit with his knees in the air.) Naturally, wagons with engines in the front have to use a drive shaft to make their rear wheels go. But not the Volkswagen. It uses a rear engine to make its rear wheels go.

4 A radiator, a water pump and hoses.

All very necessary if your wagon uses water, but a VW never touches the stuff. It's

cooled by air. There's nothing to boil over, nothing to freeze up and no place to put antifreeze.

5 A frame.

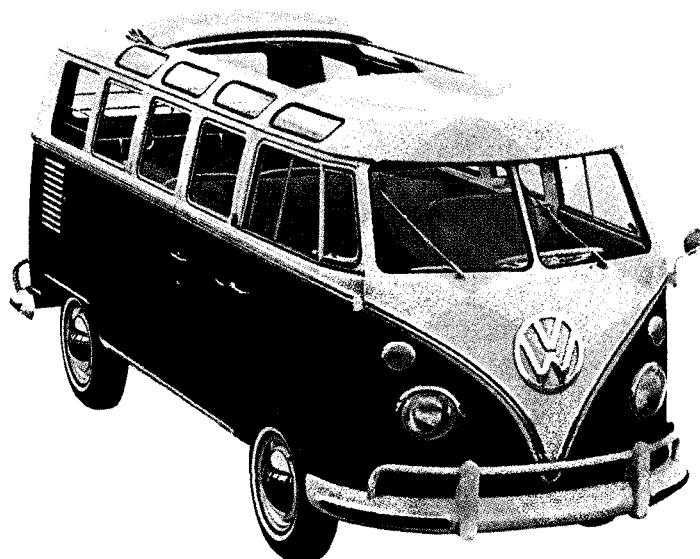
Most other wagons have bulky frames. But instead of a frame, 15,982 spot welds join the Volkswagen body into one solid piece of steel. So loading $\frac{3}{4}$ of a ton may cause a strain, but on you, not it.

6 All of the above.

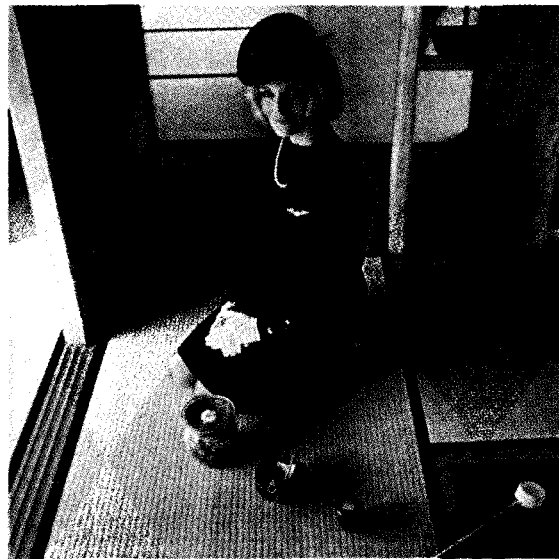
That's our Volkswagen Station Wagon. Because of what it doesn't have, it doesn't have much in common with other wagons. It doesn't look like one, it doesn't act like one and it can carry about twice as much as one.

Come in and take a look.

We think you'll like what you don't see.



how do you say "pride" in Japanese?



Or Hawaiian? Or Chinese? It's the same in any of the languages spoken in the eleven ports across the Pacific that Continental Airlines serves. Language is no barrier when it comes to expressing pride, because pride is said with actions . . . not with words. Continental Airlines people express their great measure of pride by being more helpful . . . doing things more willingly. And Continental passengers, in whatever part of the world they may be, feel comfortable, at ease, almost at home because of it. The reason Continental's people have so much pride in themselves and in their airline is understandable.

You see, as major airlines go, Continental is not a great big, impersonal one. So Continental's people can and do maintain their individuality . . . their interest and involvement in how their airline is run. It's not so much what they do as how they do it. You feel it all around you all the time, and it feels good. Unless you're a member of the military you can't take Continental across the Pacific . . . yet. But you can take Continental here in America. We serve 22 cities between Los Angeles — Chicago and Los Angeles — Houston. Travel with us, and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it . . . please call.

CONTINENTAL



The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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CRIME, CONFESSIONS, AND THE COURT

BY ROBERT M. CIPES

"Coddling criminals" and "handcuffing the police" are the latest bitter charges aimed at the Supreme Court. In fact, the stormy course the Court has followed through its Escobedo and Miranda decisions is much simpler, if subtler, than most of its critics realize. Mr. Cipes, a lawyer, former federal prosecutor, and now attached to the Georgetown University Institute of Criminal Law and Procedure, charts the Court's wary but determined progress toward guaranteeing the rights of the accused in the police interrogation room. The article is drawn from Mr. Cipes's book THE CRIME WAR, to be published by New American Library in January.

MORE than thirty years ago, when Earl Warren was a career district attorney in California, he came to Washington to address a national conference on crime. His approach to crime control was dispassionate and objective. Distrustful of panaceas, he saw that the basic needs of law enforcement were improving its administration and personnel. He rejected vigilante groups whose solution to crime was enacting harsher penalties and giving more procedural advantages to the state. This he called a "popular war cry."

District Attorney Warren's speech paid tribute to the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, J. Edgar Hoover, for helping the states elevate their standards of law enforcement. Yet when Hoover spoke at the same conference, he sounded the "war cry." We are facing "desperate men and equally desperate women," he warned, "who have respect only for a power greater than theirs." The criminal "rules by fear, and fear is the only weapon which can rule him — fear of the certainty of arrest and punishment." Boasting of the Bureau's 94 percent conviction record, Hoover added, "Theories may come and theories may go, but this fact remains: The countries which speedily find, arrest and adequately punish their criminals have few major crime problems."

That men of such divergent philosophies could find a common meeting ground in 1934 is less remarkable than their finding a common ground once Earl Warren became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Yet when Warren delivered his opinion in the case of *Miranda v. Arizona* on June 13, 1966, J. Edgar Hoover emerged as a champion of civil liberties and the FBI as a model for police interrogation practices. This is only one of the ironies of this remarkable decision, which promises to alter the balance of power between the police and the criminal at a time when most of the nation, like Hoover, sees itself engaged in a life-and-death struggle against crime.

In reversing the convictions of four men because of improperly obtained confessions, the Court has placed a heavy — some think an impossible — burden on police interrogation of suspects. The Court has declared that no statement of the suspect may be used to convict him unless his Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination has been scrupulously protected. *Miranda* was decided almost two years to the day after the Court's opinion in *Escobedo v. Illinois*. There the Court reversed a murder conviction because the suspect confessed after being denied access to his lawyer. The Court left open the question whether indigent suspects — some two

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thirds of those arrested — were entitled to similar protection. This question was answered affirmatively in *Miranda*.

Since *Escobedo*, the Warren Court has been a whipping boy of police, prosecutors, and their supporters. Some police officials — like Chicago's O. W. Wilson, to whose men Escobedo confessed — flatly instructed their officers to ignore the decision. Wilson claimed that the opinion was confusing, and he challenged the Court to issue clear guidelines for the police. In *Miranda*, the Court has accepted the challenge, setting down an extraordinarily detailed code of interrogation procedures.

The essential elements of the code are these: As a general rule the prosecution may not use statements resulting from "custodial interrogation" unless it follows procedural safeguards which will protect the suspect's privilege against self-incrimination. "Custodial interrogation" goes beyond station-house detention. It applies whenever the police deprive a suspect "of his freedom of action in any way." The following are the minimum procedural safeguards required:

- ① A warning that the suspect has a right to remain silent and that any statements made may be used as evidence against him.
- ② Advice that he is entitled to consult a lawyer prior to interrogation, and that if he cannot afford a lawyer, the state will make one available to him prior to interrogation.
- ③ If a suspect rests on his privilege, or states he wants a lawyer, the police must discontinue questioning. This is true at any stage of the interrogation.
- ④ If the suspect wants and gets a lawyer, questioning may continue, but it must be in the presence of the lawyer.
- ⑤ The privilege against self-incrimination and the right to counsel may be waived if the waiver is made voluntarily and with knowledge of the consequences. But the "heavy burden" of proving there was a waiver is on the state.

Despite this detailed code, which goes beyond the issues presented in the four cases, and despite the sharp dissents of four Justices, the Court's opinion in *Miranda* is essentially a logical outgrowth of *Escobedo*. Its significance lies not so much in breaking new legal ground as in the way in which it has brought into focus a cluster of vital social problems.

The *Miranda* case has many meanings. It reflects a deep dichotomy in the country over control of crime. Are we really in the midst of a "crime wave"? Can we deal adequately with the crime problem without sacrificing some of our civil liberties? On the technical level of law enforcement, what does *Miranda* mean to the ability of the police to solve crimes? Are confessions indispensable to

such solution, and will the rules set down by the Court eliminate confessions? If police officers cannot comply with the new rules without sacrificing confessions, will they create techniques for evading the Court's requirements?

At the ethical level, *Miranda* challenges the propriety of the means used by society to catch and punish those who deviate. At still another level, the opinion tests the limits of the entire criminal process in this country. By making the boast of an accusatorial system a reality, it threatens to place impossible pressures on existing legal and judicial machinery. The final meaning of *Miranda* is its reflection of a growing polarity in American values — between authority and conformity on the one hand, and liberty and dissent on the other.

BEFORE going into these meanings, some background on the pre-*Escobedo* and pre-*Miranda* period is necessary. Until *Escobedo*, state police and prosecutors had little cause to criticize the Supreme Court's confession decisions. The Court exercised only a narrow review over state police methods. To reach the Court a state defendant had to show some violation of due process, usually the use of the third degree — which means physical or psychological coercion. Police smarted for a time under the Court's search and seizure rules, but they seemed to be able to live with them.

On some other issues there was even a mild consensus among the courts and the police. One such issue was reforming the bail system to remove financial discrimination. Another was ensuring free trial counsel for the indigent, reflected in the Supreme Court's unanimous opinion in *Gideon v. Wainwright*. In May of 1964 the Justice Department sponsored a National Conference on Bail. At the opening session Chief Justice Warren shared the platform with Police Commissioner Michael Murphy of New York. The Chief Justice told Murphy he was "inspired and heartened" by the commissioner's support of a project to eliminate the stigma of arrest in minor offenses. And Murphy spoke earnestly of his department's efforts in "furthering the individual rights and liberties of the accused."

The truce between the police and the defense-oriented Justices was an uneasy one, however, though few persons imagined that the break would come as soon as it did. Only a year after the bail meeting, Warren and Murphy again appeared together, this time at a judicial conference in Atlantic City. In the interim Murphy had resigned his job in resistance to demands for creation of a civilian review board, the Warren Court had decided the *Escobedo* case, and Barry Goldwater had made "crime in the streets" a major political issue. This

time Murphy wasted no breath on amenities, nor on homage to civil liberties. Reflecting the change in public mood, he excoriated the Warren Court for hampering law enforcement while “vicious beasts” were loose on the streets. He protested that police were being forced to fight by the Marquis of Queensbury Rules, “while the criminals are permitted to gouge and bite.”

The rhetoric was a familiar part of the battle imagery which permeates law enforcement. President Johnson in his recent crime message, for example, referred to the local policeman as “the front-line soldier in the war on crime.” Arguing the *Miranda* case, a spokesman for the National District Attorneys Association told the Court that the clash was not between the defendant and the “police,” but between the defendant and the “people,” just as it was the whole “United States,” and not simply the “Army,” against the Viet Cong. Analogizing the police to front-line soldiers evokes a demand for more weapons. Thus, in lobbying for a stop-and-frisk law, New York district attorneys made this appeal: “In every way America has always equipped its armies with the best and most modern weapons. We in law enforcement are engaged in a continuous war in peacetime. We ask only that we be properly equipped to meet the criminal enemy and to make certain that law enforcement and the public are not left defenseless in the war against crime.”

The cry that the police were being handcuffed was a familiar one in at least one American city — Washington, D. C. In 1957 the Supreme Court in the *Mallory* case set aside a rape confession and the death sentence because the police had unreasonably delayed in taking the nineteen-year-old Negro defendant before a magistrate for arraignment. The confession was excluded not on constitutional grounds but under the Court’s supervisory powers to maintain civilized standards of federal law enforcement. The Court refused to inquire whether the confession was voluntary or involuntary, reliable or unreliable. It recognized that when the police hold a man incommunicado there is a temptation for questioning to slide into the third degree, and the added temptation of the interrogator to testify falsely in court about the circumstances of the confession.

Law enforcement officers in the District and their friends in Congress were particularly exercised because the Mallory Rule operated in favor of the guilty. Mallory himself represented not just the escape of a guilty man, but the return of a dangerous criminal to the community. After his release Mallory committed rape in another city. Statistics recently compiled by the District Crime Commission show that only a small fraction of criminal convictions are reversed on Mallory grounds, and that only a few of the beneficiaries escape punish-

ment entirely. But sobering facts such as these have a way of escaping notice in a community aroused by crime waves.

NO PERSON “shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself.” This Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination is the focus of the *Miranda* opinion. The privilege has long been applied to protect an accused from compulsory testimony at his trial. *Miranda* makes clear that the privilege affords the same protection to a suspect under police interrogation.

The privilege stemmed from abhorrence of the Star Chamber statute of 1487 in Tudor England, under which a defendant could be forced to testify under oath at his trial for the purpose of eliciting a confession. The proceedings had a familiar justification, that “little or nothing may be found” by other means of investigation. The constitutional protection against the use of coerced confessions — the due process rule — had a different origin. Until the 1600s in England it was common to extract a confession from a suspect by means of torture. Such confessions were by their very nature unreliable. This was not necessarily true of confessions obtained in violation of the Fifth Amendment. Until *Miranda* the two types of confessions had generally been treated separately. In *Miranda* the distinction is blurred, for the Court seems to suggest that police interrogation itself is coercive.

To the majority of the Court, in *Miranda* the most dangerous aspect of police interrogation is that it takes place in secret in a “police-dominated” atmosphere. The “very fact of custodial interrogation exacts a heavy toll on individual liberty and trades on the weaknesses of individuals.” In the *Escobedo* case Justice White, dissenting, complained that the majority opinion reflected “a deep-seated distrust of law enforcement officers everywhere, unsupported by relevant data or current material based upon our own experience.” Conscious of this complaint, the Chief Justice in *Miranda* marshals current facts about coerced confessions, such as the sixty-one-page false murder confession in New York’s *Whitmore* case, and the case of the Brooklyn police burning an uncooperative witness with lighted cigarettes. The Chief Justice also refers to Civil Rights Commission reports of police brutality in the South.

But the principal evidence of coercion set forth in the opinion is not physical but psychological. The Court quotes at length from interrogation manuals authored by the top criminal detection experts in the country — widely used by the police, as evidenced by sales of 44,000 copies. These manuals represent the “modern, scientific” approach to

police interrogation — methods developed to replace the discredited third degree. Now with a sweep of the pen Chief Justice Warren discredits the modern methods and apparently puts their originators out of a lucrative business.

The leading manual cited in the *Miranda* opinion is *Criminal Interrogation and Confessions* by Professor Fred Inbau of Northwestern University, long a critic of the Court's Mallory Rule and the favorite witness of congressional committees seeking to overrule Mallory. A reading of Inbau's book gives an illuminating insight into the "scientific" method. First, a description of the interrogation room. There are no windows. In a police station, windows must contain bars, and this naturally would discourage a confession. There are no distracting objects in the room, no telephone, no ashtrays (indicating there is no smoking). The chairs have straight backs to discourage relaxation. The interrogator takes no notes, is completely absorbed in the subject, and gives the impression of having unlimited time for questioning. The following are examples of Inbau's suggested "Tactics and Techniques for the Interrogation of Suspects Whose Guilt is Definite or Reasonably Certain":

"Sympathize with the subject by telling him that anyone else under similar conditions or circumstances might have done the same thing."

"Reduce the subject's guilt feelings by minimizing the moral seriousness of his offense." In questioning a thief, Inbau recommends showing the suspect one of Inbau's own articles. This says that "about 85 of every 100 persons will 'steal' if the opportunity to do so is presented to them." The technique of reducing guilt may also be very effective in a wife-killing case where investigation shows the husband has been treated "very miserably over the years." This line of examination is suggested:

"Joe, as recently as just last week my wife had me so angry with her nagging that I felt I couldn't stand it any more, but just as she was at her worst the doorbell rang and we had some out-of-town company. Was I glad they came! Otherwise I don't know what I would have done."

The guilt-reducing technique is not only effective in getting confessions, but it can actually fulfill a therapeutic function. A few days before being executed, one subject told Inbau how comforted he had been by Inbau's statement — just prior to confessing — that this crime was actually "no worse" than any of his others.

In cataloguing the evils of the coerced confessions, the Court referred to the Report of the Wickersham Commission on Lawlessness in Law Enforcement. Issued in the early thirties, the report shocked some of the country with its revelations of third-degree practices. It actually contributed little new factual information to the coerced confession

cases and to the popular literature on the third degree. But by adding the outrage of a presidential commission it probably had some influence on police officials to clean house. Its principal impact, however, seems to have been on the next generation of judges, including the Justices of the Supreme Court.

The Wickersham Report reviews the arguments made in defense of the third degree. Many of them are still made today, but one has a distinctly original flavor. Referring to the necessity of the third degree in controlling crime, a police chief complained that his department was being discriminated against: "A policeman should be as free as a fireman," he said, "to protect his community. Nobody ever thinks of hedging a fireman about with a lot of laws that favor the fire."

WERE we to limit these constitutional rights to those who can retain an attorney," the Chief Justice wrote, "our decisions today would be of little significance." He pointed out that each of the four cases, like the vast majority of confession cases, dealt with defendants unable to retain counsel. "While authorities are not required to relieve the accused of his poverty, they have an obligation not to take advantage of indigence in the administration of justice."

The Court thus rejected the position of Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach and his chief adviser on criminal procedure, Professor James Vorenberg. In writing the proposed Model Code of the American Law Institute, Vorenberg and his fellow draftsman had stated: "Criminal justice is not a sport or game, and notions of fairness derived from the moral structure of games, premised on legitimation of self-interests to the fullest extent consistent with the game, are by no means persuasive." In defending Vorenberg's draft, Katzenbach said the same thing in more colloquial terms: "I have never understood why the gangster should be made the model and all others raised in the name of equality, to his level of success in suppressing evidence. This is simply the proposition that if some can beat the rap, all must beat the rap." One month before *Miranda* was issued, the American Law Institute members, meeting in Washington, prophetically refrained from approving this feature of Vorenberg's draft.

In his *Escobedo* dissent, Justice Byron White anticipated that the Court would soon require appointment of counsel prior to interrogation. This rule, he said, would be "wholly unworkable and impossible to administer unless police cars are equipped with public defenders." Chief Justice Warren probably had this in mind when he disclaimed that

Miranda required each police station to have a "station house lawyer." The disclaimer is nullified, however, by virtually everything else in the opinion. For if advice is clearly given, few suspects will refuse a lawyer. Then the only alternative to a station-house lawyer is simply for the police to forgo interrogation.

Does the presence of a lawyer mean an end to questioning? The opinion says that "an attorney may advise his client not to talk to the police until he has had an opportunity to investigate the case." The statement would be more accurate if "must" were substituted for "may." Since the attorney is sworn to protect his client's rights, he risks violation of that oath by turning the client over to the police without a full knowledge of the facts. Only in an unusual case will it benefit the client to talk to the police — for example, where he is in fact innocent or can claim self-defense.

That an attorney advises his client not to talk, said the opinion, is no cause for considering him "a menace to law enforcement." As Justice Jackson once stated, the criminal lawyer has no duty to help society solve its crime problem. It is true that defense counsel usually end up advising clients to plead guilty. But this is a tactical decision based on many factors, after the lawyer has discovered something of the state's evidence and had a chance to bargain with the prosecutor. It is quite different from surrendering at the outset.

In the adversary trial the traditional role of the lawyer contributes to the appearance of due process of law. Convicting an accused without giving him counsel is such a visible inequity that even men of an authoritarian stripe reject it. Though the lawyer occasionally obstructs enforcement by defeating conviction, his essential role is to keep the wheels of the prosecution machinery turning. The conscience of the community and of the trial participants is eased by the belief that no man is unjustly convicted.

The role of the lawyer at the investigatory stage, however, is more ambivalent. Because the privacy of the police machinery shields this stage from public scrutiny, the entry of defense counsel is a nuisance. Encouraging lawyers in the police station challenges the hypocritical framework of the adversary process — a framework which permits bar associations and judges to boast of our "accusatorial" system, while permitting the inquisition to flourish invisibly in the back rooms. Recognizing the hypocrisy of this position, the Court in *Miranda* attempts to make the criminal process conform to its image. In doing so, however, it inevitably casts the lawyer in an obstructive role.

To soften this impact, *Miranda* minimizes the role of the lawyer. In *Escobedo* the Court had been accused of obscuring the self-incrimination issue

by pitching the decision on access to a lawyer. Now the Court changes field and reverses the relative importance of the two rights. *Escobedo* is a "right to counsel" case, *Miranda* a "self-incrimination" case. But if *Escobedo* obscured the underlying problem of self-incrimination, *Miranda* obscures the practical effect of counsel on interrogation. This would be no problem had the majority fudged and not made it mandatory for poor persons to have lawyers. But having been so forthright, it was necessary for the majority to disguise the obvious impact of the lawyer. To suggest that the lawyer might help the police was, as Justice Harlan dissented, "fanciful." But to emphasize that the lawyer would generally put an end to questioning would have required the Court to acknowledge frankly the meaning of *Miranda*. The Court was not prepared to announce to a crime-anxious society that the elimination of confessions is the inevitable direction in which it is moving.

TO REQUIRE the police to protect the suspect's self-incrimination privilege by warnings and other safeguards is one thing; to enforce the requirements is another. Professor James Vorenberg, the ALI reporter, is skeptical that the *Miranda* opinion will affect existing practices. The opinion "just moves the battleground from the voluntariness of the confession back to the voluntariness of the waiver" of defendant's rights. The courts would still have to decide on a case-by-case basis whether the police or the defendant is telling the truth about waiver. And, Vorenberg adds, "the police have done pretty well with these swearing contests over the years."

The *Miranda* opinion seeks to avoid the swearing contest by putting a "heavy burden" on the state to prove effective warnings and a voluntary waiver. But it does not suggest what type of proof would be appropriate. Vorenberg's ALI Code draft, for example, provided for sound recordings of interrogations or the presence of a neutral observer at the police station. In leaving the methods of proof entirely open, the Court invited litigation on this issue. Lower courts, more in sympathy with the goals of the police, are likely to accept less proof than the Court would, and eventually the problem will have to come back to the Court for resolution.

In trying to show that law enforcement would not be impeded by the new rules, the Court reached out for precedents from other countries. Its selection of England as a model was unfortunate, for the English Judges' Rules are far less rigid than *Miranda*. To rely on their example is to suggest that *Miranda* will be evaded and watered down in practice. The English Rules require advice to a

suspect about silence but not the right to counsel. The suspect may retain counsel, but he can be excluded if the police find he would interfere with their investigation. Even if the rules are violated, the judge may nevertheless permit the confession to be used, something forbidden by our automatic exclusion. The English judge may also comment to the jury on the defendant's silence when questioned by the police, a comment which would violate our Fifth Amendment. Finally, even when a confession is not allowed in court, the English police may nevertheless use other evidence discovered as a result of that confession.

Another technique for evoking support for a seemingly unpopular decision was to identify the new code with the practices of the FBI. This is probably the most disingenuous part of the opinion. Not only did the Court adopt FBI procedures as a model, but it accompanied the ploy with quotes from a J. Edgar Hoover talk on Civil Liberties and Law Enforcement. "Over the years," the Chief Justice wrote, "the Federal Bureau of Investigation has compiled an exemplary record of effective law enforcement" despite its warnings to suspects about the privilege against self-incrimination and right to counsel. What the Chief Justice did not make clear is that the FBI warning omitted the crucial element required by *Miranda* — that the indigent suspect has the right to appointed counsel prior to interrogation.

This is not to suggest that FBI techniques are not qualitatively different from other police agencies'. In the typical case, FBI agents do not initially take a man into custody for questioning, but interview him at his home or place of work. They ask him casually about the offense, not probing too deeply on the first try. The agents do not bully or browbeat the suspect into incriminating himself. They operate on precisely the opposite theory, that the suspect's normal reaction will be to try to exculpate himself. Rarely will the suspect refuse to talk at all, for he fears that this will be taken by the agents as an admission of guilt. Unlike the Inbau school, the agents do not have to make this inference explicit. It is obvious and understood.

Since the instinct of the guilty man is to throw the agents off the track, he will invent an alibi or otherwise falsify minor details of his knowledge of the victim or the circumstances of the crime. The precise content of the lie is unimportant. When the FBI agents return for a second interview, they will have established the lie and compiled a dossier, impressing the suspect with the scope of their knowledge. Catching the man in his first lie is the wedge which will ultimately produce the confession.

How can the agents wait for a second interview? What of the danger that the suspect will flee? Lack of anxiety in the detection of crime is a key

to the Bureau's effectiveness. It requires a certain detachment to feel sure that a man under suspicion will not flee. But experience teaches that flight is not the natural tendency in this situation. Most of the crimes which the Bureau investigates, contrary to common belief, are petty crimes — for example, auto thefts and thefts from railroad cars. There is no pressure from the community for immediate solution of these crimes. Bank robberies and kidnappings represent only a tiny fraction of the Bureau's work. Even in serious crimes most suspects do not flee when they are under suspicion since this is a clear sign of guilt. Usually they assume, unwisely, that they can bluff it out. Behind the agents' coolness in trapping a suspect is also the knowledge that if he does skip, the Bureau has a superefficient network for tracking him down.

On the second meeting, the agents might suggest to the suspect that they believe he is lying and that if he wants to convince them otherwise, he might like to submit to a lie detector test. Again, many will consent, afraid of the implications if they refuse. Once the test is administered, it is relatively simple to use it as a means to extract the confession. Working in this way, the FBI can obtain confessions without the use of coercion, threats, or even trickery in the usual sense. And — here is the rub — if they do not get a confession, they may temporarily drop the case, unless the suspect has been caught in a strong enough lie to ensure his conviction at trial. The Bureau's superlative batting average is hardly an accident. It is a tribute not only to superior investigation techniques, but to a high degree of selectivity in charging crime. The suspect who is questioned without being booked cannot hurt the Bureau's batting average.

What effect will *Miranda* have on the Bureau's techniques? It is the essence of *Miranda* that the suspect not feel compelled to talk and that adverse inferences will not flow from his failure to do so. A truly effective self-incrimination warning, which it is doubtful agents now give, should seriously weaken the Bureau's opening device in questioning. Making clear to the suspect that he is entitled to a lawyer before he talks, even if he cannot afford one, could put an end to the interrogation. To avoid this result, it will be claimed that the initial interview at home or work constitutes "general questioning . . . in the fact-finding process," in the language of the opinion, and not a deprivation of the suspect's "freedom of action." Thus the procedural safeguards of the new code would not apply. Here is an area for future litigation, with defense counsel expected to argue that confronting a suspect with an FBI badge is "inherently coercive" and the FBI arguing that the defendant was not a suspect at the time of the interview.

The second stage of the FBI's present interro-

gation practice — where the suspect “volunteers” to come to the Bureau — is sure to be restricted under *Miranda*. This may leave the government with false exculpatory statements as the sole confessional material. Such statements can be highly effective in proving guilt, so that the conviction rate probably will not be impaired. In terms of the interrogation features that the Court finds objectionable, this development will enhance the quality of law enforcement.

A RECURRENT argument made in these cases,” the Chief Justice wrote, “is that society’s need for interrogation outweighs the privilege. This argument is not unfamiliar to this Court.” Having refused to engage in the usual balancing act between society’s needs and the Constitution, the Court was able to evade the argument that confessions were indispensable. It says merely: “Although confessions may play an important role in some convictions, the cases before us present graphic examples of the overstatement of the ‘need’ for confessions.”

A footnote reviews the other evidence: “*Miranda*, *Vignera*, and *Westover* were identified by eye witnesses. Marked bills from the bank robbery were found in *Westover*’s car. Articles stolen from the victim as well as from several other robbery victims were found in *Stewart*’s home at the outset of the investigation.”

But the Court selected these four cases for appeal from some 140 confession cases. In possessing substantial nonconfessional evidence, they are not necessarily typical. In fact, the *Johnson* case, denying retroactivity, suggests that in some of the 140 cases confessions were the only evidence, since the Court says retroactivity might have resulted in many releases.

The Court would have been more candid by acknowledging that the *Miranda* rule might mean the sacrifice of some convictions, but that this was the price of protecting civil liberties. By not responding directly to arguments of necessity, the majority tacitly accepts the dissenters’ dark picture of the crime emergency. “The Court is taking a real risk with society’s welfare,” Justice Harlan warned. “The social costs of crime are too great to call the new rules anything but a hazardous experimentation.” Aware that attempts statistically to prove a crime wave are also hazardous, Harlan in an oral statement relied instead on irrefutable “common knowledge.”

Rejecting *Miranda* as going “too far on too little,” Justice Clark also dissented. “Such a strict Constitutional specific inserted at the nerve center of crime detection may well kill the patient.” Justice

White accused the majority of returning the killer or rapist “to the streets and to the environment which produced him to repeat his crime whenever it pleases him. As a consequence,” he predicted, “there will not be a gain but a loss in human dignity.” For White, the Court had undermined “the most basic function of any government [which] is to provide for the security of the individual and his property.”

Justice White’s definition of governmental function and relative values was hardly new. In his 1965 message launching the new war on crime, President Johnson put it in these words: No right “is more elemental than the right to personal security, and no right needs more urgent protection.” “Our streets must be safe,” the President said, “our homes and places of business must be secure.” Only six months before, Barry Goldwater had called “security from domestic violence the most elementary and fundamental purpose of any government.”

Of the four cases decided in *Miranda*, the one which most clearly reflects this concern for security is *Vignera v. New York*. It is also a case which evokes little sympathy for the accused. *Vignera* is a thirty-one-year-old laborer with a high school education. On October 11, 1960, *Vignera* robbed the small Brooklyn dress shop of Harry Adelman. At knifepoint he took from Adelman and others in the store some traveler’s checks, a credit card, and other items. He was apprehended a few days later when an associate tried to use the credit card; he was identified in a lineup by the victims, was interrogated, and confessed.

Vignera’s case came up for trial before Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, probably one of the country’s best criminal lawyers and surely one of its most punitive trial judges. When it came to the confession question, Leibowitz charged the jury in language which belongs in the famous-last-words category:

The law doesn’t say that the confession is void or invalidated because the police officer didn’t advise the defendant as to his rights. Did you hear what I said? I am telling you what the law of the State of New York is.

In the Supreme Court the *Vignera* case was argued for the People by William I. Siegel, a veteran appellate lawyer in the Brooklyn district attorney’s office. Siegel is known in New York as a temperate and philosophical advocate — obviously rare qualities for a prosecutor. He approached the case with restraint, experienced in the foibles of humanity, which includes not only criminals and policemen, but judges as well. Siegel sincerely felt that the Court was moving too far in accommodating the rights of individuals to those of the com-

munity. But unlike other prosecutors before the Court, Siegel did not sound the alarm. He did not, even as the Court's dissenting brethren did, threaten the Justices with the dire consequences of a reversal. Indeed, he saw the handwriting on the wall and simply pleaded with the Court not to make the decision retroactive, a plea which the Court ultimately followed to avoid "seriously disrupt[ing] the administration of our criminal laws."

"Does man live alone or is he a member of the community?" Siegel asked rhetorically. Justice Abe Fortas took up the question. He told Siegel he was troubled hearing arguments which posed the question as if it were merely a matter of convicting the guilty. Reaching for some meaning in the cases that went beyond police interrogation, Fortas asked Siegel whether in fact they were not dealing with "the relationship of the state and the individual," not just the criminal and society. Fortas spoke of the Magna Carta and other testaments to individual liberty. Siegel acknowledged that these were noble ideals but suggested the immediate objective is to provide security, so that people have a chance to strive for these ideals.

Certainly *Miranda* means something in terms of security. The difficulty is in defining whose security is paramount. To the majority, security means protection against the dangers of abuse of power. To the dissenters, it is the security of person and property from the threat of the predatory — those outside civilized society.

Each man has his own set of insecurities. The probability that any of the dissenting Justices would be victim of a violent crime is slim. To a middle-class shopkeeper in a poor urban neighborhood — such as Harry Adelman — the probability of becoming a victim is naturally greater. But the likelihood of personal attack is obviously not the true index to a man's attitudes toward crime. The very discrepancy between reality and threat shows the operation of irrational influences. Perhaps the guilt of affluence has something to do with insecurity.

The insecurity of libertarians likewise has irrational components. Being a "cop-hater" has less to do with one's experience with police than with general response to authority. Jurists and professors who support *Miranda* do really abhor police abuses. The leader of the American Law Institute's liberal wing, for example, Professor Louis Schwartz, once obtained the release of a man who spent more than ten years wrongfully imprisoned

after Philadelphia police tortured a false confession from him. But law professors themselves usually are not arrested or imprisoned falsely, nor subjected to the third degree. Their identification with the victims of police abuse obviously operates on an abstract level. Their anxieties do not stem from the immediate deprivations which threaten the daily lives of the lower class. They are haunted, rather, by a subtler threat — that which pervading conformity presents to the intellectual community.

Are the police, then, being made scapegoats? In his remarks in issuing *Miranda*, the Chief Justice, while praising the police generally, warned that when they adopt unfair methods, "they become as great a menace to society as any criminal we have." Considering that the police are not the sole, nor even a very important, instrument of power, this is a strong indictment. It means that as the most visible symbols of authority, the police are obvious targets for projected hostility.

The police alone are not responsible for the third degree, though obviously abuse would not occur without their willingness to participate. But who is guiltier of an atrocity, the interrogating policeman or the well-dressed prosecutor who arrives at the station house to take a suspect's statement after the interrogator has broken him down? Can guilt also be assigned to the community which closes its eyes in disinterest to the means used by law enforcers? Some critics in the twenties felt that popular hysteria over crime pressured the police into using the third degree. Perhaps the Court in *Miranda* is responding to a similar phenomenon, hoping to dissipate mounting pressures on the police before it is too late.

Justice White, on the other hand, feels that *Miranda* will push "those who rely on the public authority for protection" to turn to "violent self-help with guns, knives or the help of neighbors similarly inclined." This on the intellectual level is the same as the argument that the Court's interpretations of the Fifth Amendment will create popular reaction for its repeal.

If we acknowledge the educational role of the Court, then the majority in *Miranda* comes out on the better side of the argument. That the Court is ahead of popular currents is hardly an accusation of misconduct. Indeed, it is when the Court ceases to educate and lead that the quality of our civilization is in danger.

But, perhaps *Miranda* does not mean all this. Perhaps it is only a mirror of our uneasy times.

BOOKS and MEN Mrs. Ellmann has taught at Wellesley and Roosevelt University and has written for *ENCOUNTER*, *COMMENTARY*, and *THE NATION*. She now lives in Evanston, Illinois, and is at work on a book about "the peerless capacity of the novel for the reiteration of stereotypes, particularly stereotypes of women," to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World.

The Sensational SUSAN SONTAG

by MARY ELLMANN



IN THE land of *Vogue*, People Are Talking About Susan Sontag. Through no compromises of her own, she has become a synonym for the *haute culture* of New York City: hopefully, sophisticated dress and cuisine may be refined by some acquaintance, through her, with sophisticated thought. Various accidents and inessentials contribute to this notion, for which Miss Sontag is not to blame, of intellectual chic. Even her nursery-rhyme name, like Lucy Locket or Marshall McLuhan, seems designed for dropping. And she is a young critic, just thirty-three when her first collection of essays, *Against Interpretation*, came out this year. (That vigorous *Against* is, in itself, a credit to her metabolism.) And Miss Sontag is handsome. When she published her novel, *The Benefactor*, in 1963 and received a Merit Award from *Mademoiselle*, her somber posture in the magazine was splendid. Barbra Streisand appeared no more exemplary as Singing Comedienne, or Valentina Tereshkova as Cosmonaut, than Susan Sontag as Writer.

Her subjects too have had a last-wordness and a European cut which inevitably suggest a new Chanel of the arts. Her critical tone often slips into that of the fashion importer: she repeats an unimpeachable rumor that *Marat/Sade* will "soon be seen in New York," and she likes (frowning) to say of a person that "Needless to say, knowledge of him here is long overdue." Writing in American English, Miss Sontag seldom writes

Photograph of Susan Sontag by Harry Hess.

about American or English writers. The cast of one section of *Against Interpretation*: Cesare Pavese, Simone Weil, Camus, Michel Leiris, Claude Lévi-Strauss, Georg Lukács, Sartre (on Genêt), Nathalie Sarraute. Her American subjects — Jack Smith's movie *Flaming Creatures*, science fiction movies, the Happenings — seem often a deliberate rejection of American writing. Miss Sontag expresses impatience with the old categories of "art" and "non-art," of "good" and "bad" taste: her ideal is a roving, recent sensibility, equally receptive to mobiles and math problems, to Sartre and the Supremes. In fact, her interests are no more egalitarian than they are hostile toward what she considers philistine taste, particularly the taste gratified by novels or plays of psychological realism. These constitute the "literary culture," the "Matthew Arnold apparatus," the banality of the past. Miss Sontag prefers what transcends this taste, the theoretic ascents of European novelists like Robbe-Grillet; or what burrows under it, the mostly American explorations of "bad" taste, those varieties of sexuality, of violence, of practical joking, which, like chickens, didn't used to be let into the salon.

In purveying these subjects, Miss Sontag mistakes her readers as they mistake her. The severe purpose with which she is attracted to subjects cannot prevent their exciting people far less severe than she is. Fixed in her devotion to the brand-

new, Miss Sontag feels alone in it as well. Again, America is devoted to novelty! And when she is bored, she urges others to appreciate boredom. But people have always appreciated boredom: you can tell by looking at them. To overwhelm ignorance, Miss Sontag feels she must be bellicose. And her return for this strenuous ill temper? *Against Interpretation* is reviewed in a magazine called *Life*, where the reviewer asks Miss Sontag, please, to tell subscribers all about herself. Implacable and opinionated, she falls into the large, soft lap the public extends for the rigid opinions of others.

These ironic misapprehensions occasionally come to small disasters, as in the April, 1965, *Mademoiselle*, where Miss Sontag shared a page with a "Jiffy Jump Suit" ad and launched her answer to the C. P. Snow "two cultures" question. A gray essay, the February of her collection now, it must have spread a uniform dismay under the hair dryers of the nation. In something of the same way, Miss Sontag's "Notes on Camp" rocked unlikely boats. By nature, Camp is (or was) a private game: the amused fondness of a few for the most naïve, the most detailed, the most passionate, the most exhausting errors in art. Dining room chairs shaped like epileptic worms, white linen plus fours, stuffed stoats. But when the essence of a game is condescension, the game is not meant for mass distribution, since nothing is then left to be condescended to. If no one was a heterosexual, whom would the homosexual parody? Or if no one was wrong, no one would be particularly right. With unexceptionable discretion, Miss Sontag published her Camp article in the *Partisan Review*, that happy union of daring and sobriety, the Martin Luther of little magazines, and in that context the potential salacity of the "Notes" suggested no more than Luther's getting some of his brightest ideas sitting on the toilet. But unhappily, even *Time* sensed high jinks in that *Partisan* issue and hastily repeated provocative bits of Miss Sontag's work. Her identification with Camp has since been so inflexible that she seems to regret her Notes: at Princeton, at peace again in a panel discussion of a dear old subject, The Role of the Artist in Society, Miss Sontag refused to instruct the undergraduates in the facts of Camp. And quite understandably. It is disheartening, when one's opinions involve Kierkegaard as much as King Kong, to be summed up, in the *New Republic*, as "Miss Camp Herself."

The temperament of Camp has very little to do, as a matter of fact, with Miss Sontag's critical temperament. Instead, the article conveys a purpose one would have thought sufficiently republican for the *New Republic*, a daylight desire to document Camp, a sober intention of defining a new type of intoxication. The distance between the impudent

subject and the careful student is measured by Oscar Wilde, whose quips drop into the Notes from time to time like actresses visiting an engineering school. And this superficial incongruity echoes a general incongruity of Miss Sontag's American topics: the repeated attraction of a no-nonsense mind to aspects of frivolity. Camp, for example, takes lightly what others have taken seriously, while Miss Sontag urges that things be taken seriously which before have been taken lightly. Her services to the science fiction movies, the lists of titles and dates alone, prove a persistence amounting to self-immolation. Readers are abashed: they sense her months in the dark, breathing the dead air, smacking at the fleas, losing gloves. To bring back that dark-circled message: "Ours is indeed an age of extremity."

HER defense of those little evanescent dramas, the Happenings, has the same sturdy purpose of edification. The effect of, say, the Happening of the Table, is primarily childlike:

A table is set. The entire cast, a mute and industrious group of young people, pitches in to set it. When they have loaded the table, they lift it at one end. With a fine crash, all the things on the table reassemble themselves on the floor as a single *objet-trouvé*, a cone of debris.

The action is autistic, the silent and compulsive handling and arrangement of objects. Its climax is the breaking out of autism into racket and mess. Both complication and solution are, really, quite homely and cheerful, and yet Miss Sontag's first impulse is to make an honest genre of the Happenings, by geography: they are performed not only in New York, but also in cathedral towns like Cologne, Milan, Paris, Stockholm, and Osaka. Furthermore, in New York, "the most striking feature of the Happening" is its effort to "tease and abuse the audience": instances of this abuse include such Harpo Marx turns as chasing the audience with a power mower. We are informed that when Happenings lack the element of abuse, they seem (in Siamese adjectives) "less dense and compelling." But then, at the end of the essay, Miss Sontag insists, with the same air of knocking sense into us yet, that the Happenings are often *funny*.

She is devoted to the just apportionment of that inhibitive emotion, respect, to art forms which set out to defy inhibition. Her enthusiasms are also polemical: by belaboring the respect she considers due to the "new," she wishes to imply her disrespect for the "old." But the sense of incongruity in her book is more intricate than either of these. On the literary scene, at any rate, Miss Sontag now symbolizes an outburst of energetic and quite con-

trary intentions. She seems determined to spread throughout the provinces a point of view whose urban and elite qualities she relishes. She is a novelist who cares, among all art forms, the least for the novel. She is a literary intellectual who is sick of "literary intellectuals." She recommends a dedication to Style and returns again and again, like an Old Girl, to Content. In her analysis of the work of the anthropologist Lévi-Strauss, she conveys an unforced pleasure in scientific and philosophic achievement, in the Increase of Knowledge. The same pleasure recurs in her discussion of Sartre's "stunning and profound ideas," and on a simpler level, in her not wholly ironic choice of a McCarthy documentary as the best comedy of a movie season. The enthusiasm for information is at once spontaneous and meticulous; the enthusiasm for art is comparatively forced and vague — chiefly propelled, it seems, by an evangelistic urgency, a fervor of conversion to the new.

These two responses, a pleasure in ideas and a displeasure in all that she considers artistic convention, lead to Miss Sontag's aesthetic division between thought and sensation. What she rejects in the "nineteenth-century" convention is its encroachment upon ideas, its involvement with those social, psychological, and moral judgments which she considers the property of the intellectual life. The property of art is sensation: this is a principle propounded in her two most recent essays, "Against Interpretation" and "On Style." Both of these have ruffled reviewers; perhaps more various than consistent objections have been raised. It has been pointed out, rather testily, that critics like I. A. Richards described the assumption of content into artistic form or "style" some little while before Miss Sontag, as Walter Pater had previously worried, in his outmoded way, about the sensations of art. But then it is also argued that Miss Sontag's attempt to put down content and to elevate sensation is dangerous, an attempt, as Charles Samuels said in *The Nation*, to lobotomize art. At the same time, through her (again, largely polemical) association with such experimental phenomena as the movie *Flaming Creatures*, some readers have regretted that Miss Sontag's "sensations" are so markedly *sensational!* in the billboard sense.

As for the last, it must be remembered that these debatable sensations, though they are described as *voluptuous* and *seductive*, are irreprehensibly grim as well. The sensations which the new novel will provide may at first have to be "shoved down the throats of readers," and still others resemble "shock therapy." Neither image suggests a voluptuous extravagance. And in another place, there occurs a thoroughly wholesome comparison of the new artistic substance to a kind of sublime lawn food,

revitalizing the "humus" of the total human sensibility. At the same time, neither the hope nor the desire that many will ever experience this renewal is expressed. On the contrary, the "abstruseness" of the sensations in question obliges that same small audience to which Milton (with whom Miss Sontag has a good deal in common) addressed *Paradise Lost*.

IT MUST also be granted that if Miss Sontag lobotomizes art, she performs the operation with the best of intentions. There is, first of all, her instinct, more philosophical than critical, for absolute distinctions. And the sense of being in an argument, which is her sense of criticism, exaggerates the rigidity of these distinctions. So she *has* to be impatient for the establishment of demarcations, norths and souths of experience, separate but equal facilities for thought and sensation. She is driven toward the limpid and yet impossible equation,

$$\text{Life} = \frac{\text{Activity}}{\text{Ideas}} + \frac{\text{Art}}{\text{Sensations}}$$

Rightly disturbed by those disturbing people Buckminster Fuller and Marshall McLuhan, Miss Sontag in a sense disparages her own pleasure in abstraction, by emphasizing their thesis that the sensory base of life is anesthetized by the complex technology of the twentieth century. Abstraction, like rationality, must then be felt as an exacerbation of the problem, drug on top of drug; the sensuous and concrete in art as its solution or antidote. If modern technology has darted past all sensuous comprehension, modern art will retaliate by darting past thought to sensation. At one time, the sight of a plate might legitimately rouse speculations about lamb chops or detergents or tipping waiters or sitting next to bores at dinner parties. Ideally, for the new sensibility, the plate is a thing in itself, so that one is capable of saying, like the heroine of the Godard movie *Vivre Sa Vie*, "A plate is a plate." Art, then, is to restore our ability to "see (hear, taste, smell, feel)," and we make room for these exercises by pushing the "furniture of ideas" up against the wall.

The sensations which may then rush in have, in Miss Sontag's references to them, at least six abiding characteristics:

Coolness. The term is so popular as to seem either undefinable or self-explanatory. Miss Sontag sometimes contrasts coolness with sentimentality, but since sentimentality has always been a defect and coolness has not always been a virtue, something more is involved. Coolness seems particularly an assertion of the right to control feeling, to feel exactly as much as one wishes. Coolness refuses to be forced into either agony or ecstasy: Michelangelo is *out*.

Catholicity. That range of affective objects which sweeps in the Beatles as handily as Baudelaire. Mainly, there must be no sense of slumming, no condescension: all media are declared equal. As McLuhan puts catholicity, a book is a personal confession, and a newspaper is a social mosaic: they are just *different*. Of course, in opposing “literary” condescension, McLuhan, and Miss Sontag, are still intensely aware of levels of taste. Their refusal to condescend puts them “above” the Beatles in much the way that the condescending critic is above them. Similarly, linguists argue in impeccable grammar the justice and inevitability of “bad” grammar. All are prophetic figures, in a way, anticipating a future in which people, like beaches, will welcome every wave.

Rapidity. Here, it is as though real speed, made possible by science, provoked an imitative or retaliatory speed in art. In this way, Miss Sontag’s favorite is naturally the one (and most rapid) art form born out of technology, the movies. Photographs, however, need not apply, since they lack *continuous* rapidity. *The Benefactor*: “Life is a movie. Death is a photograph.”

The reconciliation of rapidity with abstruse difficulty is only momentarily puzzling. Either the person gets the proper sensation quickly or he doesn’t get it at all. Anyone who spends a half hour looking at a tray of pink-iced plaster cupcakes by Claes Oldenberg confesses that he is either hungry or hopeless.

Impermanence. A natural adjunct of rapidity, as all drivers know. In art, however, impermanence seems in part a reaction against accumulation and scholarship — the arid fixities of the past, the university and the museum. Impermanence is associated with all spectacles, even Fourth of July parades, but again particularly with the movies. There *are* movie archives somewhere (Ruby Keeler has been exhumed for Camp purposes), but still people say “It’s gone” of a movie, with a finality they don’t apply to other art forms. The enjoyment of intervals of silence in modern music is also relevant here: once a person has “heard” an interval of silence, in contrast to a melody, it is gone.

Miss Sontag makes use of a Kleenex blow-and-throw-away simile in defining this quality, and speaks, in summary of the problems set by her essays, of having “used them up.”

Unity. This criterion may seem to have been around for some time, but the *post*-Aristotelian aspect of the *new* unity is perhaps clearest in physical terms. When a person is cut by a knife, his sensation of pain does not depend in the least upon his comprehension of the arrangement of contiguous molecules forming the knife’s blade. In the same way, a concern with beginnings, middles, and ends suggests to Miss Sontag that the cut has healed, that

the aesthetic sensation is dissipated. As *The Benefactor* argues, the immediate experience is a speechless whole, and only its pallid recollection is a wordy sequence of parts.

Words inevitably work against this kind of indivisible and instantaneous unity: they are small islands on oceans of paper, they merge into a single continent only in the mind of the reader. It is probably this awkward fact that explains the absence of detailed literary criticism in Miss Sontag’s essays. Books are almost always referred to as wholes: *Madame Bovary*, for example, is a “constructed” (less effective) book, whereas Kafka’s *Metamorphosis* is a “secreted” (more effective) book. And the plodding, broken progress involved in reading a poem seems to prevent Miss Sontag from counting on poetry at all. A Venerean reading only *Against Interpretation* would report to headquarters that there was no poetic life on earth.

Wordlessness. All words are guilty of association with both rational comment and abstract idea. Hence, wordlessness, or an approximation of wordlessness, is vital to sensation. Sartre, in his highly articulate fashion, has opposed language as one of the curators of bourgeois sentiment. This is not very different from Miss Sontag’s conception of words: they are particularly vulnerable to infection by those “humanist” statements which are obsolete in art.

THESE attributes reflect a legitimate and informative sociology of art, and as sociology, the essays are entitled to their generality. Miss Sontag is like a witness who has no specific interest in the murder but comes to testify that the defendant, through a glandular defect, had not been feeling quite right for some time before the crime. But it is less easy, even in exchange for a sociology, to give up an art, and at the same time difficult not to sense that Miss Sontag is writing to say that she has given up writing. She seems not so much to fear the inadequacy of language as a medium of art as to assume it. And certainly, in terms of the new sensibility, she is logically obliged to do so. Since people stopped reciting *Beowulf* aloud, writing has had a shockingly low sensory quotient (S.Q.). Words are seen on the page, but except in calligrams, looking at them is only a preliminary, like Miss Sontag’s buying a ticket to the movies. Blind people substitute feeling words without altering their essential effect, which is incorrigibly intellectual. Moreover, writing can hope the least of all the arts for effects of rapidity: it takes time to read. Just as it seems, curiously, too permanent. The duplication of copies means that a single book, lost or burned or eaten by an indiscriminately sensuous goat, is easily replaced.

kept again, read again. Writing is therefore the art most available to exegesis, to analysis, to the dread *interpretation*. It even shares its medium — those words again — with interpretation.

It is therefore understandable that Miss Sontag should show not only distaste for writing within acknowledged traditions, but distrust of writing in general. Why not turn, then, to the *natural* wordlessness of sculpture, painting, music? But Miss Sontag's response to those forms is no more enthusiastic than it is flitting, as at the end of a concert relief can contribute to an ovation. Ironically, it is *words* in which Miss Sontag is entrapped along with many other people, and therefore her constant concern is not with wordless forms, but with all techniques which may lend to words this property of the other arts.

One providential escape from her quandary exists, of course, in all forms of theater, in which she can virtually see (hear, taste, smell, feel) words as she sees pictures or smells fish. Predictably, not much comes of her attending "old" plays like *Hamlet*: "And George Rose, in the brief role of the gravedigger, rendered all the delights of Shakespeare's prose." But in dealing with Arthur Miller, John Osborne, Peter Weiss, Ionesco, Miss Sontag is at her critical best. It is natural too that she should prefer those plays in which words have given up as much as possible of their rational meanings to what is seen, gone as far as they can go as spectacle. This accounts for her immense pleasure in *Marat/Sade*. Since the characters are mad, and cavorting madly to prove it, the words they utter can never achieve more than the illusion of sense. In movies, Miss Sontag fixes with delight upon an element of preoccupation, what is called the "project" in Bresson's movies: the particular grace of the "project" lies in its persuading the character to shut his mouth.

But Miss Sontag is a writer herself, and not yet of plays, so that her troubles aren't entirely solved by the theater. In her most recent essays, however, those on style and interpretation, a certain dramatic effort is discernible. The new essays are broken up, like the earlier "Notes on Camp" (in which the fugitive nature of the subject was said to require fugitive treatment), into sibylline fragments, small sudden separate forays into the wilderness of the subjects. These have been abused as incoherent, but their incoherence is deliberate: now, an application to criticism of the Marshall McLuhan "probe," an execution of his preference for "aphorism" in contrast to "method" in expression, on the grounds that the reader then participates (as in a play) in the piece of writing — in order to *complete* it. In McLuhan's memorable simile, this kind of writing is better as the mesh

stocking is better than the ordinary nylon: the mesh stocking is more "sensuous" in that the eye has to fill in its interstices.

But the defect of Miss Sontag's interstitial structures is that they are not aphoristic enough. An occasional smartness, "In place of a hermeneutics we need an erotics of art," jostles with a crudely sententious ("Now hear this") quality, so that the new essays suggest in the end an ill-conceived marriage of La Rochefoucauld and a WAC sergeant. The approach to dramatic aphorism is also impeded in Miss Sontag's work by a complacent use of the cliché, which *sounds* loose and long even when it is short. Miss Sontag is especially indebted to the clichés of curtness: *the truth is, long overdue, a waste of time, the overall impression, in the last analysis, the sooner the better*. And when, as on the topic of missionaries, curtness mounts to contempt,

. . . an army of stony-eyed spinsters from Yorkshire and raw-boned farmers' sons from the American Midwest,

cliché mounts with it, pitilessly. It is cliché in turn which obscures the concrete meanings of words. Sartre's *Saint Genet*

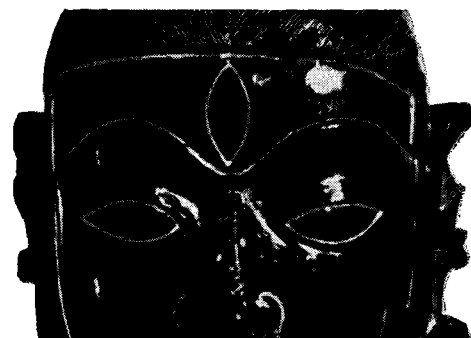
. . . is a cancer of a book, grotesquely verbose, its cargo of brilliant ideas borne aloft by a tone of viscous solemnity and by ghastly repetitiveness.

That's the cancer that went by air freight, and it was a ghastly trip. The one small way in which words might approach sensation, by our visualizing the things which they name, is lost. And yet the *idea* about Sartre's book is communicated. The essays are like subway rides: what matters is to get there, to get it said, and for that purpose intelligence can make do with brutality.

In her first book, *The Benefactor*, however, Miss Sontag's effort to accommodate writing to the new sensibility was more successful. Relieved of her discursive duties, she achieved aphorism more consistently. There were no innovations in language, no departure from its conventional patterns, but the novel was a sustained protest against easy or conspicuous elegance. And its frugality had the incidental virtue of budgeting the cliché as well as the flourish. Moreover, the madness of the hero allowed for Miss Sontag's reconciliation of her habitual contrariedades. In his stifled and constricted way, he was articulate. He made a style out of his straitjacket. He was as free as Marat and Sade to have ideas: no matter how cerebral his opinions and judgments seemed, they could all be attributed to the *sensation* of his madness. But in *Against Interpretation*, hostilities have been resumed, and they are clearly more welcome to our present taste. For it is Miss Sontag militant in the essay rather than Miss Sontag quiescent in the novel that has now made her sensational!

LSD AND THE THIRD EYE

JOHN N. BLEIBTREU *After twelve years as a stockbroker in New York, Mr. Bleibtreu's curiosity about comparative religion and animal behavior impelled him to leave business and take up the writing of fiction and nonfiction. He is particularly interested, as this essay shows, in efforts to close the "two cultures gap" between science and culture. His researches have produced a book, PARABLE OF THE BEAST, to be published in England by Gollancz.*



THE current popularity of such writers as William Burroughs, Genêt, and others, who specialize in the baroque recesses of human behavior, makes it seem as if, in this age of reason, we feel ourselves constrained within the confines of sanity and yearn for vicarious release.

The belief that in madness there may exist a core of numinous knowledge is a commonplace in all human societies. In the Western tradition, the doctrine that truth may be obtained through a state of mind in which reason is dislocated, a state of ecstatic revelation, is generally supposed to have originated with the Thracian worship of Dionysius, later becoming synthesized by Pythagorus, and to have received its most complete elaboration in the dialogues of Plato.

The class of drugs of which LSD-25 is the most potent member may prove for our time to be a very useful tool in exploring, via the scientific method, the roots of this age-old dilemma concerning the nature of perceived reality. That madmen may often be capable of incredible accomplishment should be obvious to everyone living in this century, whose history has been so monstrously deformed by the activities of an undeniable madman, Adolf Hitler. This one terrible example should quench all disputations concerning the correlations between mental aberration and accomplishment. These disputations most frequently arise in connection with

"Siva," Central Museum, Nagpur, India.

accomplishment in the creative arts, where the biographies of many greatly talented people are replete with histories of bizarre behavior of one kind or another. It is impossible, however, to make such correlations on any kind of statistical basis, since for every "mad artist" on the model of Van Gogh, one can point to two equally creative, original, and productive artists on the sane and sober models of J. S. Bach or T. S. Eliot.

In addition to the artificially induced LSD state, there are other, naturally occurring temporary states in which there is a collapse of the normal routines by which the mind ordinarily processes the information it receives of the outside world. Not only Hitler but before him Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and Napoleon Bonaparte all reportedly suffered from mysterious seizures which overtook them at seemingly random times — often inconveniently. Dostoevsky also suffered from these states, and his reports of them are sufficiently detailed to permit a more certain medical diagnosis of his affliction — some kind of psychomotor epilepsy. As he describes the "aura" which precedes his seizures, the language is remarkably similar to that used by LSD subjects. Dostoevsky wrote: "For a few moments I experience such happiness as is impossible under ordinary circumstances and of which other people can have no notion. I feel complete harmony in myself and in

the world and this feeling is so strong and sweet that for several seconds of such bliss, one would give ten years of one's life; indeed, perhaps one's whole life." Others have reported on these aura states as well. Along with the feelings of peace and euphoria, there is a general impression of a clear and golden shimmering light. Quite often there is a sense of cerebral clarity as well, and solutions of a lovely simplicity appear for the most intractably knotted problems.

None of the names used to describe the class of drugs to which LSD belongs and which produce these peculiar states of altered consciousness is completely satisfactory. When they were first developed, they were called psychotomimetic (imitative of psychosis), but this term rang unhappily in the ears of many who felt that the word implied pathology and thus made a negative value judgment. Another name for them, hallucinogenic, was unfortunate in that it rendered an epistemological judgment — hallucinations being by definition unreal or untrue — and if one is to maintain a proper stance of scientific objectivity, one must suspend judgment regarding the reality of reality, for it is just possible that in some way these drugs augment our sense receptors or in some way so alter the mechanism of their functioning that another dimension of reality is made manifest. This last notion is the one implied in the term psychedelic (mind manifesting), which seems gradually to be coming into general use to describe both the class of drugs and those states of mind with which they are associated.

THERE is a vast literature running back for thousands of years which describes psychedelic experiences, long before 1938, when Albert Hofmann first synthesized d-lysergic acid diethylamide. Some of the literature describes attacks, sudden, spontaneous, and totally unexpected, like that attack which overcame St. Paul on the road to Damascus. Other traditions in the literature describe states that were induced by fasting, by the sensory deprivation resulting from disciplined meditation (the willful exclusion of sensory input), by hysteria through frenzied dancing or orgiastic sexuality, by hypnosis, or by the use of various natural psychedelic intoxicants. Reports of these kinds of exalted states have come to us not only through the literature of religious fanaticism; such accomplished scientists as Pascal and Newton have written of being overcome by mystic trances to which they attribute many of their creative insights. William James well understood that the mystic was often able to effect an almost miraculous synthesis between this world of "imagined" reality

and the world of phenomena. In recent years, psychology has tended, to its discredit, to ignore these elements of William James's thought. One of the happy by-products of LSD has been the revival of interest in William James on the part of academic psychologists who had previously thought that these concerns of his were a cranky eccentricity in the body of his worthwhile work. Two famous reports of modern times of this kind of correlation — between the hard factual world of science and the dreamworld of the psychedelic state — are those of Friedrich Kekule, the German chemist who has written that he was "presented with" the closed-chain theory of the structure of the benzene molecule during one such dream-trance state, and Otto Loewi, who wrote that in 1921 he awakened from a dream in which was described to him the means by which chemical transfer was accomplished between nerve and effector cells. Loewi rushed down to his laboratory, where he proceeded to prove the reality of the dream — an accomplishment which led to the Nobel Prize.

From the time of Dionysius to the time of Plato, the cultures of the Mediterranean consented to this doctrine that claimed the existence of an order of ultimate reality which lies beyond apparent reality, and that this "paranormal" reality is accessible to the consciousness only when the "normal" routines of mental data processing are dislocated. It was Plato's pupil Aristotle who spoiled his master's game. Following upon Aristotle, Western philosophy became bifurcated. The philosophical temper of our civilization, being scientifically and technically oriented, is basically Aristotelian.

No such rational figure as Aristotle arose in the Orient to a position of equal eminence. Regardless of the reasons, Indian anatomists and zoologists, who were no doubt just as curious as the Greeks about the origins of life, and as skilled in dissection, did not feel compelled to set their disciplines up in opposition to metaphysics. Metaphysical philosophy and natural philosophy remained joined like Siamese twins. As a result, that discipline which became medicine in the West evolved into a system known as Kundilini Yoga in the Hindu culture. This was a system designed to produce in those who followed its teachings a condition of controlled "creative" madness.

In Western terms, Kundilini Yoga can be understood as a biological statement couched in the language of poetic metaphor. The system made a heroic attempt to join together the seeming disparate entities of body and mind. It is a very complicated doctrine; in oversimplified terms, the system encourages the practitioner to progress through the control of six stages, called chakras, of body-mind coordination. The sixth, the highest and most exalted state, is called the sahasrara.

The physiological site of this sixth chakra, the sahasrara, is located in the center of the forehead; it is symbolized by an eye — the so-called third eye, the inner eye, or the eye of the mind. When this eye is opened, a new and completely other dimension of reality is revealed to the practitioner of yoga. Western scholars when they first came upon this literature took the third eye to be an appropriately poetic metaphor and nothing else.

But in the middle of the nineteenth century, as the subcontinent of Australia and its surrounding territory came to be explored, a flurry of zoological interest centered upon a lizard native to the area, the tuatara (*Sphenodon punctatum*). This animal possessed, in addition to two perfectly ordinary eyes located on either side of its head, a third eye buried in the skull which was revealed through an aperture in the bone, covered by a transparent membrane, and surrounded by a rosette of scales. It was unmistakably a third eye, but upon dissection it proved to be nonfunctional. Though it still possessed the structure of a lens and retina, these were no longer in good working order; also lacking were appropriate neural connections to the brain. But the presence of this eye in the tuatara still poses a puzzle to present-day evolutionists, for almost all vertebrates possess a homologous structure in the center of their skulls. It is present in many fish, all reptiles, birds, and mammals (including humans). No functional role whatever could be imagined for this structure in humans, and it remained merely an anatomical curiosity until 1898, when Otto Heubner, a German physician, wrote a paper associating cancers of this organ with instances of precocious puberty in children. Heubner's observation was confirmed many times over in the intervening years and gave rise to a number of theories concerning the role of the pineal organ as a regulator of sexual maturity. Those who adhered to these theories considered the pineal to be a gland, but since no secretions could be isolated or identified as emanating from this organ, the theories remained unsubstantiated by clinical evidence.

IN 1948 no one was paying any attention to the pineal organ. A hematologist, Maurice Rapport, working in the Cleveland Clinic was engaged in the search for that substance in blood serum which could be related to the tendency of blood to clot, and which might also cause the constriction of blood vessels. He eventually found just such a substance; it tended to make blood form clots, and it tended to be a muscle- as well as a vaso-constrictor. Rapport named this substance serotonin; it is manufactured quite profusely by specialized cells lining

the wall of the gut, and it is presumed to play a role of some kind in the peristaltic movements.

Directly as Rapport announced his discovery, the new chemical came under intensive scrutiny; biochemists were eager to find means of augmenting its role as a clotting agent and vasoconstrictor; they were also eager to find means of blocking these functions. It was E. J. Gaddum, a professor of pharmacology at the University of Edinburgh, who seems to have been one of the first to note a connection between serotonin and mental states of being. In a paper published in 1953, he pointed out the odd fact that LSD-25 was a potent antagonist to serotonin. Two biochemists working at the Rockefeller Institute, D. W. Woolley and E. Shaw, were similarly struck by this odd coincidence. They tested a number of other chemicals antagonistic to serotonin and wrote in a rather startled tone: "Among each of these compounds are some that cause mental aberrations. . . . If this be true, then the naturally occurring mental disorders — for example schizophrenia — which are mimicked by these drugs may be pictured as being the result of a cortical serotonin deficiency arising from metabolic failure rather than from drug action."

This announcement produced a thrill of excited hope, which was short-lived; there were other antagonists to serotonin just as potent as LSD which had no effect whatever on mental states. Serotonin also refused to pass through the so-called "blood-brain barrier." If it was injected into the bloodstream of an animal (or a human), it did not seem to pass into the brain. But the medical profession accommodated itself easily to this particular disappointment; for this discovery and a series of others which occurred during the same period gave rise to a whole new set of concepts concerning the roles of various chemical compounds manufactured within the brain. Many of them were molecules of a type known as amines. They were not, strictly speaking, hormones, since they were not produced and secreted by glandular tissue, but by scattered specialized cells, including nerve cells. They came to be called, in a quaint reversion to eighteenth-century diction, neurohumors. According to Webster, a humor is a fluid or juice of an animal or plant, specifically one of the four fluids — blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy — conceived as entering into the constitution of the body and determining, by their relative proportions, a person's health and temperament; hence one's disposition, or state of mind, whether constitutional, habitual, or temporary. The discovery of the chemical nature of these humors led to the development of chemicals antagonistic to them and thus to entire families of humor-regulating drugs — the tranquilizers, anti-depressants, nervous-system stimulants, and so on.

But despite this new knowledge, the mystery of the LSD-serotonin antagonism persisted. Serotonin is not an unusual chemical in nature; it is found in many places — some of them odd, like the salivary glands of octopuses; others ordinary: it abounds in plants; bananas, figs, plums are especially rich in it. What was it doing in the brains of humans? What was its evolutionary history? In 1958 a Yale Medical School professor of dermatology named Aaron B. Lerner published a paper on the pineal gland which placed this elusive substance in some vague kind of historical perspective and provided for it a real functional role in the brains of mammals.

IT HAD been known since 1917 that if crushed pineal glands were introduced into water in which tadpoles were swimming, the skin color of the tadpoles would turn light. The chemical substance melanin is the pigment which darkens skin color. It is located in specialized cells scattered through the topmost layer of skin. Pineal extract caused these cells to contract in tadpole skin and in certain other reptiles which change their skin color in response either to mood or environmental setting. Lerner was interested in melanomas, cancers of the pigment cells of human skin; he was curious to find out if there was any possible connection between this skin-lightening substance found in pineals and cancer. After an incredible four-year project, during which time he dissected over 250,000 cattle pineal glands supplied to him by the Armour Company, he finally isolated the substance responsible, calling it melatonin, since it caused the contraction of melanin-producing cells.

He proved that melatonin was a hormone, that it was produced specifically by the pineal organ, and that therefore this organ was a true, functioning gland, not merely a vestigial sight organ, a relic from our reptilian past. He discovered, moreover, how melatonin was manufactured by the pineal — by the action of certain enzymes on a precursor chemical which must pre-exist in the pineal in order for it to be transformed into melatonin. This precursor chemical turned out to be serotonin.

But try as he would, Lerner could find no connection between melatonin and the pigment cells of mammalian skin. In fact, he could find no use whatever for melatonin in the body economy of mammals. The task of exploring the role played by melatonin in the bodies of mammals was undertaken by a brilliant biochemist, Julius Axelrod, working at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, in the company of several young associates, notably Richard Wurtman and Solomon Snyder. They discovered the basic biochemical sequences performed by the pineal in

the manufacture of melatonin; they found that it was produced from serotonin by the action of two enzymes, an acetylating enzyme and a methoxylating enzyme. By blocking or augmenting the action of these enzymes, Axelrod and his assistants were able, most ingeniously, to stimulate or suppress the organism's own manufacture of melatonin. In the course of this work, it became apparent that Otto Heubner's old contention that the pineal produced a substance which interfered with sexual development was very close to the truth. Melatonin did, in fact, suppress physiological sexuality in mammals. If test animals were stimulated to manufacture excessive amounts of melatonin, their gonads and ovaries tended to become reduced in size, to shrink, to atrophy. The estrous, or fertility, cycle in females could likewise be altered experimentally by doses of melatonin.

Now, two most curious functions had been attributed to the pineal gland, the third eye, the eye of the mind. It had now been established that this organ produced a chemical which had, indirectly at least, been associated with psychedelic states. It also produced a chemical which suppressed functional sexuality. The literature of religious mysticism in all ages and all societies has viewed the mystical passion of ecstasy as being somehow analogous to, or involved with, carnal passion. In the pineal gland, in the eye of the mind, were discovered a hormone and a neurohumor which were functionally associated with both kinds of passion.

Axelrod and his co-workers also discovered another incredible fact. The pineal gland produces its chemicals according to a regular oscillating beat, the basis of this beat being the so-called circadian rhythm. This pulse remains constant if darkness and light follow one another through the course of the day in a regular alternation. They found that the pineal responded somehow to light conditions, that by altering light conditions they could extend, contract, even stabilize the chemical production rhythms of the pineal.

How does the pineal perceive light, directly, by being a light sensor itself, still performing some of the functions of an eye; or indirectly, via the central nervous system? The evidence is still not conclusive. Light does penetrate bone and brain to reach the pineal in significant amounts. This was proved by a University of California zoologist, W. F. Ganong, who implanted photocells adjacent to the site of the pineal in sheep and got altered readings from his instruments depending on whether the animals were standing in direct sunlight or in shade. On the other hand, if animals are blinded, or have the nerves connecting the eye to the brain severed, some of the pineal rhythms are dampened, just as though the animals were being maintained in continual darkness. But there is still a sufficient

number of discrepancies in the evidence to leave the question of direct light sensing by the pineal open for the moment. Axelrod and Wurtman believe that there are other, undiscovered chemicals being manufactured by the pineal, for they see signs of enzyme activity which cannot be accounted for by either serotonin or melatonin.

The fact that the pineal responds to light, even if this response is indirect via the central nervous system, has some fascinating and far-reaching conceptual applications. There are many behavioral changes which overtake animals as the seasons change, and which can be produced out of season in the laboratory by simulating the appropriate span of artificial daylight. Do such seasonal changes in mood and behavior persist in humans?

The great religious holy days of all faiths tend to cluster around the times of the solstices and equinoxes. Is it possible that the human pineal gland responds to these alterations in the length of daylight, and by changing the balance of neurohumors in the brain, perhaps effects a greater incidence of psychedelic states in certain susceptible individuals just at these crucial times? This possibility provides an entirely new potential dimension to our secular understanding of the religious experience.

Since Lerner had done his original pineal research at Yale, his colleagues belonging to various disciplines had become fascinated with his work even before it was published. As a result, Yale had a kind of head start in pineal research. Among the first to pursue the trail of pineal hormones and neurohumors was Nicholas Giarmin, a professor of pharmacology who had been a former student of Gaddum's at Edinburgh and remembered the connection Gaddum had made five years previous between LSD and serotonin. With him worked a professor of psychiatry, Daniel Freedman, who had become fascinated by the whole new field of pharmacology and states of mind. They began by measuring the serotonin contents of the various parts of the human brain at autopsy. In order to make these measurements, one must exploit the very limits of our technological capacities. Neurohumors exist in the brain in infinitesimally small amounts. They are measured by a unit known as the nanogram, which is one billionth of a gram. Not only are assay procedures highly critical, but since drastic chemical changes occur between that state which we call life and that which we define as death, it is difficult to prove that the amounts of any given entity found on autopsy are the same as those which might be found in the same tissue in the flush of life. Giarmin and Freedman confirmed that the human brain manufactures serotonin at various sites other than the pineal. It is produced in scattered isolated cells, but the density of these cells varies with their location in the brain. For example,

in the thalamus, they discovered 61 nanograms of serotonin per gram of tissue; in the hippocampus, 56 ng.; in the central gray section of the midbrain, they found 482 ng. But in the pineal, they found 3140 ng. of serotonin per gram of tissue. The pineal was unmistakably the richest site of serotonin in the brain.

Since the pineal seems to produce serotonin in excess of its needs for melatonin production, what happens to this excess? Does the gland provide a kind of serotonin reservoir for the brain as a whole? Can one make a correlation between pineal serotonin and mental disorder? As its name would imply, the pineal looks like a miniature pine cone sitting in the middle of the brain atop a stalklike appendage. The vascular and neural connections between it and the rest of the body run down this stalk into the spinal column and the central nervous system, not into the brain proper. If serotonin from the pineal does get back into the brain proper, it must do so through such a circuitous route that many workers discredit this possibility.

Though their work only accidentally impinged on making such correlations, Giarmin and Freedman did find that the pineals of certain deceased mental patients who had suffered from specified mental disorders showed a considerable excess of serotonin in their pineals. The average amount of serotonin found in the pineals of normal persons is about 3.52 micrograms per gland. One schizophrenic was found to have a pineal containing 10 micrograms of serotonin, while another patient, a sufferer from delirium tremens, had a pineal containing 22.82 micrograms of serotonin. Owing to the difficulties of obtaining the brains of the recently dead for autopsy, the Giarmin-Freedman sample is pathetically small, consisting only of thirteen cases. The same difficulties which confronted them also confront other workers who might be tempted to confirm these findings on a larger scale.

STRONG suspicion has fallen now on serotonin as being one of the principal agents of the psychedelic experience, but whatever its role, it is certain that other neurohumors are additionally involved in the chemical transactions which produce the state. It is likely that LSD itself produces certain effects quite on its own. Studies made with tracer elements and the electron microscope now reveal that LSD strikes like a chemical guerrilla, entering into receptor granules in brain cells swiftly, and then leaving swiftly after a very short time, perhaps ten or twenty minutes (in animals). This initial period coincides with the onset of the most violent symptoms of the LSD state as it is observed in test animals. But when the twenty minutes are done, and the bulk of the LSD has left the receptor granules,

it is replaced by what seems to be excessive, or supernormal, amounts of serotonin. Since the LSD state lasts for some ten hours, and during this time serotonin can be measured (again at autopsy) in supernormal amounts in receptor granules, it must be considered one of the important participants of that chemical transaction which produces the state. However, melatonin possesses the same basic indole molecular structure as the LSD molecule. It is not at all difficult to imagine how this substance could be metamorphosed into a psychedelic material. But so far, injections of melatonin have produced no altered mental states in humans.

The use of LSD in exploring these strange dislocated states of mind is most convenient because the effects are invariably reliable, and within certain limits quite predictable. All the neurohumors tend to alter, in one way or another, the data processing programming of the brain. LSD is one of the keys which open the compartment into which this drastic new programming can be introduced. Fasting as a means of altering body chemistry and so producing this kind of psychedelic state seems to be effective only among those who are marginally nourished in the first place. Sensory deprivation is effective, and for those who can will themselves into a state of such intense meditation as will exclude incoming signals from the environment, the computer model provides a simple analogy. The brain is always working, but as these outside signals cease coming through, the brain begins processing peripheral data, memories from the past, sense impressions of such subtlety that they are normally bypassed in favor of more vivid input signals which affect survival and so on.

For most of us, most of the time, our world is a Darwinian environment. We must manipulate ourselves within it, or attempt to manipulate it in order to survive. These survival needs tend to color our appreciation of this world, and we are continually making judgments about it. Some of these judgments are based on prior personal experience, others are provided by the culture. This "recognition system" is one of the elements disrupted by the psychedelic state. Normally we anticipate that water will feel wet. To the madman, or the person entranced by LSD, the wetness of water can come as an incredible surprise.

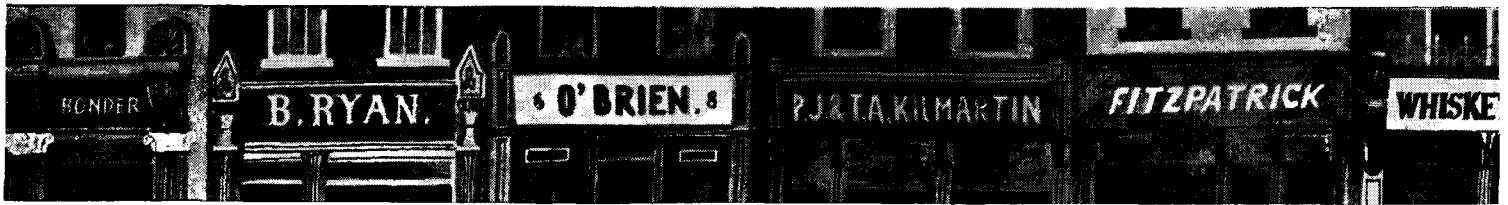
The principal question concerning psychedelic states remains: How much disruption can the system tolerate? "Cowper came to me," writes William Blake, "and said: 'O that I were insane always. . . . Can you not make me truly insane? I will never rest till I am so. O that in the bosom of God I was hid. You retain health and yet are as mad as any of us — over us all.'"

The problem of how to maintain a certain madness while at the same time functioning at peak efficiency has now captured the attention of many psychiatrists. There seems to be a point at which "creative" madness becomes degenerative, impeding function rather than stimulating it. The mental hospitals are filled with patients who passed from transient, or occasional, psychedelic states into perpetual psychosis. Freedman, with the help of another Yale colleague, Malcolm Bowers, has collected a number of case histories of persons who were admitted into mental institutions for various acute psychotic seizures. But as they speak and write about the onset of their illness, they describe psychedelic experiences. Why did they not "pass through" the experience to be enriched by it, as did William Blake? Here, for example, is the report of a twenty-one-year-old student who was removed to a mental hospital in "a severely agitated delusional state":

I [began to be] fascinated by the little insignificant things around me. There was an additional awareness of the world that would do artists, architects and painters good. I ended up by being too emotional, but I felt very much at home with myself, very much at ease. . . . It was not a case of seeing more broadly, but deeper. I was losing touch with the outside world, and lost my sense of time. . . . I could see more deeply into the problems other people had and would go directly into a deeper subject with a person. I had the feeling that I loved everybody in the world. Sharing emotions was like wiping the shadow away, wiping away a false face.

Bowers and Freedman do not tell us the final history of this patient. We do know, however, that Cowper asked for insanity and got it. He died a gibbering idiot, while Blake lived on into a ripe and irritable old age, still working, still writing, still slipping in and out of his mysterious states which allowed him a clear and brilliant vision of a world which, if the rest of us see at all, we see as through a glass darkly.

Man is unique by virtue of being possessed by intuitions concerning the scope of the mysterious universe he inhabits. He has devised for himself all manner of instruments to probe the nature of this universe. Now at last, with the molecule of this strange acid, he has found an instrument which opens the inner eye of the mind and which may hopefully allow him to explore the vast interior spaces where the history of millions of years of memories lie entangled among the roots of the primordial self. Through it we may find a means of understanding more clearly the roots of madness and of helping the insane to return to the world of commonplace reality.



THE HEAT OF THE SUN

A Story by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

This new narrative by one of today's classic storytellers will appear in a collection of stories and tales entitled THE HEAT OF THE SUN, being published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

THEY never said, "Let's go down to Rodgers'," although it was old Rodgers who owned the pub; they said, "Let's go down to Uncle Alfie." A good pub is like that, it is the barman who makes it, not the boss. They gave their custom to Rodgers; they gave their confidence to Alfie. He knew them all, some of them ever since they were old enough to drink their first pint in a pub. He knew their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, girls, prospects, wages, hopes, fears, and what they were always calling their ideas and their ideals and that he called their ould guff. Always their friend, sometimes their philosopher, he was rarely their guide. Your da gave you money (sometimes) and you hardly thanked him for it. Alfie loaned it. Your da gave you advice and you resented it. Alfie could give you a rap as sharp as lightning, and you accepted it because he gave it as your equal. Your da never had any news. Alfie knew everything. He was your postman, passing on bits of paper with messages in pencil: "Deirdre was asking after you, try 803222, Hughesy." Or, "For Jay's sake, leave a half-note for me, Paddywhack." He might hand you out a colored postcard with a foreign stamp, taken from the little sheaf stuck behind the

cash register. The sheeting around the register was as wallpapered as a travel bureau with colored postcards from all over the world. Best of all, he was there always: his coat off, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his bowler hat always on his balding red head, a monument in a white apron, with a brogue like an echo in an empty barrel.

You pushed the two glass doors in like a king.

"Hi, Alfie!"

"Jakus, Johnny, is that yourself?" With a slap on the shoulder and your drink slid in front of you unasked. "Fwhere were you this time? Did yoo have a good voyage?"

"Not bad. Same old thing — Black Sea, the Piraeus, Palermo, Naples, Genoa. Crummy dumps!" Your half-pint aloft. "What's the best port in all creation, Alfie?"

"As if yoo needed to ask me!"

"Here's to it, and God bless it. 'Dublin town, O Dublin town/ That's where I long to be,/ With the friends so dear to me,/ Grafton Street where it's all so gay,/ And the lights of Scotsman's Bay.' Theme song of every poor bloody exile of Erin. Up the rebels. Long live the Queen of Sheba. How's Tommy? How's Angela? How's Casey, Joanna, Hughesy, Paddywhack? Does my little black-eyed Deirdre still love me?"

"Paddy was in on Chuesday night. He's working with the Gas Company now."

"Poor old Paddywhack! Has he the gold wristlet still? And the signet ring? Will the poor bugger never get a decent job?"

(He noticed that Deirdre was being passed over.)

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"His wife had another child. That's six he has now."

"Sacred Heart!"

"Hughesy is going strong with Flossie."

"Sure that line is four years old. When is the bastard going to make an honest woman of her?"

"Is it a busman? She's aiming higher than that. The trouble with yoo young fellows is ye pick gurls beyond yeer means. Yeer eyes are bigger than yeer balls. Leave them their youth. Wedded, bedded, and deaded, the world knows it."

Alfie was anti-woman. Everybody knew he had a wife somewhere, and three kids, separated five years ago. She was before their time — none of them had ever seen her. Poor old Alfie! In hope and in dreams and in insecurity is life. In home and in safety is . . .

It would make you sick the way they always want to corral you into the blooming home. Like tonight: "Oh, no, Johnny! You're not going out from us on your first night home? We haven't seen you for four months! And your father and me looking forward to a nice bit of a chat. About your future, Johnny. About your plans, Johnny. About your prospects. Sit down there now and be talking to us."

You sat back. They talked. You mumbled. The end of it was always the same. After another half hour of twitching you said it again.

"I think I'll drop down to Uncle Alfie for an hour to see the boys. I won't be late, Mum. But leave the key under the mat. Don't wait up for me. I'll creep in like a mouse."

Hating the way they looked at one another, knowing well that you wouldn't be in before one in the morning — if then — shoes in hand, head cocked for the slightest tweak of a bedspring upstairs, feeling a right bastard, or if, with God's help, you were tight enough, feeling nothing but your way. Hell roast 'em! Why couldn't they understand that when you cabled "COMING HOME THURSDAY STOP LOVE STOP JOHNNY," it meant you wanted to see them, okay, and you were bringing presents for them, okay, and it would be nice to have your own old room, okay, but what you were really seeing was the gleam of the bottles, and the wet mahogany, and the slow, floating layers of smoke, shoulders pushing, hands shooting, everybody talking at the top of his voice to be heard, and old Alfie grinning at ye all like an ape. God Almighty! When a fellow has only seven lousy days' shore leave . . .

IT WAS dry October, the softest twinge of faintest fog, the streets empty, a halo around every light, a right night for a landfall. Tramping downhill,

peaked cap slanted, whistling, he foresaw it all. A dollar to a dime on it — Alfie would resume exactly where they left off four months ago:

"Johnny! It is high time yoo thought of settling down."

"Gimme a chance, Alfie. I'm only twenty-three. I'll settle down someday. Why don't you say that to Loftus or Casey?"

"Loftus will find it hard. With that short leg. Anyway, I mean settle down ashore. That wandering life you're leading! It's no life!"

"I'm not ready, Alfie. I want to meet the right girl. I'm mad about Deirdre, but she's always talking about motorcars, and houses in Foxrock, and Sunday morning sherry parties. I'm not sure of her. The right girl is damn hard to find. It's a funny thing, Alfie, all the nice women I meet are married women."

"An ould shtory. And the ladies tell me all the nice men are married men. I think the truth is that no wan is ready until they know by heart the music that tames the wild bashte — know it and are beginning to forget it. I don't think Deirdre is the right sawrt for you at all, Johnny. She's too expensive for you. She's too ambitious. She's like Flossie — playing with Hughesy, trying to learn the chune on the cheap, as you might say. Johnny! If I were you, I'd choose a woman of experience. What'd suit you, now, down to the ground would be a nice, soft, cozy, widow woman that knows every chune in the piper's bag."

"Oh, for God's sake, Alfie! With a wooden leg? And a yellow wig? And a blue bankbook? I'm young, Alfie. What I dream about, in the middle watch, looking up at the stars, is a young, beautiful, exquisite, lovely, fond, right-dimensional Irish girl of eighteen. Like my little Deirdre. Pure as the driven snow. Loyal and true. Gentle as the dawn. Deirdre, without the motorcar!"

Alfie would draw up from the counter and make a face as if he was sucking alum.

"Yoo could sing it if yoo had the voice for it. *'She was lovely and fair, as the roase of the Summer, / But it was not her beautye aloane tha-at won me'* " —

He would snatch it from him tonight:

"*'Oh, no! 'Twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning, / That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tra-a-lee.*' A hundred percent right, Alfie. Lead me to her."

"I wouldn't give you two pinnies for a gurl of eighteen — she couldn't cook an egg for you. And dimensions are all very fine and dandy, but they don't lasht, boy. They don't lasht! Did I ever tell yoo about the fellow that married the opera singer? She was like an angel out of heaven on the stage. In the bed she was no better to him than an ould shweeping brush. He used to wake her up in the middle of the night and say, 'Sing, damn yoor sowl!'"

Aboard ship he had told them that one many times. Always the old deckhands would nod solemnly and say, "And e's dead right, chum! Feed me and love me, what more can a man ask for?" Well, if he said it tonight he would be ready for him; drawing himself up, with one hand flat on his top left brass button:

"Alfie! In this rotten, cheating, stinking, lousy, modern world my generation is going to *fight* for our ideals!"

FOUR miles out over the shadowy sea the light on the Kish bank winked drowsily. Fog? It was so quiet along the promenade that he could hear the small waves below him sucking into the rocks. Wind soft from the south. The only person he passed was a civic guard in a cape. He turned right, then left, passed the Coal Harbor, wheeled right again, left, and there were the lights flowing out on the pavement. He pushed the two glass doors in like a king.

"Hi! . . ."

He stopped. The young barman was staring at him with uplifted eyebrows. He looked around. The place was like a morgue. He recognized old Molly Goosegog, her fat legs spread, soaking it up as usual with the one-armed colonel. Three business types, their hats on, hunched over a table, talking low. In the farthest corner two middle-aged women were drinking gins and bitters. Dyed, dried, skewered, and skivered, two old boiling hens, cigarettes dangled from their red beaks. He moved slowly to the counter.

"Where's Alfie?" he asked quietly.

"On leave."

"Alfie never took leave in his life unless he took leave of his senses."

"Well, he's on leave now. What can I get you, sir?"

Sir! Sullenly he said, "A large whiskey," although he had been planning a night of draft porter. Alfie would have said, "Johnny! There is no such thing on earth as a *large* whiskey." Or he might have said nothing but come back with a half-pint of draft and said, "That'll be better for you."

Was it because it was Thursday night? Nobody much ever came on Thursday night: less even than came on Friday night. Everyone stony. Behold my beeves and fatlings are all killed, and nobody cometh to eat them. Seven lousy nights and the first a flop? Go forth into the highways and byways. From pub to pub? The whiskey appeared before him. The barman stood waiting. He looked up.

"Four and sixpence, sir."

With Alfie, you let it run for a week, for two, for three, for as long as you liked. Then you asked, "What's on the slate, Alfie?" and if you were flush,

you paid a half-note over and above for future credit. Man knoweth not the hour nor the night. He paid out four shillings and a sixpenny bit. The barman rang it up and retired down the counter to lean over his *Herald*.

"How long is Alfie going to be on leave?"

The fellow barely glanced up.

"I don't know, I'm only here this past two weeks."

"Is the boss in?"

"He's gone down to the chapel. The October Devotions."

Thinking of his latter end. *Dies irae, dies illa*. Back in Newbridge with the Dominicans. All Souls' Night. He glanced at the door. Would there be anyone down at The Blue Peter? Or in Mooney's? Maybe in The Purty Kitchen?

"Any message for me there behind the old cashbox?"

"Name?"

"Kendrick."

The barman, his back to him, went through the light sheaf. Without turning, he said, "Nothing," shoved it back, and returned to his *Herald*. Out of sight, out of mind. Bugger the whole lousy lot of them! And Deirdre along with them! The glass doors swished open, and there were Paddy-whack and Loftus. He leaped from his stool.

"Hi, scouts!"

"Johnny!"

Handshakes all around. Paddy was as hungry-looking as a displaced Arab. His shirt sleeves too long. The gold wristlet. The signet ring. Loftus, as always, as lean and yellow as a Dane. Hoppity Loftus with his short leg. He never worked. He was a Prod and had an English accent, and he lived off his mother. All he did was to get her breakfast in the morning and have her supper ready for her at night. She worked in the Sweep.

"Name it, boys! I'm standing!"

Paddy looked thirstily at the glass of whiskey.

"Are you on the hard tack?"

"Naw! Just this bloody place gave me the willies. The usual?" He commanded the barman. "Two half-pints. Make it three, and I'll use this as a chaser. God, it's marvelous to see ye! Come on, come on! Give! Give! Gimme all the dirt. Tell me more, tell me all. Are you still with the Gas Company, Paddy?"

"I'm with a house agent now. Looney and Cassidy. In Dame Street." He made a fish face. "N.B.G. Paid on commission. Just to tide me over a bad patch." He laughed cheerfully. "The wife is peggys again."

"Paddy! I dunno how you do it."

"I'm told," said Loftus lightly, "that it's a very simple matter, really."

"How's your mother, Loftus?"

A rude question. Loftus shrugged it away. They took their drinks to one of the round tables. Paddy lifted his glass.

"Johnny! You don't know how lucky you are. A steady job, cash in your pocket, a girl in every port."

"And as brown," said Loftus lifting his glass, "and as round as a football."

"Me round?" he shouted, ripped open the jacket of his uniform, and banged his narrow waist. "Feel that, go on, feel it! Hard as iron, boy! Eight stone ten. You," he said condescendingly, rebut-toning, "must be about ten stone eight." He paused. Then he had to say it: "Does Deirdre still love me?"

Loftus' eyes glinted as he proffered the sponge on the spear.

"I saw her two weeks ago in a red Triumph. A medical student from Trinity, I believe. She looked smashing."

His heart curdled, his throat tightened, he laughed loudly.

"So the little bitch is betraying me, eh?"

He could see her, with her dark hair curled down on one shoulder as if she had a monkey on her head. The red lips. The high bosoms.

"It's just because you're not around much," Paddy said comfortingly. "Wait until she hears you're home!"

"How are all those girls of yours?" Loftus smiled. "In foreign parts."

Paddy poured sad oil.

"Too bad about poor Alfie?"

"I heard nothing," he said sourly. "Nobody writes to me. Where is the ould divil?"

"You didn't know! Hospice for the Dying. Cancer. These last three months. It'll be any day now."

It gagged him. There was a long silence. His first death. The double doors let in Hughesy and Flossie; their oldest and youngest — a blond mop, black lashes, a good looker, but not a patch on his D. Their welcomes were muted. They sat down stiffly like people who did not mean to stay.

"Here," he chanted mournfully, "'here, the gang's all here.'"

"Not all of us," Paddy said.

"This is a committee meeting, really," Hughesy said, taking charge of it at once. "Well?" he asked Paddywhack and Loftus. "How much can we raise?"

"We're gathering for Mrs. Alfie," Paddywhack explained. "She hasn't a sou."

"I managed to borrow five bob," Flossie said, taking two half crowns from inside her glove and laying them on the table.

"That," said Hughesy, putting down half a crown, "is all I can manage."

Paddywhack squirmed and said, "Six kids and another coming, and Thursday night."

Loftus showed empty palms. "Unless I could pop something?"

He felt worse than a wanderer — a stranger.

"Mrs. Alfie? How in God's name did ye meet her?" he asked Hughesy.

"It was Alfie asked us to keep an eye on her and the kids. I saw him again today," he told the others.

"How is he?" he asked.

Hughesy looked away.

"Alas, poor Yorick," Loftus said. "A skull!"

Flossie began to cry.

"But where's the rest of the gang? Joanna, and Tommy, and Angela, and Casey."

He stopped short of Deirdre. Paddywhack shook his head and made faint gestures.

"I nearly didn't come myself. Can you manage anything, Johnny?"

He took out his pocketbook and planked down a pound note.

"Good man!" said Hughesy, and looked up at the barman standing over them, and down at the pound note. He smiled apologetically at Johnny. "Any more of that nice stuff?"

"Come on, scouts, I'm standing. If it's to be a wake, for Christ's sake let it be a wake. What's yours, Flossie? Still sticking to the dry sherry? Hughesy? The old pint?" He nodded to the barman, who departed silently. "Let me in on this. Tell me all about Alfie."

As THE drinks warmed them they talked. A man, by God! A true friend if there ever was one. They don't often come like that nowadays. True from his bald head to the soles of his feet. Tried and true. A son of the soil. A bit of old Ireland. Vanishing down the drain. Not one bit of cod about him. His jokes . . . We shall not look upon his like again. The pound note melted. Paddywhack said, "Life is a mystery all right. She looks such a nice woman, and she is a nice woman, and full of guts, not one word of complaint, and three kids. What in God's name happened to them?" They told him, asking how she lived, that she used to work as a dressmaker. "Yes, he did!" Loftus answered him. "After a fashion, he did. He supported her. After a fashion." Flossie said she would never come to this pub again. They agreed with Hughesy that Dublin wouldn't be the same without him. She said the fact was he had nothing to do with all those . . . They followed her eyes down to Molly Goosegog and the one-armed colonel, and the three business types, and the two boiled hakes with the gins and bitters. Hughesy slapped the table. "And that's a true

bill, Flossie! He was one of us. Old in body but young in heart. You agree, Johnny?" He agreed that Alfie was the only man he ever met who understood them. "He fought for his ideals." They talked of understanding, and ideals, and truth, and true love, and how well Alfie understood what it means to be young, and to believe in things, that was it—to believe in things. A second pound was melting, and it was after ten when Flossie said to Hughesy that she must go home soon.

"Mind your few quid, Johnny," Hughesy said. "What's left there will be enough. A dozen bottles of stout, say a dozen and a half. Just to cheer her up. We'll drop around for a minute, Flossie. Just to cheer her up."

"One for the road," he insisted, and held them. They leaned back.

It was nearly eleven when they left in a bunch, carrying the three brown paper bags of stout, out into the dry streets, the nebulous night, under the dim stars and the gathering clouds that were lit by the city's glow. Loftus said it was a fine night for a ramble. Hughesy laughed and said, "Or for courting." Two by two, hooting merrily backwards and forwards at one another, they wound up among shaggy, dim-lit squares with names like Albert Gardens, Aldershot Place, or Portland Square, all marked on green and white tablets in Irish and English, until they came to a basement door, and stepping down to it, rang and waited in a bunch under a stone arch. In the dark they were suddenly silent, listening. A light went on over the door. She opened it.

Alfie's youth. She was soft and welcoming. All the parts of her face seemed to be running into one another, dissolving like ice cream in the sun, her mouth melting, her blue-blue eyes swimming. A loose tress of her gray-fair hair flowed over a high forehead. Her voice was as timid as butter. She was not a bad-looking woman, and for a moment a little flame of youth flared up in her when they introduced him to her, and she laughed softly and said, "So this is Johnny! He said you were the baby of the lot." She held his hand in her two hands, moist and warm as if she had been washing something, and he remembered a line from a poem they used to read at school, long forgotten, never understood. "*Fear no more the heat of the sun . . .*"

"Glad to meet you, Mrs. Alfie," he said, and realized for the first time that he did not know Alfie's name.

"We brought a few drinks," Hughesy explained. "Just to brighten the night."

"Come in, boys, come in. Talk low," she begged. "Jenny is only just gone to sleep."

The low room was small and untidy, and smelled of soap. The fire was ashen. She had only two glasses. They sat in a circle and drank out of cups,

or from the bottle necks. Moist cloths hung drooping and wet on a line; the stuffing of the chairs tufted out; he saw a toy horse with three legs, torn green paperbacks, a house of cards half-collapsed on a tray. Staring at her, he heard nothing of their whispering; both surprised and pleased to hear her laugh so often. He became aware that Hughesy and Flossie were fading out, for the last bus. Around midnight Paddywhack said he must give the wife a hand with the kids, and slid away. She put a few bits of sticks in the grate and tried ineffectually to remake the fire. Then Loftus clumped off home to his mother, and there were only the two of them in the room, stooping over one flicker in the ashes, whispering, heads together.

Only once again did she mention Alfie; when she said, "They're a grand bunch. Ye are all good boys. Decent young men. It was what he always said about ye."

"Did you see him often?"

"Hardly at all. He might drop in after he shut the pub. To see the children. He told me he was always at ye to settle down. Hughesy, and Flossie, and Casey, and Loftus, and you. Do you like Loftus?"

"He's cold. And bitter."

"Is Deirdre your girl?"

"Yes. But I think she's letting me down. Did you meet her? She's a smasher."

"She is a beautiful girl. I don't want to interfere in your life, Johnny, but I would be inclined to think that I would nearly say that she might have a hard streak in her."

"Not like you?" he smiled.

"I'm not faulting her. A woman must think of her own good."

There he was off, full-cock, about youth, ideals, loyalty, truth, honesty, love, things that only the gang understood, everybody else talking to you about your future, and good jobs, and making money. "Ireland is the last fortress. The Noah's Ark of the world. No place like it." And he should know, an exile! She agreed, she agreed. She said, "The people here are warm and natural still in spite of all." He was with her, all the way with her. "We are not materialists. Not the best of us." At that they were both off, whispering, breaking into louder talk, hushing, glancing fearfully at the door of the bedroom.

THE last flicker of the fire died away. They drank the last bottle of stout between them, passing it from mouth to mouth. Her voice grew softer, her hand when she held his was padded like a cat's. The night became a fugitive. Faintly a foghorn in the bay moaned through a muffled

blanket. He looked out and up through the window and saw a yellow blur of street light, and the mist that clung wetly to a fogged tree. She got up to make tea. He followed her into the messy kitchen to help and talk. They came back, and she put a few more futile chips of sticks on the warm ashes. She laughed at the slightest thing — when the toy horse toppled, or when he told her about the dog, kicked, and beaten, and mangy, that he bought in Palermo, and how it swam ashore back to its Moorish slum. Or that night in Odessa in the Y.M.C.A. when he got into a fight by pretending that the C stood for Communist.

When it was two o'clock he said, "You must send me away." She said, "Listen to the dripping outside. Oh, don't go away, Johnny!" He said, "You must sleep." She said, "I don't know what sleep is," and held him by his wrist, frightened to be left alone. "Listen to the drip-drop," she wheedled. "And look! It's yellow as mustard outside. Sleep here. Sleep in my bed. We're friends, aren't we? Just lie and sleep. You're a good boy. I know you. Go in there and lie down." She led him into the bedroom with its unmade bed. He barely made out the child asleep on a camp bed, one arm hooped around its head. She took her nightgown from a chair and went out.

He hung up his jacket, removed his shoes, and lay down, gazing out the door at the yellow blur of the street lamp. It was as cold as the grave in the bed. She came back in her rumpled nightdress, her hair about her shoulders, got in under the clothes beside him, and put out the light. The yellow street lamp bled in through the bedroom door.

"It's bloody cold," he said.

"We'll soon warm up. You should have taken your clothes off and got under the blankets, sure what does it matter?"

He undressed to his underpants, and got under the blankets beside her warmth.

They lay in silence for a while, hearing nothing but their breathing and the faint, far foghorn. He moved closer and began to whisper into her ear about what it means to be homeless, and she whispered to him about the time she came up to Dublin for the first time from County Cavan, for her honeymoon. She never once went back there. He whispered to her, "You are a heroine." She said, "You're a good lad, Johnny."

After a while more she said, "We must sleep," and he lay on his back, his hands clasped behind his head. After a long while he said, "Deirdre is a bitch," and she said, "She is very young." After another while he whispered, "Try to sleep," and

she whispered, "Yes." After another long time he said, "You're not sleeping. You are thinking of him. When will you know?" She said, "It might be any minute. Then I'll sleep. And sleep. And sleep."

Sleep stole on him. He woke abruptly, at five o'clock. She was no longer in the bed. He saw her in the front room, a man's overcoat on her shoulders, leaning her elbows on the windowsill, staring out. In his stocking feet he went to her and put his arm around her shoulder.

"You can't sleep?"

She did not stir. Her face had melted completely, her two cheeks were wet. He did not know what to say to her. By the cleansed lamp-light outside he saw that the fog had lifted. She whispered, "It's all over."

"You can't tell!"

"I know it. I'll go out and ring the hospital at six o'clock. But I know it." Her face screwed up, and more tears oozed from her closed eyes. "You'd better go, Johnny. Your people may be worrying."

He dressed, shivering, among the empty bottles of stout on the floor, some of them standing to attention, some of them rolled on their sides. He put on his peaked cap with the white top, patted her hooped back, said, "God help you," and went out up the steps to the street level. It was black as night. From the pavement he looked down at the shadow of her face behind the misty glass, lifted a hand, and walked away.

When he came to the Coal Harbor he halted on the center of the railway bridge and leaned his hands on the wet parapet. Six miles across the level bay a string of orange lights flickered along the shoreline, and farther west the city's night glow underlit its mirror of cloud. The harbor water, dark as oil, held the riding light of a coal tub. He drew in deep breaths of the raw air and blinked his sanded eyes. He said quietly, "I still love you, you bitch." Then he lifted his head, put his two palms about his mouth like a megaphone, and howled in a long, wild howl across the bay, "Do you love me?"

The city lay remote under its mirror.

He rubbed the stone and remembered, "Quiet consummation have: and renowned be thy grave!" — and marched homewards, arms swinging, chin up, white cap slanted. The water of the main harbor was inscribed by a slow wheel of light. Far out from the Kish bank a flight of light beamed and died at regular intervals. The whole way home the only sound he heard was a faint humming like a bee, a dawn flight out of Dublin fading into silence across the sea.

THE RISE OF NOPANACEISM

by C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

In the name of common sense, says C. W. Griffin, defenders of the status quo argue successfully against any form of progress. The author, a New York structural engineer and journalist, has published essays in several periodicals. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

HAVE you ever wished for a simple argument to silence the perpetual din raised by radicals and reactionaries, do-gooders and do-badders, and all the restless mob that can't accept things as they are? Friends, there is such an argument, guaranteed to refute the most cunning peacemonger, draft-reformer, or smog-control crank. Its proponents are increasing, and they are practical men of affairs, guardians of the tried and true, defenders of trusted traditions. They preserve the elusive truth that the deepest wisdom is, with Hamlet, to "rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." You will find these worldly metaphysicians, whom I shall call Nopanaceists, everywhere from the corporate boardroom to the union hall.

One of the most prominent Nopanaceists is James M. Roche, president of General Motors, an organization whose welfare has been intimately associated with that of these United States. It has been Mr. Roche's harsh duty to awaken sentimentalists concerned with ways of reducing the 49,000 annual deaths on our highways. In response to proposals for structural improvements to increase the safety of automobiles, Mr. Roche denounced critics of the automobile industry's desultory safety program. "Safety is a highly complex problem and there are no simple solutions or pat panaceas," Mr. Roche is quoted as saying in the *Times*. "No one, of course, had remotely hinted that structural safety devices were a panacea. The most optimistic claim was an annual saving of 25,000 lives. A system of air bags, instantly inflated on impact to cushion the collision shock sustained by the car's occupants, could cut annual highway fatalities in half, according to Dr. Carl Clark, a Martin Company bio-

physicist. But the Nopanaceist seldom claims that your proposal won't achieve *your* goal; he claims that it won't achieve *his* goal. And since he will accept nothing less than a panacea, his goal, by definition, is impossible.

In its campaign against firearms-registration laws, the gun lobby relies heavily on Nopanaceism. Typical of the gun-boosting editorials is a disquisition in the McPherson, Kansas, *Sentinel*. "Stopping Mail-Order Guns Won't Stop Crime," says the headline to this homey, prairie version of Nopanaceism. No one, of course, ever claimed such miraculous results from legislation regulating mail-order firearms sales. Proponents of firearms-control laws merely cite the demonstrable effect of such laws on the homicide rates. In Dallas, for example, where gun traffic is uncontrolled, the proportionate number of killings committed with guns is more than five times higher than the number of such crimes in New York City, which has a relatively stringent law requiring licensing of pistols. Other statistics cited by J. Edgar Hoover indicate the efficacy of gun control in reducing killings. Yet the National Rifle Association says, "The record is clear — firearms registration laws even on a national or state basis have had no effect in reducing crime." The Nopanaceist implication is equally clear: the saving of several hundred or several thousand lives annually lost because of the uncontrolled distribution of guns to madmen, criminals, and juveniles is a worthless endeavor.

Nopanaceism is an antidote to false hopes for the benefits of reapportioning rurally dominated state legislatures. Many political analysts believe that reapportionment on the one-man, one-vote principle, ordered by the Supreme Court in June,

1964, can make state legislatures more responsive to urban and suburban needs. In some states a farmer's vote counts 100 times as much as a city dweller's vote. Dominated by rural interests, state legislatures have proved dismal failures in controlling air and water pollution, providing urban mass transit, uprooting slums, and tackling other urban problems. Giving the city dweller equality with rural voters would make the state legislatures more responsive to urban needs.

Don't be deceived by such mischievous simplicity. Reapportionment is no panacea. In the words of a learned Nopanaceist, Karl A. Lamb, of the University of California: "the adoption of equal population districts in state legislatures will make no magical change in the ability of cities to resolve the problems that beset them." In recon-dite arguments I am unable to follow, Professor Lamb warns against "undue optimism" about "proposals for tinkering with the democratic machinery. . . . There are many problems created by the one-man, one-vote ruling." Consider the consternation in Vermont, for example, where the legislature has not been reapportioned since 1797. Imagine the chaos introduced into that farmer-run state by the sudden advent of democracy!

Lest you think that political conservatives hold a monopoly on Nopanaceism, let me disabuse you with an example from the liberal Washington *Post*. Several years ago, the *Post* denounced a Fauquier County, Virginia, program through which female welfare recipients were sterilized if they requested it. To those unendowed with the superior wisdom of Nopanaceism, this voluntary family-limiting appears to be a partial solution to several problems—limiting the burdens on poor families that may already be overrun with unwanted children and on the public as well. At the least, it seems to limit the scope of a vast social problem that requires infinitely more effort than it is getting. To the Nopanaceist eyes of the Washington *Post* editorial writer, however, a public agency promoting voluntary sterilization, or even voluntary birth control, is guilty of unsportsmanlike conduct. "The welfare problems of society do not spring totally from excessive fecundity or abnormal illegitimacy of the poor and will not be solved by an attack on these phenomena. . . . Contraception, vasectomy and sterilization are instruments of voluntary family planning about which citizens differ and the knowledge of which should not be suppressed. They certainly do not hold forth any reasonable hope as a general solution of the tax burdens induced by the costs of welfare."

New York City's illegal twelve-day transportation workers' strike in January, 1966, cost the local economy \$1 billion and made life a daytime nightmare for millions of commuters. It inspired pro-

posals for tightening existing laws against public employees' strikes. Fortunately, however, union official Jerome Wurf demonstrated the utter futility of such a move with a brilliant Nopanaceist refutation: "there is a tendency to seek a short cut, a panacea, a hastily drawn law, which its sponsors hope may somehow banish the problem."

The union leader's warning completes the irrefragible logic of the Nopanaceist's reasons for doing nothing. By admonishing us against the tendency to seek a panacea, the Nopanaceist seems to chide us for attempting to achieve the impossible. Yet when he says of a proposal, "It's no panacea," he seems to chide us for *not* attempting the impossible. This ambivalence, however, merely displays the profound depths of Nopanaceist logic, which converges on its ineluctable conclusion from opposite directions. It is, of course, ridiculous to attempt the impossible. But can any red-blooded American settle for less? To ask this question is to answer it. Give me a panacea, or give me nothing. And thus, backed by a logic sublime in its stark simplicity—the impossibility of achieving the impossible, conjoined with the refusal to accept anything less—the Nopanaceist always exhorts us to do nothing.

Illuminating still another facet of Nopanaceist philosophy is a Wichita *Sunday Eagle* editorial entitled "Federal Spending: A Panacea or the Road to Ruin?" Since federal spending is obviously no panacea, the dichotomy posed by the headline decrees that it must be the road to ruin, and the editorial leaves little doubt that it is. "If our managed economy continues, this generation and the next may thrive on borrowed prosperity. Only time will tell whether the Keynesians are right and the Federal government can spend us all into Easy Street. . . . If they are, well and good. If they aren't, this Nation and its people at some point in the future are doomed to a crash that might well prove fatal to the American system." Note how this passage drives home the Nopanaceist's ancillary reasons for opposing non-panaceas. They will not only fail, they may bring disaster. Discretion, in the Nopanaceist's eyes, is always the better part of valor.

As the reader has doubtless noted, there are no limits whatever to Nopanaceism; it rebuts any proposal for reform—anytime, anywhere. You want control of the spread of thermonuclear weapons through international agreements? Nonsense, old chap, it's no panacea. There have always been wars and rumors of wars, and there always will be. Maybe this isn't the best of all possible worlds, but it's the best of all probable worlds. Remember, Rome wasn't built in a day. Come to think of it, Rome should never have been built. It certainly was no panacea.



The Decline of Freedom at Berkeley

by Lewis S. Feuer After nine years of teaching philosophy and social science at the University of California at Berkeley, Professor Feuer will leave to become professor of sociology at the University of Toronto. His angry appraisal of the "free speech" explosion at Berkeley and its aftermath is both compelling and provocative, and the ATLANTIC is inviting others who are concerned over the implications of the Berkeley experience to comment on Professor Feuer's analysis. The author of SPINOZA AND THE RISE OF LIBERALISM and THE SCIENTIFIC INTELLECTUAL, Professor Feuer was an Exchange Scholar at the Soviet Institute of Philosophy in Moscow for four and a half months in 1963.

BERKELEY has become a symbol for the world. To many Americans, it stands for a studentry in senseless rebellion; to the Communist government of North Vietnam, it is a faithful ally whose demonstrations against the United States government are the most valued propaganda; and to much of the academic community, it is the admired "best balanced" university (as of 1964) in the country. "Berkeley," they say on every American campus, "is where the action is." What sort of action has it been during the past academic year, the Year One in Berkeley after the Great Student Uprising? How has freedom fared in the aftermath of the famous Faculty Resolution of December 8, 1964, "that the content of speech or advocacy should not be restricted by the university"?

There was much to be said for the straightforward simplicity of the Faculty Resolution. It was categorical and plain; it made no exceptions. It enunciated a high-minded standpoint. It proposed to American universities that the only regulations concerning political activities on the campuses should be those of "time, place, and manner"—that is, only what was necessary to prevent interference with the normal functions of the university. Yet the very generality of the Faculty

Resolution failed to take account of self-defeating consequences, which were altogether likely, especially in the context of the total commitment of some Berkeley activists. The faculty was promulgating a charter which could be used to safeguard the advocacy and planning of immediate acts of violence, illegal demonstrations, terrorist operations, interferences with troop trains, and obscene speech and action. University facilities became available for the organization of all such actions.

Perhaps in a less crisis-ridden atmosphere the Berkeley faculty could have contributed constructively to defining freedom of speech and thought for the university setting. As it was, they laid down an unqualified principle which in practice proved unworkable. My own understanding of the events which followed in the Year One will naturally reflect the fact that I was one of an unorganized minority which tried on December 8 to persuade our colleagues to affirm to the studentry that freedom of speech on the university campus did not extend to advocating and organizing immediate acts of force and violence.

What has happened in Berkeley during the past academic year has been in large part a consequence of that faculty resolution. For it in effect

created a moral vacuum in the heart of the university. It founded an enclave which canceled the limits of any previously defined freedom of speech; on the University Plaza, with the university's microphones and amplification, students were to be allowed to advocate and plan any sort of political activity, legal or illegal, violent or nonviolent. Though the regents tried to safeguard the situation with provisos about constitutional limits, the moral effect of the overwhelming faculty vote was decisive. The university enclave was unique in the United States, the only one in which for all practical purposes political authority was excluded, for both the university and the civic powers renounced their responsibilities. On the one hand, the administration was morally bound by its faculty to refrain from all restraint over speech; on the other, the civic powers by long custom and usage were reluctant to enter the student terrain: they did not understand it, they feared it, and they felt it to be the university's business. Thus Berkeley began a most unusual experiment in unrestrained advocacy.

A migration of "non-students" descended on Berkeley. Already thriving in 1964, the non-student colony was reinforced as the news traveled of the Discovery of Freedom in California. Tired radicals came to be rejuvenated; lumpen intellectuals set out to found a Free University; Maoists arrived determined to "escalate now" on the campus; varieties of sexual reformers expounded their creeds by the Sproul Steps microphone. The *New York Times* estimated that there were twenty-five hundred non-students in residence. Some were in flight from stark personal tragedy; others were clinging to rebellion and adolescence, and required periodic transfusions of student vitality to sustain their stance against society. Some were American variants of Raskolnikov, Verkhovensky, and Nechayev. One functionary of the Viet Nam Day Committee (V.D.C.), the newspapers revealed, was a youth who a few years ago had murdered a seven-year-old child in New York; when the federal authorities arrested him for violation of parole, he told how he had come to Berkeley to make himself useful for humanity. Last year the student leaders and their faculty advocates used to become enraged at the mention of the role of the non-students; this year they frankly recognized their primary importance, and some were prepared to embattle the university for the right of non-students to be the officers of campus political groups. "Anyone who has been a student activist at Cal knows why active support from non-students is so often crucial," said the representative activist leaflet "What Do They Think About Student Rights?" in March, 1966. "There are quite a few young people who have dropped out of school to

devote full time to such things as the anti-war movement or the civil rights struggle. We want to make use of them, and they are happy to be made use of."

What is a non-student? He is indeed defined negatively. He has no job, no calling, no vocation; he is a guerrilla fighter against society, whether he calls it the Establishment, the Power Structure, the System, or the Protestant Ethic.

It was inevitable that the university would have to resolve the anomaly of non-students as the officers and activists of "student" political organizations. The problem was especially brought home when non-students were in the forefront in between semesters in provoking a violation of the new university rules of procedure. A rally of the V.D.C. voted to defy the new "time, place, and manner" regulation which prohibited more than one rally a week on Sproul Steps by the same organization. Non-students did most of the speaking, and also took part in voting to defy the administration. The anomaly was real and evident: non-students, immune to the university's powers, were voting for acts of disobedience to the university for which students would bear the punishment. There were no occupational hazards for the professional revolutionary on the University Plaza.

INTO this atmosphere of moral absolutes of commitment and nihilism came the new chancellor, Roger Heyns, author of *The Psychology of Personal Adjustment*. The chancellor's political ethics was refreshingly free from ideology. It was the ethics of adjustment; a response is "good," he wrote in his textbook, if it "(1) reduces tension, (2) without unduly interfering with the satisfaction of other motives of the individual, and (3) without interfering materially with the adjustment of other people." The chancellor approached the maladjusted with the spirit of a humane scientist. In another book, *The Anatomy of Conformity*, he wrote how "through the use of differential reward 'conformity can be induced' without the person being aware that his behavior is being influenced. . . ." As a practitioner of adjustment, Chancellor Heyns tended to avoid initiatives; he waited patiently till the configuration and relative strengths of opposing forces — faculty, students, regents, and public opinion — were clear; by temperament he tended to coincide in his own stand with the resultant.

When he took office, Chancellor Heyns acted to bring adjustment and conformity. He appointed as his Special Assistant on Student Affairs the popular leading younger activist on the faculty, Associate Professor John Searle. In November,

1964, Searle had stood before the students on the Plaza, and said: "The University is out to destroy the civil rights movement." He was the paradigm of the Faculty Rebel; he had brought back from Oxford the mien of an Angry Young Man, and though he neither sat-down with the students in Sproul Hall nor shared their jail sentences, he encouraged them with spirited words and admiration. From the standpoint of administrative logic, the warrant for the appointment of John Searle was a powerful one; it could scarcely fail, and might help bring peace of a sort to a university which needed it. If Searle succeeded in his job, he would have helped bring the students to their senses; if he failed, then the activists of studentry and faculty would have started quarreling among themselves. Whatever happened, the administration would emerge in a stronger position. Except morally.

The New Left thus began the academic year with a more dominating position in an American university than the Old Left had ever dreamed of. How did the intellectual climate fare?

In the first place the moderate liberal studentry was disoriented by the appointment of Searle as the chancellor's assistant; it signified in their eyes a capitulation to the student activists. Only about a fifth of the studentry voted in the fall elections which Searle helped arrange. Abetted by this apathy and one of the most clumsily devised ballots in the history of voting, the Communist student leader was elected to the rules committee, and acclaimed herself as the first American Communist to be elected to public office in many years.

Second, to the dismay of those who had foreseen a new "civility" in discussion, a university emerged in which the favorite term of discourse was "paranoiac." When student activists showed themselves suspicious of the new arrangements he was proposing, Searle said they were "paranoiac." When one professor attacked another for not endorsing the illegal tactics of the Viet Nam Day Committee, he called him in print "paranoiac." When student leftists were afraid that they would lose their new privilege of showing movies on the campus to raise money, the chancellor's legal consultant called them "paranoid." The *Daily Californian*, the student newspaper, editorialized on April 21: "We sense that student paranoia has given rise to administrative paranoia, neither of which is improving the atmosphere on campus."

Third, the alienated student left acquired a curious exemption in the university from any laws of morality. The Establishment Left of the administration therefore soon found itself sorely tried by the amorality of its erstwhile comrades in the Alienated Left.

Students' representatives stole a file which Searle

brought to a meeting and photographed its contents; the students then claimed they had found evidence of a plot against them and disclaimed any feelings of guilt for either their theft or invasion of privacy. A leading young faculty activist, Acting Assistant Professor Reginald Zelnik, wrote in candid indignation: "Searle has been reviled and called a 'liar,' his personal files have been rifled, and all this without a word of protest from our 'student leaders.'" He complained that "there has been a serious degeneration within the Berkeley student movement recently, that the standards of last year's movement are not being upheld, and that some students have vastly exaggerated certain deficiencies which exist in our campus rules governing activity." He objected to the students' comparing their situation on campus with that "of oppressed Negroes in Mississippi"; their doing so, he wrote, was "an insult to the intelligence of our student body . . . and a cheap attempt to exploit anti-racist sentiment by turning it into a situation where it is totally irrelevant." Such epithets as "liar" and "paranoiac" were, however, among the milder terms of the language of the New Left. When students of the Peace Rights Organizing Committee invaded the chancellor's office and were met by the affable vice-chancellor, Earl Cheit, they performed with gusto for the television cameras. They characterized the vice-chancellor to his face in vulgar terms; a gentler student interceded and said that maybe the vice-chancellor *was* a "son of a bitch," but they shouldn't say so.

The faculty activists, distressed by these developments, tried to explain them with a "two-stage" theory of the "movement." Last year, they said, it was noble and high-minded and was protesting real wrongs; this year, on the other hand, it was ignoble, low-minded, and seeking conflict for its own sake. This "two-stage" theory had little objective evidence to support it. Every student tactic this year had its counterpart last year, and if anything, the student leaders could claim with some force that this year they were "betrayed" by their closest faculty friends and hoodwinked by the administration.

The administration's policy of ambiguity, for all its advantages, was bound to involve it in a loss of moral stature among student activists. The special assistant spoke to the students in one way; the chancellor said the opposite to professors. Searle unqualifiedly assured students that the chancellor "fully" accepted "December 8th"; in practice, however, as well as in conversations, Chancellor Heyns professed otherwise. Conflict and misunderstanding were bound to evolve. The issue of the non-students became a locus for recriminations of bad faith. The students state in one of their leaflets (and their account was not challenged):

"He [Searle] said he was aware of how important and useful non-students could be to student organizations. He would prefer it if the rules permitted non-students to sit at tables. But Don Mulford [the local Republican state assemblyman] and his sort were paranoiac about 'outside agitators,' so non-students would have to be excluded — *on paper*. Actually, he assured us, the Administration would be happy to wink at any violations. 'You can trust me,' he said. Some of the students believed they could, and others were too polite to say they couldn't. And so the gentlemen's agreement held — until the end of February when the Chancellor decided that the time had come to show who was boss."

WHAT made the issue of the non-students momentous was the university's invitation to United Nations Ambassador Arthur Goldberg to deliver an address on Charter Day, March 25, and receive an honorary degree. Here, in the minds of the student leaders, was their greatest challenge and opportunity, more important than their parades and demonstrations through the streets of Berkeley and Oakland.

This was no skirmish with local policemen; this was a chance, as the most extreme activists saw it, to insult the spokesman for American foreign policy publicly. Berkeley, they hoped, would lead the way for the student movement to stand publicly with the Viet Cong. "To let Chancellor Heyns cripple student political activity at this moment would be more than a counter-revolution in campus politics; it could easily be an event with international consequences," wrote these student leaders. The Berkeley student movement had brought the university to a "grinding halt" last year; could it now pioneer in a counterpart technique which might bring the government of the United States into discredit and defeat?: "The ferment on this campus is unsettling not only for the Regents and the Governor, but for the President of the United States as well."

Several faculty activists spoke to the students on the Plaza at a meeting two days before the ambassador's address. Challenged by the student militants to lead a walkout from the Charter Day ceremony, the faculty activists talked about their disenchantment with the student movement, its lying leaflets and dishonesty. The students replied that to be parliamentary when the United States was engaged in "genocide" was immoral.

There was no Mario Savio present this time to stir the studentry to bring the machine to a grinding halt, nor was there a Joan Baez to sing the volunteers on to starry-eyed disobedience. So the student assemblage voted for a simple walkout,

preceded by a display of protest signs, rather than for the physical disruption of the entire ceremony. Waves of multicolored protest signs, held high above the audience, greeted the ambassador as he rose to speak; they conferred their own dishonorary degree, "Doctor of War." Later several hundred students halted the proceedings for a few minutes as they filed to the aisles in secession. Afterward, a "confrontation" was arranged at the gymnasium between the ambassador and the director of the Center for Chinese Studies. Extremist student and non-student leaders later bitterly regretted that they had lost their opportunity to place their veto on the granting of the degree to Arthur Goldberg.

Moral ambiguity thus had had its costs as well as achievements. Major "confrontations" were avoided, and many persons were thankful that Chancellor Heyns had shown himself capable of outmaneuvering the student activists. Yet the plain fact was that freedom of speech in a meaningful sense had virtually vanished from the university, and the administration, despite all its brave phrases, continued to be cowed by several hundred student activists. Above all, no university administration can afford in the long run to acquire a reputation as Machiavellian. This, however, was precisely what was happening in Berkeley.

THE concept of the university as a bastion for non-student "guerrilla warfare" against society was bound to provoke a defensive response on the community's part. In January, 1966, Chancellor Roger Heyns became probably the first university head in America to be taken to task by a county grand jury for condoning "the deliberate violation of criminal laws" on the campus. The Alameda jury charged that the Berkeley campus had become the "primary base" for violations of the law, and "a staging area for unlawful off-campus activities such as the attempts to interfere with the passage of troop trains through Berkeley and Emeryville in August, 1965." It cited thirty-four specific instances of such use of the university's facilities. The chancellor replied with a statement which capacious newspapermen decried for its characteristic ambiguity: "The laws of the state and our rules cover the use of university facilities. . . . I know of no illegal use of our facilities, and President Kerr and I have requested law enforcement agencies to act if such illegal use occurs."

An incident in May toward the year's end indicated the extent to which suspicion and mistrust had become the norm in the Berkeley community. John Leggett, acting assistant professor of sociology, burst in one evening on his office in Barrows Hall and found the veteran janitor holding some papers in his hand. At once there were charges

and innuendos: was the janitor a spy or agent for the chancellor? The aggrieved professor, a militant New Leftist, summoned the police to arrest the proletarian. The next day he enlisted the aid of his distinguished colleague, Professor Franz Schurmann, the director of the Center for Chinese Studies, and both proceeded to the district attorney's office. The following dialogue was reported verbatim in the non-student press:

Director of Chinese Center: "What is the legal status of an office used by a faculty member? Can it be assumed that my office is my private domain?"

Assistant District Attorney: "From a legal standpoint, you, as an employee of the university, have no property rights to a room that the university has been good enough to assign for your use. . . ."

Assistant Professor: "What about illegal trespass? Obviously the janitor was not conducting janitorial service. He was reading my files."

Assistant District Attorney: "I don't feel he was guilty of illegal trespass. A janitor is a kind of inspector who has the privilege of travelling about through the building as he sees fit."

Director of Chinese Center: "When a state is totalitarian, the state uses janitors to spy upon professors."

Such was the bizarre comedy played concerning the inquisitive old janitor, Mr. Riley. Almost all of us have had the experience of finding the clean-up men occasionally curious about the papers they pick up on desks. They take it for granted that if the document is secret, the professor will put it in his locked file. Poor Mr. Riley never tried to hide the fact that he had chanced to pick up a paper. Suddenly he was transplanted by the militant acting assistant professor and the director of the Chinese Center into a world of international intrigue. Alternately he was the chancellor's spy, an agent for the Central Intelligence Agency, a bondsman of James Bond, and finally a "fall guy" for unnamed sinister powers. Nobody stopped to think that he was Floyd Riley, janitor in Barrows Hall, the center of social sciences in the United States, where professorial backbiting is now elevated into higher domains of ideological skullduggery, and where a sane janitor wonders what sort of institution it is whose floors he is sweeping.

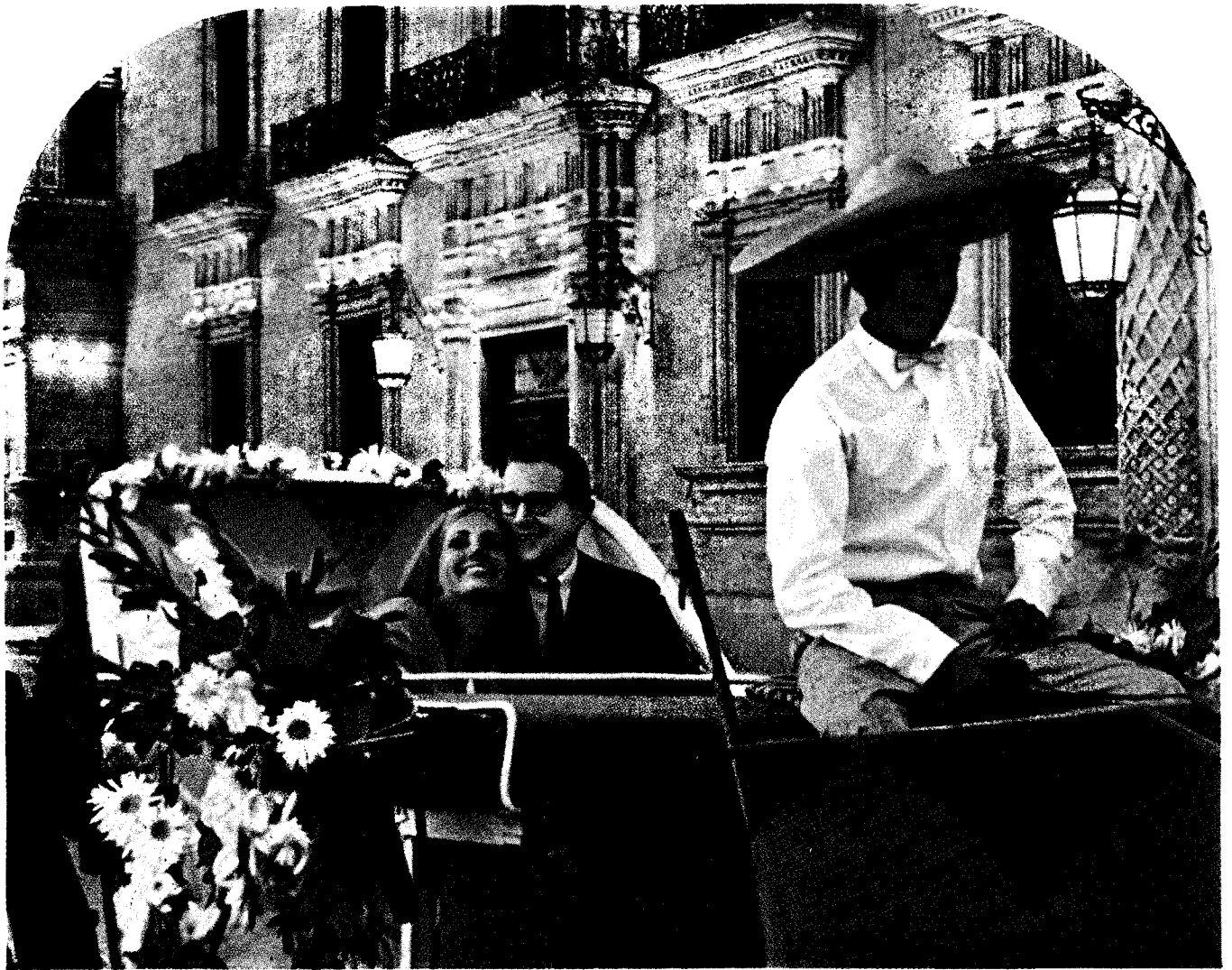
WHAT meanwhile has happened to the whole concept of freedom of speech on the Berkeley campus? Freedom of discussion presupposes that the chief sides in any national debate will be represented. In Berkeley, the supporters of President Johnson's foreign policy are, in effect, denied a forum on the Berkeley campus. The New Left has made it nearly impossible for the national

Administration's standpoint to be presented to Berkeley students. This was the effect of the last genuine debate which took place in Berkeley in May, 1965, at which Professor Robert Scalapino and William Bundy defended the Administration policy in Vietnam against two critics. Although the critics were listened to courteously by Administration supporters, Scalapino and Bundy were almost shouted down. Some activist leaders have defended the one-sidedness of the "free discussion." The time, they say, for equal discussion of all sides is over; now is the time for action, and discussion should be confined at Berkeley to alternative ways of stopping the war machine.

The University Plaza itself became dominated by the non-students. They came on behalf of a variety of causes and movements. Their finest persons were the representatives of the striking farm workers from Delano, telling of their efforts to build a union. At the other extreme were the proponents of "undiluted orgyism," the new "ideological sexuality" which is preached and practiced in Berkeley by the lunatic fringe of the second power. The non-students' principal publication, *Berkeley Barb*, described this development: "Berkeley is fast becoming the great experimental 'freedom lab' for the whole country and the world! In Berkeley, amidst all the other forms of rebellion afoot, there is very much a sexual rebellion in the making also. The rebellion here spoken of is not mere 'shacking'. . . . What is here being referred to as betokening a greater rebellion in Berkeley is the incidental rise of sheer, undiluted orgy-ism." The chief of the "orgiastic rebellion" spoke at a Sproul Hall noonday rally to secure recruits for their next session. One could scarcely believe that the faculty majority on December 8 had intended what was taking place in its name.

The administration and faculty representatives on the rules committee have begun to try to move the noonday rallies from the Sproul Steps to the less central Lower Plaza. The student activists, however, are prepared to defend their hold on Sproul Steps. To them it has an immense symbolic significance. It signifies a standing threat to re-occupy Sproul Hall. "These are the Mario Savio Steps," they say, "the steps for which we laid our bodies on the line." At one public meeting of the rules committee several hundred of them hooted and hissed a professor of political science, Herbert McClosky, who last year had vigorously supported them. Now he found their rallies ridiculous and regretted that he had lost several weeks of his research time on this "silly business." At these words, the hooting and hissing became a grandiloquent reproach. Where were the tribunes of December 8? asked the student activists.

Thus the "freedom of speech" which emerged in



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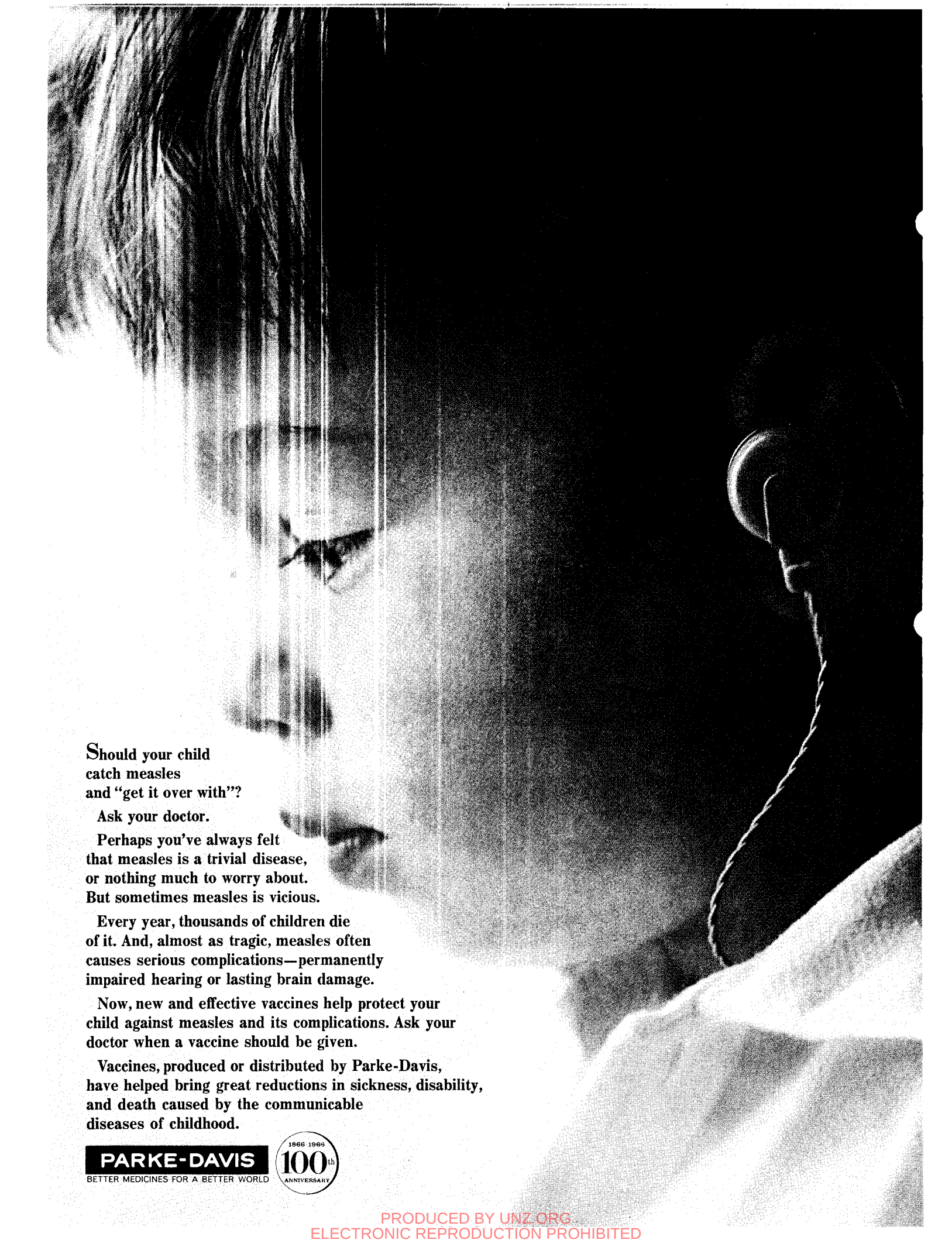
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Berkeley during this past year was unilateral, a freedom for the New Left which the latter was prepared to deny to others. The chief ideologist on the campus, Stephen Weissman, told John Searle bluntly at a public meeting that they even reserved the right to advocate sending "storm troopers" into the classrooms to disrupt them, that their first loyalty was to the "Movement," and that the university in their eyes was not a community but a field for conflict. So enfeebled had the meaning of liberal democratic values become among student activists that the audience passively acquiesced to a kinship with Nazi storm troopers. Indeed, the first day of the spring semester began precisely with an organized attempt to disrupt the large social science course by forcing the professor in charge, Nathan Glazer, into a "confrontation" on Vietnam; when he refused, the principal disrupters, an outside graduate student and a teaching assistant, called excitedly for a walkout. Political dialogue on the Berkeley campus tended to become one between factions of the New Left.

The aftermath of the Charter Day walkout left the university authorities exhausted. Its advisers said among themselves they would hesitate long before they proposed inviting another national Administration spokesman to the Berkeley campus. To be sure, the ever-effervescent John Searle stated to the press, "We clobbered them," an ill-considered remark, since, after all, he owed his administrative appointment to the activists' alleged confidence in him, as the chancellor said. The "clobbered" V.D.C. that evening was symbolically and actually befouling the university gymnasium in its own victory celebration. The lesson of Year One was all too clear. When teachers abandon their responsibilities, they become false teachers and sow confusion in their students' lives. Freedom of speech, freedom of debate have never been at a lower estate in any major American university in the last generation.

The studentry itself, however, has finally begun to take an initiative which may strengthen the administration's will. It rejected by a decisive vote the new constitution which an activist-dominated constitutional convention had proposed, and rescued the administration from the anxieties of another "confrontation" with a New Left student government. But the moderate liberal studentry, generally busy with their studies, was without leadership and lacked an auxiliary corps of full-time, non-student activists.

WHAT did the Berkeley uprising contribute to the improvement of education at the university? The so-called Educational Reform failed to impress

the alienated student activists, who looked for inspiration principally to the writer Paul Goodman. They interpreted the much heralded Muscatine Report as a "power-play" on the part of one faction of the professors. Many moderate students were pleased and guardedly hopeful. But the overwhelming majority of the Berkeley faculty seemed unmoved by the committee's report and regarded with indifference its proposals for more concern with teaching, for one course a quarter on a "pass or fail" basis, and its gesture for smaller sections. Attendance at faculty meetings to discuss Educational Reform dwindled to record lows; at the meeting of the Academic Senate on May 5 which voted down one proposal, 89 persons were present to vote out of a faculty of more than 1500. At a similar meeting on May 10 of the College of Letters and Science, 37 members of a faculty of 900 were present.

Yet one of the proposals of the Educational Reform was, on the face of it, a striking one. Since the Reform committee could not agree on any common philosophy of education, it borrowed a leaf from the multiversity: it proposed to set up a Board of Educational Development which was charged to keep proposing and underwriting daring new experiments in higher education. It was as if a Great Bureaucratic State boldly authorized a Ministry of Revolution and Subversion. The multiversity's way of dealing with Reform is to institutionalize it, and the committee, lacking any basic plan for dealing with the multiversity, characteristically relapsed into its ways of thinking.

The one educational experiment which was begun under the immediate impact of the student uprising was after one short year close to foundering. Its director, Professor Joseph Tussman, chairman of the department of philosophy, was remembered as the professor who at a hectic Plaza meeting in December, 1964, told the massed students that they now had all the power. He was made director of a two-year "experimental college" which was modeled on the venture of Alexander Meiklejohn at Wisconsin more than thirty years ago. Perhaps because it lacked the teaching genius of a Meiklejohn to give it meaning, this latest quest for an educational utopia, to which so many students had attached a touching faith and hope, was by spring in a sorry pass. The director complained that his teaching assistants were "grooving with the students," and not acting as "islands of tranquillity and non-hysteria." He added: "In a very real sense the problem is one of authority. I find myself pushed more and more into a role that is generally described as authoritarian — and that's okay. I accept that." This was indeed a time of transition for many Berkeley professors; from libertarianism to authoritarianism in one short year.

Was the student uprising the harbinger, as so many persons hoped, of a higher student ethic? The facts provide a melancholy refutation. The aftermath of the student uprising brought to the city of Berkeley a period of unprecedented crime. According to the annual police report, almost half the persons arrested in Berkeley during 1965 were students. Close to 3000 students of all sorts and schools were arrested in the year which followed the Student Uprising of 1964. In a five-year period, burglaries had increased from 147 to 1164, and thefts from 305 to 664. While the city as a whole during the past year sustained an 11 percent increase in crime, the increase in the campus area was 39 percent. The chief of police reported that the most dramatic upsurge in crime took place at the end of 1964 — that is, at the height of the student uprising.

Apart from all statistics and their possible inaccuracies and misreadings, what was most disquieting was that some segments of the New Left proclaimed their readiness to prey on the System. A cult of thievery was flourishing. The Maoist group was most vociferous of all in boasting about its achievements in shoplifting, but others shared its dishonor. This cult of dishonesty has been developing gradually in Berkeley. Three years ago the head of the New Left student party, Slate, was found guilty of stealing from a bookstore; his defense was to blame it on the System. The non-student founder of the obsenitarian movement was also arrested for shoplifting. Guerrilla warfare was waged against small storekeepers, aged landladies, the university's grading system, and selective service.

The faculty and the students in Berkeley have within one year shown changes in their ranks which, if they persist, must affect in the long run the university's character. A process of political selection has gotten under way. Several of the leading moderates and liberals have resigned from the University at Berkeley — most notably, Seymour Lipset, director of the Institute for International Studies, Dwight Waldo, director of the Institute for Governmental Studies, and Paul Seabury, a former national officer of Americans for Democratic Action. According to a study in progress, the number of tenured professors leaving Berkeley has trebled during this time of troubles, with more than thirty resigning this year.

The applications for undergraduate admission for the fall of 1966 had dropped by more than 20 percent, it was announced in February. Whereas 5048 had applied by January 7 of the previous year, only 3672 had applied during the present year. Second and third choices would later raise the number, but the initial decrease was striking. Reports from various departments indicated too that the better graduate students were declining to

come to the university. Berkeley has entered upon a process of ideological and moral self-differentiation. It may become a university whose tone will be set by students and teachers of the New Left.

Indeed, much of the Berkeley faculty itself is imbued with an ethos of generational revolt. More than any other in the United States it lacked the stabilizing force of tradition, probably because it was largely the product of an academic gold rush. As the university in the last decade burgeoned in size, with new departments, new centers, and new institutes, there came forward a whole new academic generation, shaped in the post-World War II period, with values which reflected that age of mobility and achievable wealth. The new university was virtually ahistorical, with few roots in the past; in the social sciences especially there was no sense of a continuity with the work of predecessors. Departments were riven by severe conflicts of generations, of personalities and politics — certainly nothing new in academic life. But perhaps only on a campus which had lost sight of scholarly dignity, honor, and courtesy could these episodes of ugly competitiveness and naked hostility have resounded so shockingly.

Berkeley, indeed, is the first "political university" in the United States. This is a development of the highest significance. For the first time the intellectual class of the United States is undertaking to enter politics directly, and to offer to the electorate, through the agency of faculty-student activists, something akin to an Intellectuals' Party. During the spring of 1966 in Berkeley, almost all faculty-student activism converged around the candidacy in the Democratic congressional primary of Robert Scheer, who, running on a platform of militant opposition to the Vietnam war, nearly defeated the liberal incumbent; he carried Berkeley by 14,625 votes to 12,165, but lost in the district as a whole, receiving 28,751 votes against the victor's 35,270. Robert Scheer is a typical product of the Berkeley student movement. In 1961, while a graduate student in economics, he was an editor and founder of a magazine of the New Left, *Root and Branch*. "The college left," he wrote at that time in a vocabulary which had ugly connotations, "consists of a few thousand cultural freaks. Its membership is weighted heavily to New York Jews, children of older generation radicals, and Bohemians. For reasons of culture, personality, or choice, they are generally impervious to the normal rewards and concerns of American society." Because the intellectuals were alienated from society, he wrote, they clung to the university — "the University is 'home'; this is the world we understand, and the other one frightens the hell out of us."

Scheer was pro-Castro, anti-John Kennedy, and mildly pornopolitical. His studies came to grief.

He grew a shaggy, Castro-like beard, and went to work as a salesman for the famed literary center, City Lights Bookshop, in San Francisco. Subsequently, the System, through the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, published a paper by him on Vietnam. He spoke at teach-ins, and according to V.D.C. spokesmen, during the mass demonstration in the Berkeley streets on the night of October 15 supported the breaching of the Oakland police formation. He had been using for some time the rhetoric of a seizure of power by the Oakland poor. Then he became a candidate for Congress. He trimmed his beard so that he looked like a New England whaling captain, and began to wear a bourgeois jacket, as befitted a well-groomed congressional candidate. Student and faculty activists gave time and money to the Scheer campaign. They availed themselves of all techniques, from exhaustive precinct work to demagoguery and sexagogy. One day they brought a leading San Francisco go-go dancer to the Lower Plaza to lure the students into politics. She danced for the multitude, but embarrassed her sponsors by telling a reporter that she didn't know who Robert Scheer was.

The New Intellectual class in Berkeley is feeling its way toward a technique for exerting political power through a variety of devices — stopping troop trains, massive demonstrations open-ended toward illegality, and the more staid political primaries. And, of course, the university is in the strange position of being the “staging area” for all these actions. Two demonstrations, of October 15 and November 20, though in large part composed of non-students, assembled and marched from the university grounds. Public criticism indeed moved the chancellor to an agreement with the Berkeley authorities that he would henceforth deny the university grounds to illegal parades. This constituted a welcome departure from the unrestricted Faculty Resolution of December 8. The faculty counterposed no objection. The administration, however, never undertook a straightforward discussion with the students of the inadequacies of December 8. Rather, it rendered a continuing obeisance to the resolution, thereby always providing a basis for students' charges of “bad faith.”

A great institution like Berkeley has, however, tremendous resources for recovery of integrity. It is likely that the moderate studentry will eventually assert itself and terminate the hegemony of the non-students on Sproul Plaza. The non-students themselves are an unpredictable segment; Berkeley might cease to be the fashion, and the guerrilla warriors would go elsewhere. Yet meanwhile the possibility remains of troubled days. The virus of violence is strong in Berkeley; in the spring the headquarters of the V.D.C. near the

university was bombed and shattered beyond repair. To be sure, the V.D.C. itself included many who advocated or justified the rise of terrorism. But it was remarkable how little concern was shown by the Berkeley community.

In the last reckoning the problem of Berkeley is the problem of the American intellectual class itself, its sudden power, affluence, influence, and immaturity. Here was the largest aggregation of intellectual force in the United States, yet its dealings with basic political issues were often deflected by a congeries of slogans, fantasies, rancors. A whole group of vaguely conformist leftists were now enjoying a vicarious ideological fling in the form of the New Student Left. A cult of youth swept over faculty activists; somehow youth's idealism must have history on its side, even if it went wrong in particular instances. One could not help remembering that German professors in the nineteen thirties had apologized for their Nazi students in precisely this way, with precisely this faith in the redeeming sincerity of youth. One also remembered the American fellow-traveling professors of the thirties who had underwritten the idealistic Communist commitment of their students; the Berkeley Faculty Activists were their living replicas, using the same words, expressions, and arguments. Many professors were particularly affected by accusations of hypocritical inactivism, especially when such charges came from their students. The intellectual is as susceptible to fashions as any other part of the community, and intellectual fashions are insidious in a way others are not. To fall behind the vanguard is a kind of spiritual death for the intellectual. Thus the old men and the middle-aged men in Berkeley were curiously adrift, and failed to supply that balancing principle, that measure of experience, which was the duty of their years.

In this sense, the problem of Berkeley is the problem of the American intellectual class. As it grows in power and numbers, wooed alike by the government, foundations, the publishing world, industry, and the universities, it demands for itself the privileges and prerogatives of a third chamber of government. It demands that governmental officials be especially accountable to it as the guardians of intellect and knowledge. Yet it has scarcely shown itself to possess the character which its pretensions would require.

The twentieth century has shown how the intellectual class can become a primary force for an assault on democratic institutions, and we may yet witness this phenomenon in America disguised under such slogans as “participatory democracy.” Bernard Shaw remarks that the most tragic thing in the world is a man of genius who is not also a man of character. This in a sense has been the collective tragedy of Berkeley.



FOR GARDEN COUNTRY: *Rally on the Right*

by Judith Rascoe

This study of the right wing in caucus assembled was prepared for the ATLANTIC by a twenty-five-year-old Ph.D. candidate in Harvard's department of English literature. Miss Rascoe, who graduated from Stanford University in 1962, studied and taught for two years in England under a Fulbright grant.

ONE weekend this summer, while my friends and neighbors evacuated to the hills and beaches, I stayed in Boston and voluntarily attended the fourth New England Rally for God, Family & Country. My best defense is that the Statler Hilton, where the rally was held, was air-conditioned, and my apartment was not. For five dollars I got an awful lot of air conditioning.

Like most people, I have at times worried that my country (or my God, or my family, for that matter) may be getting worse. The signs of decadence are easily found: the popular music isn't as good as it was when I was sixteen, and the beaches are overcrowded, and the new dimes look funny. I have to pay a lot of money to people I don't even know in Washington in order to pay for more and more expensive military gadgets. Normally I believe that these and allied problems (like what do they mean by a national debt, and is any coming to me?) are incomprehensible or insoluble or both, and I believe I'm paying those people in Washington to study a lot of very boring information on potato acreage and Vietnamese fuel depots and to act on this information rather than on what they overheard in the bus yesterday. In the likely event that I discover I know more than they do, I write them an informative letter and trust to their willingness to learn.

However, now and again I want to know The Truth. I want to Do Something About It. Some-

times, in such moods, I work out my horoscope from those little numbers in the newspaper. This time I went to a Patriotic Rally.

I heard about the rally on the radio, and decided that it might be informative to spend the weekend with people Who Know What's Wrong With the Country. After telephoning several places that professed never to have heard of the Garden Country and Rally, as they chose to interpret it, I finally got the name of the hotel; the hotel in turn put my call through to the rally ticket booth. A friendly lady at the ticket booth told me in detail about every event and speaker on the program. I decided to go ahead anyway.

On Friday evening I took the subway into Boston to buy my ticket and attend the Informal Reception which was to start the whole thing off. I paid my five dollars and received a card, with my name and address, in a plastic holder. I pinned this on and followed the signs downstairs to the Bay State Room, where a small crowd, looking like the congregation of a prosperous Baptist Church in Des Moines, was milling about a bowl of fruit punch and a table covered with plates of cheese balls, biscuits, and sweetmeats. Rows of empty chairs filled three quarters of the room, facing a speakers' podium and an American flag.

We were still reading each other's name tags when the lights flickered purposefully; we took our places in the rows of chairs. A lady folk singer

wearing a squaw dress and a serious expression sang a song called "Sing Out for Freedom." The audience settled. She then sang "God Bless America," twice, and this time we all joined in with comfortable fervor. Then Colonel Laurence Eliot Bunker, chairman of the rally, former aide-de-camp to Douglas MacArthur, and a man prominent in anti-fluoridation circles, asked us to rise for the pledge of allegiance. We rose, we pledged, we sat down. Colonel Bunker then told those of us unwilling or unable to read our programs what events were going to occur; he stressed the particular importance of the Saturday morning seminar on Law Enforcement — a major theme of the rally was to be the drive to Support Our Local Police (the first line of defense against Communist violence).

Colonel Bunker was succeeded by Anna McKinney, a grandmotherly little woman with fierce black eyebrows and abundant white hair. If I had any suspicions that the John Birch Society or Christian Crusade was sponsoring the rally, she readily dispelled them: as she explained matters, the Rally Committee was only an organization for organizing the rally. The fifty-odd exhibitors (which included the John Birch Society, Christian Crusade, Friends of Rhodesia, and To Restore American Independence Now) paid nothing for the space their booths occupied. The speakers received only plane fare and hotel expenses. The rally would provide baby-sitting, with patriotic movies, for only two dollars a day. In short, we were all invited to donate what we could. In past years, she said, Colonel Bunker had made up the deficit. We applauded thankfully. One man stood up and gestured for us all to stand up; we did so and applauded Colonel Bunker some more. When we subsided, Mrs. McKinney went on to tell us more about the importance of the rally. I learned that Communists are running wild in the streets and that Colonel Bunker's birthday is June 27 (for the astrologers in the audience). After the reception I went home, went to bed, mercifully overslept the next morning, and then dashed back to the Statler.

WHEN I arrived, shortly after lunch on Saturday, the rally was in full swing. From the lobby I could look up at the mezzanine balcony and see an expanded version of the Friday night crowd, still milling; the babble of voices and an elegant recorded version of "God Bless America" descended, like a flock of pigeons, on the helpless heads of the hotel's regular guests, the bellboys, and the policemen who guarded the stairs leading upward. I ascended, and because there was an

hour to go before the afternoon's first speech, I headed toward the exhibit booths, where I found innumerable opportunities to learn The Truth and Do Something About It. I could collect armloads of pamphlets, mimeographed flyers, reprints, sample copies, and newsletters: these would help me recognize a crypto-Communist ("Has he been responsible for the dismissal, undermining, removal, or expulsion of known anti-Communists from important positions of responsibility in government or elsewhere?"); draft a letter to my senator ("avoid several common mistakes such as those contained in the following paragraph: 'Dear Mr. . . . You do not deserve to be called "Honorable," in my estimation. If I were one of your constituents, I would work for your defeat in the next election'"); and get national publicity ("An opportunity exists for us to spread the Liberty Amendment message to 3½ million people. It can be done simply by persuading PLAYBOY MAGAZINE to interview Liberty Amendment National Chairman Willis E. Stone. Playboy's interviews . . . are noted for their fairness and interesting style — so regardless of what one may think of PLAYBOY as a magazine, one must admit that the opportunity to spread our message to so many people cannot be passed up. If everyone who reads this NEWSLETTER will write to PLAYBOY . . ."). (*Sic*, all the way.)

I could do my part by buying books, filmstrips, gilded birch leaves, handsomely mounted color photographs of Robert Welch, stamped envelopes ("Register Communists Not Firearms"), and buttons ("Wallace for President in 1968" — George Wallace, not Henry — and "Save Our Republic — Impeach Earl Warren"). I could sign petitions urging the President to support Friendly Little Rhodesia or investigate the Civil Rights Fraud. I could also walk on a United Nations flag, thoughtfully placed in the aisle for that purpose.

AFTER a half hour or so of booth-hopping and friendly nodding, I decided that virtually every man, woman, and child, inside the booths or walking past, already belonged to one of those organizations. It may have been that they had come with the unspoken hope of being able to proselytize; but they arrived, and discovered only one another. They rapidly adapted to the situation by proselytizing one another. (This served the secondary function of allowing them to check one another's orthodoxy and find out about new Conspiracies.) In this situation, I wasn't a very interesting proselytee: they realized at once that I didn't even know about the old Conspiracies. I

decided to put on my press badge. After that, people were more talkative, and a forlorn hope of getting The Truth into some corner of the national media alternated with the resigned conviction that I wouldn't be allowed to print it. "We are getting a fairer press all the time," said a John Birch coordinator.

Therefore, I feel I have a sacred trust not to describe in too much detail the speeches that I heard. I heard a great many of them, and many — if not all — of the speakers themselves referred to the perfidious behavior of the press. In fact, there was a whole session on the topic "Black Out on Communications." It was preceded by a number of spontaneous denunciations of the great mass media, and by the time the session started, the members of the press were crouching in their chairs and showing the whites of their eyes. In the midst of this session, one of the speakers cried, "Let's get the press!" There was a roar of approval from the audience. It was suggested that everybody buy a share of stock in CBS. One man told how he had joined a group that made selective investments and today controlled several millions of dollars' worth of business "with an interesting advertising budget." The press and the audience subsided.

Another reason for not describing the speeches in detail is that many of them are available in print. A stem-winding sermon by Reverend Cecil Todd called "Blue Print for Slavery" can be obtained by sending one dollar to *Revival Fires* in Joplin, Missouri — and that dollar will obtain twenty-three other "Revival Flavored Sermons," including "Garbage Can Religion" and "The Devil's Pitchfork." The last speech of the rally, an address by Ezra Taft Benson called "Stand Up and Be Counted," can be found in the December, 1964, issue of *American Opinion*. In fact, almost everything I heard at the rally can be found somewhere in *American Opinion*: the inside story on the Bilderberger Conspiracy, for instance, or the Communist plot behind the Great Blackout. When I discovered this, after the rally, I decided that the warm audience response to such familiar material could have only three explanations: a) not many people there read the magazine (but if they don't, I can't imagine who does), or b) they wanted to impress any stray observers with the thrilling nature of these truths, or c) there was just a lot of that old revival spirit, the kind that can't hear those familiar gospel words too often.

These objections notwithstanding, I should like to pass on a few remarks of general interest. It may add to their effect if I describe the circumstances of their delivery: imagine a large ballroom (which is called the Grand Ballroom) decorated with ornate and gilded white plaster. Along two

sides ran galleries, draped in bunting (upside down, one of the speakers noticed — we were flying the French colors rather than the American. This made a lot of people nervous because it meant *somebody* knew more about flag etiquette than they did and had been able to detect this); at one end, a large stage, curtained in gold, flanked by outsize potted palms, and set with podium and attendant tables. In the galleries on one side the Rally Committee relentlessly taped the proceedings; in the galleries on the other side, television crews appeared sporadically, hoping for photogenic moments. On the floor an audience of perhaps seven hundred people, depending more or less on the speaker, sat with exemplary good posture, neatly but not gaudily dressed, their laps full of pamphlets. Ashtrays were liberally provided, but not liberally used. There was lots of legroom for standing ovations. Most of the time it was impossible to imagine that audience surging up the stairs to "get" the press.

One of the most exciting speakers was Professor Revilo P. Oliver of the University of Illinois; he was, in fact, so dynamic that two or three people approached me afterward to say that they hadn't agreed with many things Professor Oliver had said. However, when other speakers or moderators mentioned him, they spoke of him with evident enthusiasm, and I wouldn't let myself be taken in by a few malcontents. His topic was "Conspiracy and Degeneracy," and he revealed that "educators compel . . . students to share rooms with Asiatics, with Negroes, with known sexual perverts, and with narcotics addicts. . . ." The narcotics themselves come from subversive sources: heroin comes from Red China and Red Cuba, and LSD "is imported from Israel." A scholarly man, he condemned on the one hand those who try to make a single Conspiracy the explanation for the whole declining history of the West, but argued on the other hand the vital importance of a series of Conspiracies in shaping history. Conspiracies alone cannot of course explain our decline; he called on biology: racial distinctions preceded humanity itself, and "despite the limitations imposed on science by liberal intellectuals and the like — all evidence indicates that physical traits and probably intelligence and moral instincts are unalterably hereditary. . . . All men are created unequal and there is nothing we can do about that." Dr. Oliver, who resembles Adam Clayton Powell, received a standing ovation, cheers, whistles, and popping flashbulbs as he removed his glasses and bowed. The ovation went on, and the television cameras panned eagerly over the audience. (He was also, I should note, perhaps the first intellectual to propose the theory that Kennedy had been assassinated because he

had not been keeping up the timetable of his Communist masters.)

Now, it is important not to misinterpret some of the more careful statements that were made. For instance, if I were to say that a man got up and proposed a solution to the war in Vietnam that involved cutting a corridor 130 miles long and 25 miles wide across that country, leveling the surrounding jungle with low-yield atomic weapons (applause), withdrawing American troops, and inviting the nations of Asia to man that corridor with a half million Oriental soldiers — well, one might interpret this to mean that that man is crazy. This would be an error. That man is Clyde Watts, Brigadier General USAR (ret.), and further, he is a lawyer for General Edwin A. Walker, who made a name for himself not only abroad but in Mississippi as well.

A former dean of the Notre Dame School of Law proposed a solution to the problem of the Supreme Court: Congress, he said, under Article III of the Constitution, has the right to limit the appellate jurisdiction of that court. Congress should limit that jurisdiction in such a way as to prevent the Supreme Court from having appellate jurisdiction in any matters involving constitutional questions.

And a lady from Mississippi told us what her cook told her — and her cook is an honest woman — that “they” have been telling the colored people to breed as fast as they can, in order to be ready to take over the country. If by this time any reader cannot guess who “they” are, that reader is either a very happy and productive person or in imminent danger from the Mental Health Conspiracy.

No, I speak hastily. There is a healthy difference of opinion, in fact, about who “they” are. The majority of men, women, and children attending that rally could have told you that “they” are the omniscient, omnipresent, and diabolically cunning members of the International Communist Conspiracy. However, a group called Cinema Educational Guild managed to distribute copies of their pamphlet “Documentations: Of UN Plots for Take-Over of U.S.,” which shows that the Communists have been, in fact, bankrolled by the Internationalists’ Great Conspiracy, otherwise known as Kuhn, Loeb & Company or Rothschild. This same group also dissents on the question of Ronald Reagan’s qualifications for office in California, and points out that Reagan has a very suspicious comsymp past. Contrary to popular opinion, there is room for disagreement on the Right.

I came away from the rally with one item which

I think should certainly receive some attention. I was, perhaps by accident, given a list of 264 persons who are for Pornography, Narcotics, and Subversion of Youth. I must admit I know very little about the source; I found this remarkable list in a publication called *Liberty Letter*, the bulletin of Liberty Lobby (get the government out of business and abolish the Income Tax). Inside *Liberty Letter* there is a Tabulation of Ballots on important public issues, a balloting by Liberty Lobby’s Board of Policy (which apparently consists of all paid-up L.L. members). Five hundred and fifty ballots were cast for Foreign Aid; ten thousand five hundred and seventy-nine against. Eleven thousand one hundred and twenty-eight ballots were cast for Free Enterprise; one against. Ten thousand eight hundred and sixty-five ballots were cast against Pornography, Narcotics, and Subversion of Youth — which made me feel better about the whole thing. But if one is still concerned about those 264 — well, the editor says that “in most cases, where votes were cast in opposition to the majority, valid arguments were presented explaining the positions.”

The speeches and continuous film showings and exhibits went on from midmorning to ten thirty or so at night on Saturday and Sunday, and from Monday morning until five o’clock Monday afternoon. On Monday morning a young man gave a talk on how we could become as effective as the speakers we had heard; on Monday afternoon a lady recapitulated all the speeches and discussions in case we had missed any. The only succinct description of the effect of three days of this I can think of would be to compare it to spending a weekend in a pressure cooker wired for sound. By the time I left I was reasonably convinced that the rally itself was the *pièce de résistance* of the International Communist Conspiracy; certainly no other event, except perhaps Easter at Forest Lawn, had ever left me so repelled and bewildered by certain curious capacities of the American imagination. Yet these were clean, healthy, and for the most part exceptionally polite people; they found chairs and ashtrays for me, answered questions at length, and even offered me a free ticket to the Monday evening gala — dinner, dancing, and Robert Welch himself to introduce the guest of honor. I had toyed with the idea of going until, during one session, the speaker exclaimed: “Aid to those now on the Supreme Court who are aiding Communism is *Treason!*” And at the word, the audience rose and broke like a bubble on a boiling pot, applauding wildly. They hated the Supreme Court and its fussy restrictions, and they wanted that word. And Treason, fellow Americans, is a hanging offense.

IOWA POETS

Few campus writing programs in America rival the Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa, where Paul Engle has for many years presided over a rich seedbed of prizewinning poets and novelists. The ATLANTIC has selected from among the current crop of Iowa poets three young men whose work gives special promise of distinction. James Tate has just won the competition for the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

DISMANTLING A RHINE BARGE

BY TYNER WHITE

The sun has not cleared the bluffs, and the watchers
include himself, you, me, and numerous others.

They are removing the fore frigate gatchet.
I see two others arriving who must have passed you
before, making twenty to watch it.

They are removing the hatch stud stanchion.
The road was black with many who would accost you
to demand assortment after their fashion.

They are removing the hold beams and bringing up tabs.
You stood away — the ports in the sky are pulled out.
I check: I am nowhere. My fingers are plaid slabs.

You have vanished into the rosewood, into the locks.
They are removing the motors and have commenced wiring the prow
before fastening the derrick that will tip it against the rocks.

LONELINESS OF A SAILOR IN JERSEY CITY

BY TYNER WHITE

The cities are woven of beeswax,
I see them treacle down the lamp stems.
If the bees are still in the wax, that's hardly
surprising. The wax is still in the bottle.

So if the bees were all locked in their cities
like ships in a florence flask,
think of all those bees in a jersey,
what a tribulation that might be.

They are making the wax in the bottle,
or stoppered flask, the tapered top
of the hive, to be carried to ball games
in skins. They assign all the sections:

in the upper part of the field is parked
the fleet of bees' bonnets, like Wacs
packed in their jerseys with red numbers
for ships sailing in the morning.

In the upper part of the jersey is packed
the pigskin, bearing a number
of anatomical seas, hives, and azures.
My ship sails from the seashore.

Oh, God, I must catch that pass
before it puts out to sea.
The hive is a ball of wax
waving at me!

WHAT HAPPENED

BY DAVE KELLY

It is morning.
My mind has
fur on it
I crawl from my room
to the roof
to the ledge

and flop
head first
over the brick edges
I fall
fast

several hundred feet
my lungs shaking
toward gray stone.

I hit.
Become
four thousand red flowers
singing.

I will return upstairs.
Breakfast.
I have
bacon with my coffee.

LAST LETTER FROM OLD KAMPOUKOS

BY JAMES TATE

I am feeling fine
at the present time.

I wish and hope both
of yours be the same.

I received your nice
and wonderful letter.

We was very happy
to hear from your people.

Well, my friend Aleck,
we feel the same way

about yours people —
because first the distance

is so far away, second
we can't eforted to make

trips back and ford, it
is not so easy for us. Etc. —

Well Aleck we live with
hops. We might see or meet

again on the future. No
doubt nowadays there is

really tough and rough
winter so cold probably

Zero. But you got to take it
just like the last winter.

The only thing you not
be able to go fishing.

But I think is excellent
weather for hunting HARE-Rapits.

You said yours son Leonidas
he get better position.

I suppose he get more money —
we are glad to hear that.

And we wish better lucky
to him. To have good life

and good success at his
future. Also we wish better

lucky to yours daughter
Cath at her future life.

About our friend Steve.
He is going to stay home.

He should take care of
himself. Etc. — Well Aleck

Mike he getting better.
He visit the Doctor five

times. His eye is all right
now. I believe he think

to take a trip to see
Neohorion once more.

The Birth place. But he
is not so sure yet. He not

decide. Well Aleck
you know and you realize

yourself we getting old
and weak — every year.

And every short time some
thing going out of commission.

We needed Repairs!!!!!!
But is God's will or Nature.

The climate here is not
so bad little Rain.

The temperature is 60%
or 65% above — we don't

have cold-snow either Zero!!!
I hope the letter to find

both of yours on good
health. Offer my best

regards to your beloved
Wife Hazel. She is a nice

and wonderful Lady. Also
say Hello to Steve if you

see him. Etc. — Mike said
Hello to yours people.

God Blessed both of yours —
Good Lucky.

Very Truly — Yours.
Sincerely. Friendly —

Good Night,
George Kampoukos.

P. S.

Well Aleck taken easily
and both of yours take

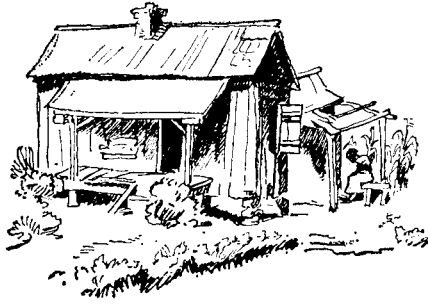
care of yourself. Keep
warm shot W H I S K I

once an while — and don't
so much work round

the house. And have
little enjoyment according

to our age. Etc. —
Another month Spring

be around there . . .



THE THORNTONS OF MISSISSIPPI

Peonage on the Plantation

by Paul Good *Tens of thousands of Southern Negroes have been left social and economic cripples by a modernizing cotton industry that has simply dropped them by the wayside. The oppressive circumstances of one such Negro family are described for the ATLANTIC by Paul Good, a free-lance writer and former television newscaster now at work on two books about the contemporary South.*

IN THE fields alongside Mississippi Highway 49, where the Meredith Freedom Marchers plodded in June, another Delta cotton crop is nearing harvest, continuing a partnership between man and earth that is more than a century old. The Delta's rich alluvial soil, spread over nineteen Mississippi counties, has long been a dependable producer of human riches. For some. The cotton industry, lavishly subsidized by U.S. taxpayers, brings more than a quarter of a billion dollars a year to Delta farmers alone. Cotton is America's leading cash crop, cotton exports are the single biggest source of foreign exchange, and 11 million Americans depend directly on cotton for their livelihood.

At the bottom of these impressive statistics are Negro families whose squalid lives do not seem to belong to this century, and certainly not to the biggest agricultural business in the richest nation on the earth. That these families are black is a historical heritage; that they are American is a present cause for national shame. And the questions raised by their existence go beyond pathos to make one wonder how they and meaningful democracy can exist side by side.

Visit one family with me.

The shack at first seemed deserted when I approached it late one afternoon traveling fast along Route 12, hurrying out of the Delta to Jackson and a flight back to my home in Atlanta. Many tenant

Drawing by Thomas Hart Benton.

shacks fool you like that, so woebegone that no one could be living inside. But often someone is there, and he is always black. Swooshing past, I saw a dozen or so Negroes clustering around a sagging porch. There was a quick impression of children in tatters or naked, poverty extreme even by black Mississippi standards, and then the monotony of dull green cotton fields began reiterating itself. My notebook had dozens of samples of privation, and there was little leeway to catch the plane. But one more smudge of squalor, one more story to touch the heart . . . A quarter mile down the highway I turned around and drove back.

Back in the powerful air-conditioned car, windows shut tight against the Delta heat, like an astronaut hermetically sealed against a hostile environment, dropping from space to reconnoiter a lower form of life on a distant planet. Landing and debarkation. Acrid fertilizer smells off the cotton fields growing up to the edge of the shack laced with whiffs of human excrement. Silence from the porch, game's end for the children, everyone immobilized into a wondering tableau at the man from outer space.

The children were barefoot, the youngest ones naked, the rest in rags, black legs and arms gray with dirt. Three women sat on the porch, scrawny, their frizzly hair dusty, caught with linty scraps. One gave an insignificant breast to an infant. They

watched warily, their eyes a blend of torpor, sullenness, and suspicion. I explained that I was trying to write about conditions of Delta Negroes for papers up north.

"You can talk to my daddy," said a woman in her early twenties. "Here he come now."

He came up the highway, taking old, cautious steps, carrying two tin gallon cans filled with something. I went out and introduced myself. He put down the cans, shuffled, scratched; he had his doubts. But a white man who wanted to talk would be talked to. His cans held milky water.

"Don't you have any water in the house?"

"No, suh, sure don't. Pump's been busted in the well. We ain't had no water for three weeks. We sure ain't. No, suh. They lets me draw some yonder to the station."

We walked inside the shack, the girl who had spoken trailing behind. The first room smelled of smoke and urine: the air was like a vile broth. The walls were papered with old newspapers, shredded by time and browned from chimney smoke and fires, which had charred one wall and much of the ceiling. The only furniture was a bed, its bare mattress splotched with islands of stain. Flies swarmed about. The floor looked dirtier than the ground outside, the mattress dirtier than the floor. I stopped short in the next room. There was a naked boy about two years old lying on the floor, eyes tightly shut and body rigid. His mocha skin crawled with flies. They explored his nose, his mouth, his eyelids, his genitals. The baby looked dead.

"Is something the matter with him?"

The young woman came up to look.

"He just sleepin'. He sleep like that. Hey, Richard, wake up. C'mon, stop layin' there like that. He do like that. Dunno why."

She shook him, and after what seemed a long while his eyes snapped open and he began crying. The room was like the first except there was no fireplace. One sour-smelling bed, no other furniture, a rag pile of clothing in one corner.

Another narrow bedroom with only a mattress on the floor led to the kitchen.

"Be careful that floor," the young woman said. She tittered. "Last week Richard he fell in a hole in the floor there, an' we had to get a ax to chop through an' get him out."

The kitchen — it was hard to believe the kitchen. There was a small potbellied coal stove with a tin grease-lined baking dish on top. There was no sink, no table, no chairs, no knives, forks, or spoons. There was no sign of food, but the flies evidently knew something on that score. They blackened a lone, otherwise empty plate.

"What do you eat with?" I asked the young woman.

"Huh?"

"Do you have any forks or spoons?"

She shrugged and shook her head, mumbled that the children had thrown them all away. Out back, mellow Mississippi sunlight still filled a tiny yard hemmed in by cotton. About twenty feet from the shack there was an outhouse. Its weathered boards were peeling apart, and the walls seemed to sag in two or three different directions. I let imagination inspect it.

BACK in the first room, the father told me his name was Columbus Thornton and that he was seventy-one. He was the grandson of a slave, and had sharecropped all his life until sharecropping about died out and he was too old for it anyway. The past winter in Yazoo City (a stopping place on the Meredith march) a white farmer had turned them off his place, and the family had come to Route 12 outside Belzoni looking for work. The shack had been standing empty, and the boss man who owned the cotton fields around it let them stay, on the promise to work in the fields during cultivation and harvest. He counted out the family — a wife, Betty, seventy; daughters Mary, thirty-two, with six children, twenty-nine-year-old Pearie Lee, with three, and Florida, twenty-four, with two — sixteen human beings living in the shack.

I sat on the bed, but Thornton would not sit, out of deference to my whiteness. His eyes and tongue were alert after what must have been a taxing lifetime, and he wore the only decent item of clothing in the family, a stout pair of work boots.

"This place," I said. "It's pretty run-down."

"This is the roughest house we ever lived in since I been a grown man. We tricked it out best we could last winter. It was hard times though. There's only one chimney in the whole house, an' it smokes so most times you can't use it. Holes in the walls . . . roof leaks . . . it gets cold."

The daughter was sitting on the floor with Richard.

"Remember the ceilin' caught fire," she said.

"Y'suh, that's right, it sure did, Florida. That's my daughter Florida, suh."

The child, mucus glazed around his nose, began urinating on the floor. Florida clucked disapprovingly, looked at me, and smiled. In the next ten minutes she would alternately chide the child for offenses I could not detect, hitting him lightly with a twig, then hug him, looking my way for reaction.

"What do you eat?"

She said: "We eats — let's see — we eats pinto beans, greens —"

"Fatback," her father said.

"An' fatback."

"Do you ever have milk or meat?"

She rolled her eyes comically. "Don't never have that. No chicken neither."

"Couldn't eat one chicken nohow," her father said. "Take five to feed all what's here."

Florida, her two sisters, and the thirteen-year-old daughter of one worked in the boss man's fields chopping cotton at \$3 a day for ten hours. There are no state or federal minimum-wage or -age laws for cotton field hands, and this is standard Delta pay for chopping, the manual hoeing away of grass and weeds that stunt the growth of young cotton plants. The owners of plantations, increasingly mechanized, say it is not economically feasible for them to pay any more to the hoe-hands. It wasn't economically feasible for the Thorntons either.

"Some week we make sixty dollar, all of us," Florida said. "But he don't give us no more'n twenty cause he take out. He take out what he give us last winter. He give us two hundred an' fifty-four dollar, an' we paid back already er, uh, seventy-eight dollar."

There was some animation in her voice for the first time, something that may have been pride at accomplishing repayment. The children in the shack ranged in age from seven months to thirteen years, and five went to school sporadically, although there was no sign in the house of a book, a pencil, or even a piece of paper. The Thorntons never saw a truant officer. Florida was the only one in the family who could read and write; her parents had never attended school, and her sisters had never gone long enough. I gathered that the fathers of the children came and went. This was more than any county, state, or federal health or housing official ever did. Or any local charity. I was on the verge of suggesting to Florida that the house be swept out, bedding washed, everything cleaned up to cut down on the flies which could endanger the children's health. But there are limits to the presumption of a visitor for an hour.

I had to catch the plane, and the thought of leaving was agreeable. Thornton accepted a few loose dollars with proper servility, and Florida brightened at the promise of some clothing being sent, and I left. The trouble is, once you go into such a shack you can never really leave it. As soon as I got back in the car and waved good-bye I realized something: with eleven children in that shack, there had not been one toy. Not a ball, a rattle, a battered doll, or game. It seemed the darkest dimension of poverty.

Five miles away from the shack, at the Jackson turnoff, a fat-bellied chestnut mare suckled two sleek foals in a green pasture. A spring glittered down one border. A comparison etched in the mind.

Now let it be said that the plight of the Thorntons is not typical of most rural Mississippi Negroes.

Thousands *are* that bad off, and I suspect most of these are like Thornton — a worked-out old man who didn't produce enough sons to sustain him when he could no longer pull his weight in the fields. But Thornton and his family are a logical product of a system that has left tens of thousands of Southern Negroes social and economic cripples, the degree of lameness varying with the luck, character, and intelligence of the individual. Columbus Thornton possibly had less of all three than those Mississippi Delta Negroes who still live day to day off the white man's cotton but manage with a little better grace. A little.

Yet a tour of the Delta — including Senator James Eastland's Sunflower County, where he has a big plantation with better-grade shacks — reveals an oppressive pattern virtually undented politically by the civil rights laws or economically by the poverty program. Start with the shacks. Some are half a century old, in worse shape than many stables, barely better than nothing. White indifference to their condition is a historic fact of life in the state, although now it is the prevailing white Mississippi style to admit past inhumanities while doing as little as possible to rectify them. The newspapers that are used to insulate the shack walls were sold by plantation owners at ten cents a bundle to "help" the freezing nigras. Often, cracks are stuffed with cotton. The federal government never inspects these shacks. Of course there are no inspections by any Mississippi agency.

B. F. Smith is the affable president of the Delta Council, which lobbies with varying success in behalf of cotton growers. The council magazine, *Delta Review*, prints handsome covers in color of handsome white-columned houses set amid romantic old trees, the best that antebellum architecture and modern dollars can buy. He told me:

"The council has been a responsible organization since it was founded in 1935. We're urging people to tear down old vacant shack houses."

Was it a progressive sign that decent homes would be built for tenant Negroes? Well, not really.

"You see," explained Mr. Smith, "the program is designed to make the area appear better. People driving through look at that kind of thing and get a bad impression."

IN 1940, Negroes picked the entire cotton crop. Today they account for only 15 percent of the bolls; the rest is harvested by tractor drivers who are predominantly Negro. Seven hundred thousand Negroes streamed north from Mississippi towns and plantations after World War II as the appearance of tractors closed down on jobs and visions of freer Northern living opened hopes. Hopes for a

decent life often turned to despair in Northern ghettos, and the despair found release in violent protest. The Delta has supplied much of the manpower for the riots in Watts and Chicago, the price of inhumanity in a cotton field eventually paid for by the entire country.

Mechanization all but ended sharecropping. Under its system, a Negro and his mule were vital to the cotton plantation, the one judged about as human and expendable as the other. The Negro was roundly cheated (a favorite trick at weigh-in time was to have the owner's wife supervise the scales, thus rendering the sharecropper liable to the charge of insolence with dread sexual implications if he challenged her word), encouraged to believe in his self-degradation, and often dismissed when the tractor ended his usefulness. The plantation owner buying an \$18,000 tractor understandably was not about to split the crop with its driver. Where once it took one hundred and sixty man-hours to make an acre yield by hand, it took only forty hours by machine. Cotton that cost \$50 a bale to pick by hand was machine-picked for \$18.

But depending on topography, weather, and other factors, the council's own figures and plain observation show that mechanization can't do it all in the Delta. At the peak of the 1965 chopping season, 19,000 Negroes were hired daily in the Delta counties alone. At harvest, 15,000 worked throughout the state, and received \$2.50 for each 100 pounds picked. An average picker may do 200 or more pounds a day.

These figures demonstrate that human hands in numbers are needed for a crop that last year under federal subsidies brought \$339 million into Mississippi. Since the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union began a strike of choppers and drivers in the spring of 1965, cotton spokesmen have tried to minimize the human role, possibly in the hope that the numbers involved would appear too trivial to merit federal intervention in the system. Federal intervention has only been sought in the form of Commodity Credit Corporation dollars to buy up the staggering surpluses and shore up prices. Nearly 17 million surplus bales were carried over last year, and when the Meredith Marchers went through Canton, they passed long warehouses where some cotton bales have sat moldering for seventeen years.

Now a new cotton bill is, in effect, designed to reduce surpluses and make American cotton competitive both with domestic man-made fibers and on the world market. It calls for drastic mandatory and optional acreage cutbacks ranging from 12.5 to 35 percent. A complicated system of direct cash payments in lieu of an artificially high support price is expected to knock down U.S. cotton prices to around 21 cents a pound and may revitalize the entire industry. Farmers, brokers, merchants,

textile mills, and even the U.S. taxpayers are expected to benefit. Where federal subsidies have been costing about a billion dollars a year, the cost is expected to drop to about \$800 million. But shrinking the acreage inevitably means squeezing more Negroes off the land. It was predicted that 6500 tractor drivers out of a 26,000-man work force would lose their jobs this year. Losing jobs means losing shacks; Mississippi officials project a figure of 30,000 persons displaced in 1966. Yet in all the multibillion-dollar cotton legislation, not one cent was earmarked for worker relief, relocation, or retraining!

Despite cutbacks, chemical weed killers to make chopping unnecessary, and tractor harvesting, there seems to be an irreducible minimum of Negroes needed to go out in the fields with their hoes or to pick the cotton over once by hand during harvest. Bolivar County Sheriff Charles Capps, who worked ninety-five hands in 1965, said:

"Every year we feel we aren't goin' to need choppin' with the improved chemicals. But then we always do. Nowadays the drivers get six to seven dollars a day. From sunup to sundown, yes. [Note: Midwest farms pay ten dollars.] But if a man went out an' did a job like he should, not bullin' his tractor through the woods an' wreckin' the machinery, then we could pay 'em more. If I could treat niggers like white men an' not be their guardians, then they'd get more."

The sheriff is accused by civil rights workers of trying to break the Freedom Labor Union in his area. He, in turn, boasts of two old Negro couples "just livin' out their days" on his small plantation, rent free.

"One of them nursed my grandfather," he says, in the Deep South manner that somehow changes Negro service to white beneficence. "Now I feed 'em an' nurse 'em, pay their light an' water."

LISTEN long enough to a Delta planter, and you will get the impression that the day-labor system constitutes a quasi-welfare agricultural environment for Negroes. One told me that chopping was a social exercise for Negro women, like a big quilting party. Stand in the murderous July heat of a Mississippi cotton field for one hour, without bending to hoe, and then ravel out the experience to ten hours' hoeing, and you may feel a certain disbelief at his words. Much also is made of the planters' loans to shack dwellers during the bleak winter — the Thorntons again — when there is little day work. Three points are pertinent here.

First, the result if not intent of this arrangement is to keep Negroes in perpetual bondage, assuring the planter of help at his price when spring greens the

Delta. Second, the planters rely on Negro help around the plantations for emergencies, for the inevitable winter farm repair and clean-up work, and possibly to satisfy certain lordly cravings in the big house. Third, the amount advanced is just enough to maintain a sparse existence, the average advance for families with six or eight children around \$300 a winter at most. I'm sure that the boss man of the Thorntons, presented with these realities, could still make a case for his benevolence in sheltering that homeless family down from Yazoo City in dead of winter. Place needed some fixin', course, but it was a roof over their heads when they needed it. An' cash money to boot.

Inevitably, there is the exceptional planter who provides good houses for his help. Up and down the Delta, you are referred to him when you express an interest in shack conditions. Dan Smythe has a quarter-million-dollar investment near the city of Greenville, the cultural heart of Mississippi and home of Hodding Carter's *Delta Democrat-Times*.

Seven families live in Smythe's houses, and three of them are white. A white driver reportedly makes the same as a Negro, the rate varying with length of service. One Negro man there for nineteen years gets \$40 a week in addition to rent, light, gas, and extras. Others get a guaranteed \$20 a week, year round, for tractor driving and other work, and their families chop and pick at prevailing rates.

Smythe is a deep-voiced, self-made man on the physical order of a younger John Wayne. He lived in a shack himself when he started out twenty-five years ago and now has a fine and tastefully furnished home. He sees himself as a man who succeeded against odds, and he has scant sympathy with the bulk of Delta Negroes.

"I think the nigra is basically inferior, don't you?" he says. "Now, I have really tried sincerely working with the darky to help him, but it's been discouraging. Six or seven years ago I tried to switch to whites completely to do the work, but I couldn't get enough whites. It's monotonous and takes people without much imagination. Whoever works for me, I get 'em up early and work 'em late, Sundays and nights if we're behind. If they don't like it, they can get off."

Smythe warns that if a union should ever succeed in putting his workers on a higher, flat hourly rate, fringe benefits along with the vaguely defined "old relation" would end. In his case, the "old relation" includes supplying his tenant-drivers with insulated winter underwear, garden seed for vegetable plots, and money loans at no interest. It also includes feudal controls. For example, when the federal government began distributing surplus food commodities, he would not at first permit families on his place to accept them.

"I don't think it betters them not to do for

themselves," he explained. "It reflects on me if a family on my place is on welfare. I tell you though, I had a pretty disgruntled group of darkies until I agreed."

In the spring of 1965, disgruntled Negroes who were tired of being treated as "darkies" by white Mississippians and of being overlooked by the national government staged the first Delta strike since the bloody labor unrest of the thirties.

"Listen," said Mack Ingram, twenty-eight, one of the thirteen tractor drivers who walked off the job at a plantation in Tribbett, near Greenville. "We made six dollars a day, thirty-six dollars a week, six days mornin' to dark. Andrews, the owner, he took out ten for what I owed from the winter plus gas an' lights. So I had twenty-three sixty left. With three kids. I'd rather be dead in my grave then work for six dollars a day. Die fast or slow, it don't make no difference."

But this handful of tractor drivers were the only ones in the Delta who could be persuaded to join the strike. A few hundred field hands drifted in and out of the union, but fitfully. The strike owed much of its initial impetus to the Delta Ministry, an arm of the National Council of Churches, and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. But it received little backing from national labor, although it was in desperate financial shape almost from the minute the strike began. Even unions like the United Auto Workers, with many Negro members who are Detroit transplants from the Delta and who understand conditions back home, did little or nothing to help. The UAW's Walter Reuther would eventually march with James Meredith into Jackson. But he would not involve his union with the pitifully thin ranks of strikers. After some initial emotional interest by the national news media, there was scant coverage. The strike did not produce violence, and of course the American press shrugs off the chronic, quiet loser, no matter his cause.

Some of the reluctance to associate with a strike that seemed in the best traditions of exploited labor striving for a new day of dignity stemmed from the Freedom Labor Union's support. The Freedom Democratic Party had been a kind of political Typhoid Mary among civil rights groups ever since it rejected President Johnson's compromise over the seating of the regular, white-segregationist Mississippi delegation at the 1964 Democratic Convention. By insisting on both letter and spirit of convention law, it ran afoul of the President's mandate for consensus, and it was thereafter damned. The Delta Ministry had also acquired a reputation as being excessively militant, although its defenders pointed out that if Christ Himself tried to practice pure Christianity in the Delta, He would be condemned as an ultramilitant.

In its early efforts to secure equitable treatment for Negroes, the Ministry and some of its leaders were so frustrated by the refusal of Washington to *see*, no less to act on, crimes against federal law in the Delta that they became suspicious and truculent when dealing with the outside world. The outside world might be the press, local white moderates, or anyone else who did not burn in the night over the way people like the Thorntons lived; or who did not believe that Delta Negroes had a right, even a human mandate, to make their own decisions and their own demands in a sea of white authority. This attitude lost some potential friends, summer patriots who were frightened off by the Ministry's intransigence. Many Negro hands who bravely left the fields believed that help was coming from the North when, in fact, only sketchy preparations had been made for dependable sources of food, money, and political support. The union insisted on a blanket minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour for both tractor drivers and hoe-hands.

"You can't cut the mustard at those prices," observed the council's Smith. "You can't pay a hoe-hand \$12.50 for a ten-hour day. But I think the drivers' pay will go up as they increase in skills and cover more ground with larger equipment."

In Rosedale, a woman striker in her late fifties told me: "This strike has really brought on a lot of desperate people. I went to the Chinese grocer an' he was chargin' twenty-five cent for a ham hock. 'Ain't stuff high?' a friend said to me. Yes, I says, everything except cotton choppin'. What I want to know is, if a ham hock costs twenty-five cent, how much is ten hours in a hot field worth?" Then she added: "The President gets on the TV an' talks about how things are bein' put right. But that talk's a long way from us."

Unfortunately, the President's conceptually promising poverty program has produced very little change in the Delta. It has been fought every step by state and local Mississippi authorities. The considerable committee powers of Mississippi senators Stennis and Eastland have enabled them to exert all kinds of pressure against federal help for Delta Negroes, although of all American citizens they would seem to merit large-scale and immediate aid: their median income, according to a 1964 Department of Agriculture report, is \$456 a year; the chance of a Negro baby dying in its first year is twice that of a white baby; 90 percent of rural Negro homes have no flush toilets or baths.

Yet even federal food-surplus distribution was blocked last winter until late January when Negroes, led by the union, the Ministry, and the MFDP, forced their way into national headlines by squatting on the Greenville Air Force Base and demanding that Washington act. A state agency called HELP and headed by a Mrs. Evelyn Gandy,

who was executive secretary to the late racist Senator Theodore Bilbo, had dragged its feet on compliance with a \$1.6 million program of the Office of Economic Opportunity for hiring Negroes to distribute surplus food. After the squat-in, HELP acted. But other OEO programs like Head Start and STAR (Systematic Training and Redevelopment) are organically incapable of providing jobs for the thousands of Negroes who either must depend on plantation peonage or have been squeezed out of even that by circumstance.

The Reverend Bruce Hilton, a staff member of the Delta Ministry, who has been in Mississippi for a year, says: "We have consistently asked the federal government for a task force to come in here and do the kind of job that only it can do. It is morally wrong and practically impossible to expect various civil rights groups to carry the ball for the federal government here, whether it's in the area of voting rights or the poverty program. We have to go to Health, Education, and Welfare, to Housing, to Agriculture, to the Justice Department for the simplest things that the government is supposed to provide. We keep getting shunted from one department to the other while the people depending on Washington get more desperate."

Resources of civil rights groups are rapidly dwindling. Widespread financial support that once could be counted on no longer is there since legislative gains have apparently convinced the American public that a job that is really only beginning has nearly been done. The Ministry had to fire more than half its small staff in recent weeks. CORE, SNCC, and Dr. King's SCLC all are feeling the pinch of indifference. Besides, their funds must be centered on projects like voter-registration drives with rehabilitation a distant enterprise.

Where does all this leave the Thorntons? Precisely where we left them.

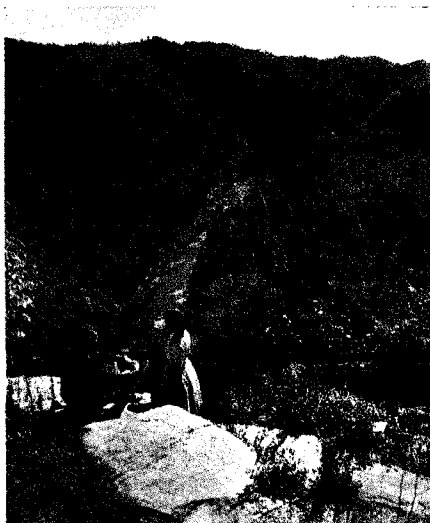
For many reasons buried in their past existence, the Thorntons lack the prideful inner dynamism that propels other Mississippi Negroes to persist against unholy odds to become part of the awakening black consciousness in the South, to achieve minimal decency in their private lives and strike out as thousands are doing for public power. Among America's socially sick, they appear terminal cases. An agency with time, patience, resources, and people who care might be able to put together these fragmented lives, bit by bit, year by year. They need water to wash with and lessons in cleanliness, food for the body and self-respect for the soul, a plan for living beyond tricking it out this winter and next and forever. If Columbus Thornton and his daughters are irresponsible, then is no one responsible for the eleven dirty fly-covered children growing up without the grace of foals in a field? Apparently, nobody is.



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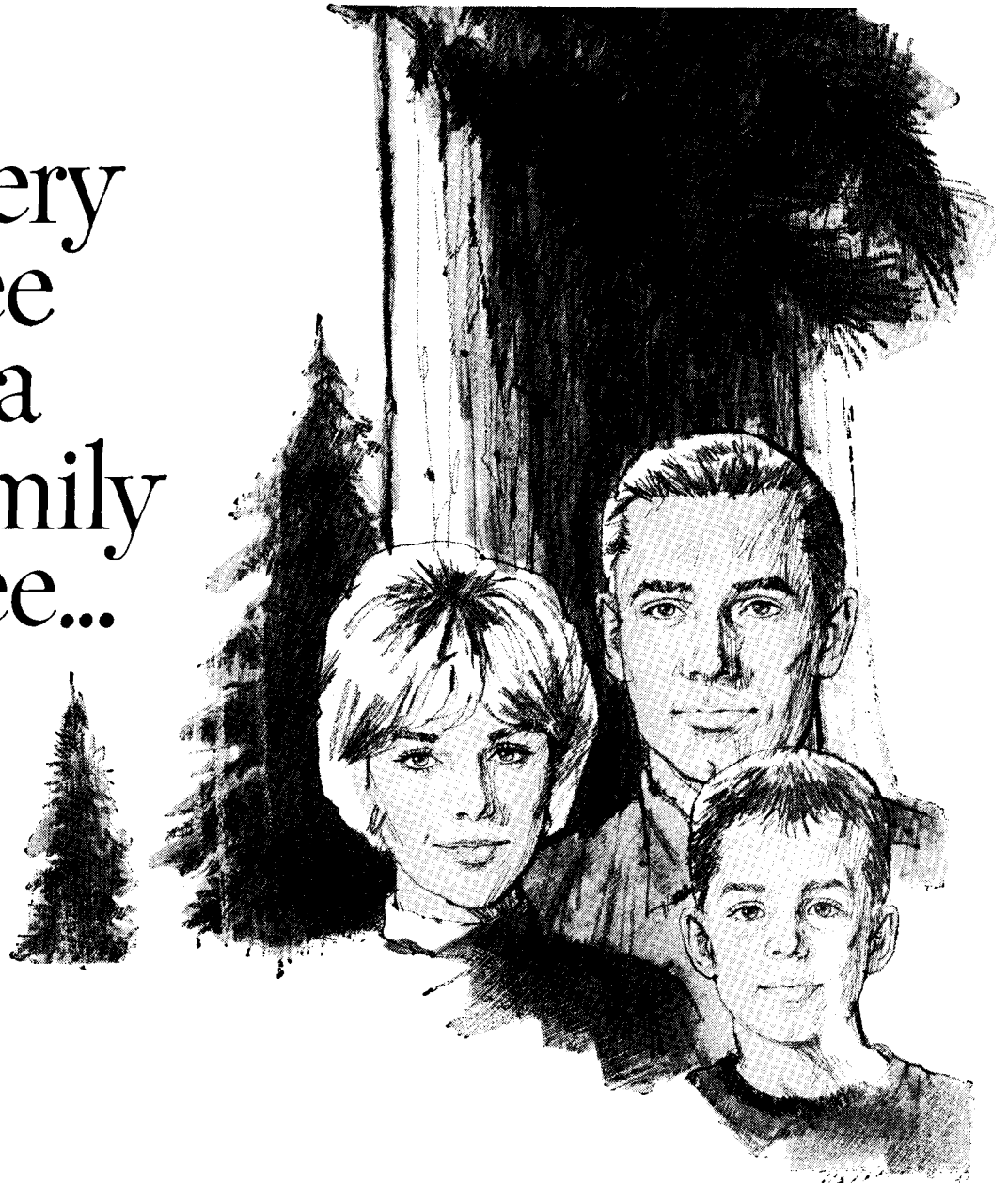
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The Man Who Saw Through Heaven

Although she has worked as a newspaper reporter and written a travel book and two children's books, Violet Weingarten attempts fiction for the first time in this story about a woman who is wiser than she knows. The author was born in San Francisco, grew up in New York, graduated from Cornell, and now lives in a New York suburb.

by Violet Weingarten

Now it was Father O'Flynn's turn. The last icon Professor Serota had smashed was Jewish, and he was careful to keep class outrage in balance. Being Christian, however — "I hope," Mrs. Beneker, now precisely attuned to the nuances of faith, said to herself — Father O'Flynn did not react like a bearded teen-ager from the Jewish Theological Seminary in response to a pedagogical "Moses was the greatest man who never lived." His face did not turn thunderous, and his arm did not dart up with a demand that he be heard at once in refutation. Father O'Flynn's ears merely flushed.

Father O'Flynn sat at Mrs. Beneker's right, like an honored guest, in Religion G 9874y, Tuesdays, 2:10 to 4 P.M., Bent. The class was a typical General Studies stew: sallow Barnard girls in loden jackets, Columbia boys in jeans, the rabbinical students in embroidered beanies and their Union Theological Seminary counterparts in buttoned-down shirts, a urologist who had dug at Ras Shamra, a square-shouldered librarian with a fixed smile and no lipstick — altogether, Mrs. Beneker felt the most rapport with Father O'Flynn, even though their only communication had been a polite nod.

Mrs. Beneker first noticed Father O'Flynn's ears when Professor Serota called the Crucifixion a myth. Then, the priest's ears turned pink. Now they were bright red. If she was not careful, Mrs. Beneker realized, she was going to spend the entire course watching Father O'Flynn's ears give a running

Thomist commentary on Near Eastern religion. Enough of that. What had invoked the current flush? Professor Serota had said, "And so we have Da Vinci painting an ethereal Mary, a culturally apt Mary, while Rubens, for the same reason, makes her look like a president of Hadassah."

"... president of Hadassah," Mrs. Beneker dutifully put down in her stenographer's notebook. Father O'Flynn kept his notes in a small black leather-bound book that looked like a prayer book. He wrote sparingly, unlike Mrs. Beneker, but that, she supposed, was because he knew more about religion than she did. Her page started off with a sentence, underlined twice, which read: "The history of religion is man's educating his gods." That was the last entry of the previous Tuesday, and now Mrs. Beneker could not remember if the statement was hers or Professor Serota's. It was provocative enough to be the professor's, but the grammar, she saw, was weak. It was probably hers. That was what Mrs. Beneker liked about the course, she had explained to her husband; it made her mind go.

Mrs. Beneker thought in metaphors. Now she saw her mind as a machine, a shiny English bicycle, oiled, polished, being pedaled cheerily. Usually, however, Mrs. Beneker thought of her mind as a bookish friend, dear but impractical, dependent upon her for its everyday necessities. Like a Babylonian temple god, it required a priest to wash it, dress it, feed it, and wake it up in the morning.

She rarely took her mind out in company, for it was a little odd, given to making inappropriate remarks. Not, fortunately, quite as bad as the statement Mrs. Beneker once overheard a woman make loudly at a cocktail party — “I feel as if I have swallows running up my skirt” — but peculiar enough. Just that Saturday, for instance, while Mrs. Beneker was at a large dinner party in Pound Ridge, her mind had brought a travelogue on Greece to an abrupt halt.

The travelogue was being given by another guest, a local real estate broker whom the Benekers knew slightly. “And then we got to Epidaurus,” the broker said happily. “That was just before we took that boat that took Edith Hamilton to Delos. We were going to —”

“Epidaurus!” Mrs. Beneker’s mind interrupted in pure joy. It had a sudden vision of hills of silver-gray olive trees, the flat slate-colored apron stage, and tiers of white-robed Athenians gravely intent on catharsis. “Did you ever stop to think that the villain of *Prometheus* is actually Zeus? Isn’t it amazing how liberal they were in those days? Can you imagine a hundred thousand people packing Yankee Stadium to see a play in which God plays the heavy?”

No one could, the travelogue staggered to Salomika, and Mrs. Beneker felt rather like an elephant wearing a ruffled skirt for the first time.

It was this kind of thing that had brought her to Religion G 9874y. She was eager to discourse on matters of interest to her without ending up feeling foolish. She was dipping her toe in the great muddy harbor of General Studies to see if its waters were congenial. If they were, if General Studies proved to have a mooring from which Great Thoughts could set forth, sails billowing, she would undertake to get a master’s degree. Then perhaps she would “get somewhere.” She was not entirely clear where the “somewhere” she intended to get was, but then General Studies didn’t offer a master’s, anyhow. For the present, it was enough that she had offered up \$165 in tuition as token of serious intent, and she was back in school again, a quarter of a century after she had walked out of college into the frail young arms of Mr. Beneker. Statistically, Mrs. Beneker supposed, she was a cliché. Children grown, empty nest, time to be filled, that sort of thing. Not true at all. She had been just as lonely when the children were home, and her days were not long enough for all that she wanted to do.

Mrs. BENEKER yearned to hold the world in close embrace. She walked in a daze of wonder which she felt impelled to communicate. But when she tried to do so, she sounded to herself like some-

one giving a grocery order — “One pound of Mazola margarine (‘I spent nearly the whole morning watching two little moths fighting over a female — it was the most heartrending, passionate triangle!’); one loaf of Pepperidge bread, white, sliced (‘She was the kind of person you would have expected to wear tweeds, from Best’s, and instead she had on this silver disk in the center of her forehead, like a Siamese dancer’); and so on, through one pound of peaches (‘He actually cried, he was so happy!’), four baking potatoes (‘There were three rainbows, crisscrossing’), and a package of paper napkins (‘Goethe didn’t visit his mother once in fifteen years, even though they lived in the same town, and yet she wrote him a note every single day!’).”

So far, there had not been much communication in Religion G 9874y, either. For the first two classes, Professor Serota suffered having hands waved like banners before him. Even Mrs. Beneker had been heard. “Don’t we,” she said, numb with embarrassment, “fill Time with History?” Professor Serota had not agreed. “You don’t know what you are talking about,” he commented impersonally. “Time and history have nothing to do with each other. Next?” Mrs. Beneker didn’t mind the rebuff in the least. “That’s what I’m here for,” she assured herself, “to learn to think clearly — before I speak.” The third Tuesday, however, Professor Serota announced he was tired of having his train of thought constantly interrupted. “No more questions,” he said, rapping his desk sharply with his three middle fingers. “This is not a seminar.”

The trouble with no questions was that Mrs. Beneker’s mind wandered. Without interruptions, Professor Serota’s voice was like a power drill outside an apartment house, insistent and piercing at the start and then likely to fade away as the assaulted ear fought back and blocked it out. Mrs. Beneker’s fingers continued to write after she stopped hearing Professor Serota, thus proving that lecture note-taking was a skill like roller-skating. Once you had it, you never lost it. Now she took careful notes while her mind explored byroads, just as it had so long ago when she sat in the smudged ivory-walled classrooms of Goldwyn Smith Hall at Cornell. Her fingers wrote “of Hurrian-Hittite origin,” while she tried to face up to admitting she was growing old without becoming sidetracked into admiration of the thought process that had brought her to the subject of age in the first place.

It had started with the realization that she was taking notes without actually listening. Then she had thought of the roller-skating analogy, proceeded from there to wondering whether one really could roller-skate at any age. Wasn’t there the danger of legs buckling eventually because of osteoporosis, an ailment to which older women were prone; then, shouldn’t she have prepared herself by drinking two

glasses of milk a day, for calcium, years ago; hormone pills, the women's magazines she read under the hair dryer all said, would prevent osteoporosis — and a lot of other things, too — shouldn't she ask her doctor about them, was it a good idea, aside from the physical aspect, was it *morally* right, was there not an obligation to face life, including age, without props, honestly and directly? If she took estrogen, who would be the real she, Mrs. Benekercum-estrogen, or Mrs. Beneker bare, before she took a pill along with a glass of water from the Fountain of Youth? What would happen in bed?

Here her thoughts made an abrupt detour.

Mrs. Beneker's sex life had improved with each advancing year. That, at least, bore out the nitwit optimism of those ominous last chapters in marriage manuals. Time brought relaxation. She did not expect each night to bring a ritual re-enactment of Tristram and Isolde parting at Cornwall, she took pleasure in the familiar textures and planes of Mr. Beneker, she was gratified when her mind did not wander even in the act of love, but she accepted the fact that it often did. That was how she was. In the early days of their marriage, Mr. Beneker had implored her to speak her love, but she had only smiled and patted him. She could not tell him — had not yet — that often she was not there beside him. Transports — how apt a word! — literally took her away. Ardor might find her at marble-pillared Lindos, a sweep of lonely Montauk beach, a tree-shaded old Provençal cemetery, a Shaker parlor glowing with polished wood, a pine forest in the Sierras, even — she blushed — in the lusty, laughing, smoky cellar of the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris. Her destination was always a surprise, like one of the "mystery" ferry rides they used to have on Long Island Sound.

Some sixteen hours earlier, Mrs. Beneker — salaams to Mr. Beneker — had found herself in no less an aerie than the Universe, a dark expanse churning with galaxies, like a black and white version of Van Gogh's *Starry Night*. No, Mrs. Beneker decided now, smiling slightly at the recollection, it was not a Van Gogh at all. It was rather like the sky in that Wilbur Daniel Steele story, "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven." "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" had been a favorite of Miss Marguerite A. Greene, Mrs. Beneker's first, and best, English teacher. Miss Marguerite A. Greene had had a profound influence upon her students, all of whom were romantic young girls. Her handwriting, angular and elegant, set the pattern for their own mangled scrawls. Her literary tastes, Willa Cather and Mary Ellen Chase, were theirs; and at her behest, they all memorized "Renascentence." Miss Greene found the Wilbur Daniel Steele story reassuring, and she told it often to her classes. As best as Mrs. Beneker could recall, it was

about a minister who had come to New York City for a vacation, comfortably secure in his pre-Copernican notion of a world that was the center of God's creation. (Mrs. Beneker herself firmly believed the legend that even while Copernicus recanted, he had muttered under his breath that the earth did so move.)

In the course of his visit, the minister had taken a walk down Forty-second Street and been attracted to the large telescope standing outside Stern's department store. The minister paid a dime to look through the telescope, gazed upon the heavens as they really were, lost his faith, and fled in horror to the very depths of Africa. There he died, but not before he had regained his faith, as an examination of certain artifacts he had left revealed. He had, it appeared, worked his way back to worship of stone and fetish, and then struggled upward again, to an acceptance of the one and only God, so that his death had been triumphant.

WITH a pang, Mrs. Beneker turned to Father O'Flynn. His ears were pale now, but he was blinking as if his eyes hurt. She wanted to put a hand on his black mohair sleeve and tell him she understood. How difficult life must be for him! She had no idea why he was exposing his faith to Professor Serota's barbs. Had he been assigned to the course by his superiors? Was he a teacher required to do advanced study? Or was he there only because of an interest in religion? Was a priest, in fact, *allowed* to be interested in religion? Was it permissible for him to laugh, as he had just that moment, at an anticlerical anecdote about a scholar-priest who had jumped over the wall in his old age, married an Arab girl, and become a professor at the Sorbonne?

Mrs. Beneker ached over Father O'Flynn. To have to reconcile Osiris and Jesus! To have to believe in the actual presence of God at the moment of consecration in the Mass and yet know that once people called Marduk the Almighty! How much simpler not to see through heaven ("or people, Father O'Flynn"), how green was the Garden of Eden when the sun circled the earth and the moon outweighed the stars. "Don't be afraid, Father O'Flynn," Mrs. Beneker wanted to tell him, "just don't be afraid. Everyone is searching for an answer, not only you. Even Einstein did. When someone asked him how he worked, he said, 'I grope.' Don't be afraid to let go, Father O'Flynn. We don't have that kind old man sitting on a throne in the sky anymore, but we have infinity instead."

Mrs. Beneker turned to a fresh page in her notebook. Professor Serota was back on myth again. "The myth is real in context," he said, and she wrote it down. She had no idea what that meant.

Father O'Flynn snapped his notebook shut, deposited it on the arm of his chair, and yawned. Was he bored? Troubled? "‘Ruth amid the alien corn,’" Mrs. Beneker decided. "He must think nothing bothers us. We must look so ordinary." She glanced around. "You could pluck us at random from any subway car, we're so nondescript."

"But you are, too, Father O'Flynn," she added. "Turn around that collar of yours, and you look just like the rest of us. Don't be so quick to judge!"

Suddenly Mrs. Beneker felt very tired.

"My father-in-law, whom I like very much, has cancer," she told Father O'Flynn silently. "My youngest brother committed suicide four years ago. When I was seventeen, I was desperately in love, and scared of sex, and I slept with the boy just once in the back of a car because he begged me to. I had to have an abortion in a Harlem hotel room. A friend's mother took me. I have never gotten over it."

"I have a daughter who works in a museum in Baltimore. When I know she is coming home for a weekend, I break out in a rash."

"My son is at Harvard. He says he is going to leave as soon as he has figured out where to go instead. He spent last summer in Mississippi, but he feels now that his motives were suspect. He did not go to help so much as to be helped. When there was no mail from him again this morning — that makes five weeks exactly since I last heard from him — I decided I couldn't wait anymore. I telephoned. I woke him up, but he was very nice about it. 'It's not Harvard, Mother, I know that,' he told me, 'it's me. Most of it anyhow. It would be the same thing wherever I went. But I can't stand being a card in an IBM machine anymore. I can't stand eating out of a tray. I can't stand all the stupid geniuses around here. I'm sick and tired of having to read books and vomit back everything. It would be different if I really were interested in anything, I guess, but I'm not. I don't care about a damned

thing, and I don't want to do a damned thing.'

"So I asked him what he intended to do, Father O'Flynn, and he said he was hoping he could find a cave somewhere and crawl in. 'The world is shit, Mother,' he said. Just like that."

"Oh, I know he won't leave school. Not now. He knows he'll be drafted if he does. I don't think he's about to go to jail instead, either. Vietnam does more than Milton can to justify Harvard's ways to man. But I walk around with a stone in my chest all the time. Sometimes I can't breathe thinking about him, wondering why. I wasn't like that, Father O'Flynn, none of us were. We did what we were supposed to do, we didn't ask questions that had no answers. When we saw the world was wrong — it was a terrible world then, too — we knew just what to do about it. Change it. Simple. Remold it to everyone's heart's desire. We were early primitives. We knew the totem for happiness. It was the same for everyone, it stood outside the door, it kept the demons away, and God knows what went on inside the hut. But my son has been spoiled rotten, Father O'Flynn. He has absolutely everything, and he isn't satisfied. He has to be given meaning, too."

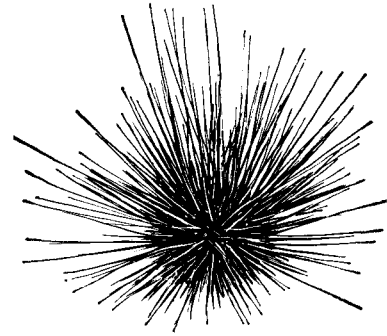
At the front of the classroom, Professor Serota turned to the blackboard and erased the few words he had written on it. "That will be it for today," he said. "Next week I will give you a reading list." He had been promising a reading list for the last six weeks. Mrs. Beneker closed her notebook and reached for her coat. Father O'Flynn got up, and as he did so, knocked Mrs. Beneker's pocketbook off the arm of her chair. "Sorry," he said. Mrs. Beneker retrieved it and smiled up at him. "Very interesting teacher, isn't he?" Father O'Flynn remarked pleasantly. "A very interesting class, don't you think so?"

"Very interesting," Mrs. Beneker assured him, in her brightly cheerful suburban voice. "I just love it."

THE NECKLACE

by ROBERT GRAVES

Variegated flowers, nuts, cockleshells
And pebbles, chosen lovingly and strung
On golden spider's webs with a gold clasp
For your neck, naturally; and each bead touched
By a boy's lips as he stoops over them:
Wear these for the new miracle they announce —
All four cross-quarter days beseech you —
Your safe return from shipwreck, drought and war,
Beautiful as before, to what you are.



Kelp Forests of the Pacific

by Wesley Marx

"I can only compare these great aquatic forests with the terrestrial ones in the inter-tropical regions," Charles Darwin once wrote of the giant kelp growths off the Pacific Coast. Rich in delights and trophies for the skin diver as well as potash for industry, the undersea forests are menaced by the eating habits of the spiny purple sea urchin. Mr. Marx, a California free-lance writer, here tells of the mysteries and values of the forests that astonished Darwin.

WHEN I enter a forest on land, I feel like an intruder, crunching dead twigs and dry leaves underfoot, sending deer and birds into flight. But there is a sense of privilege in descending quietly into a sea forest. If my air tank brushes a frond, it continues to sway, and the inhabitants of a sea forest — from darting perch to rockbound starfish — remain unperturbed. A seal may speed torpedo-like toward me, only to arc away in a playful somersault as if he were bounding off a trampoline. Here I feel tolerated, not resented, free to glide through a wilderness which hides nothing from a visitor.

While native to coastlines throughout the southern hemisphere, these sea forests of giant kelp fringe only one coastline in the northern hemisphere, an exception generally credited to the Ice Age. Kelp abhors tepid water, and the Ice Age is believed to have provided the chilly water that enabled kelp from the western coast of South America to bound across the equator and colonize the western coast of North America. Along southern California, where advanced technology reigns supreme in both recreation and industry, the North American sea forests have been explored, enjoyed, harvested, exploited, and desecrated in a manner that conforms with their remarkable bounty and their convenient offshore location.

Drawing of sea urchin by Russell Carpenter.

To most beach visitors a clump of drift kelp, which manages to sport a black halo of swarming flies, merits the attention only of beach clean-up crews. Not until the emergence of scuba-diving technology did I discover that kelp in its proper environment can be as fascinating as that popular symbol of ocean charm, the coral bed. Because kelp grows in water no deeper than 100 feet, the sea forests off southern California lie within reach of anyone willing to swim through the breaker zone. Once beyond the thunder of the surf, the swimmer can emplace his face mask and look below. Here, inside the sea, the kelp unfurls, rising from a bottom anchorage of holdfast to the ocean surface in long leafy vines called fronds. Once at the surface, the fronds spread over the water like ivy to form a thick brown canopy. The three-foot-long leaves — "blades" — extend like streamers from the frond. A frond can measure over 200 feet, and as many as 100 fronds will rise from just one kelp plant. The odd bulbs I once popped on the seashore serve as floats which buoy up the rangy fronds. Kelp plants grow six feet apart, and a sea forest of kelp plants can cover up to eight square miles in area.

Anyone who underestimates the hazard of the dense foliage does so at considerable risk. I have before me a Los Angeles *Times* newsclip that

describes how a thirty-five-year-old man, equipped with only a snorkel (surface) breathing device, became entangled in kelp fronds on a short dive below the surface. He thrashed about desperately to reach a breath of air just ten feet above him. A companion diver, his girlfriend, tried frantically to break the grip of the fronds. The clip is headlined "MESH OF KELP BRINGS DEATH TO SKINDIVER." A second newsclip, dated a month before the first, details how another skin diver became entrapped as irrevocably as an insect in a spider web.

LIFE in a sea forest rises toward the top in sharp gradations of movement. Brittle stars, purple sea fans, lavender sponges, ostrich-plume hydroids, flowery sea anemones, and lobsterlike crayfish ring the rockbound holdfast. Above this almost immobile layer of life cruise small sand sharks and rays flapping their robelike wings resembling finny Draculas. Above them, schools of shimmering sardines pass like rain showers, and bass, sheepshead, spiny sculpin, and dainty señoritas dart about busily. On the outskirts of the forest, bonita, barracuda, and albacore sprint like animated steel arrows, and above the surface, the seabird swirls, occasionally lighting on the brown canopy.

In a sea forest, survival rushes up and down a sixty-foot column of water like a busy elevator. The seabird dive-bombs bass exposed by an opening in the canopy, while the bonita and barracuda pounce on bass that stray out of the sea forest. Inside the forest, a bass may saunter by with a perch fin wriggling between his jaws. The perch, meanwhile, fattens up on bottom shrimp and scallops, and nibbles on kelp blades.

The color of marine life in a sea forest comes in understatement, like so much of nature. The fish and bottom creatures adopt the shades of the forest: mottled browns, light blues, dark yellows, dusky oranges, rocky grays. Occasionally, a garibaldi, an oversize goldfish, will spurt around like a flame in search of a fire, but such ostentation is the exception. The blend of color explains why I prefer kelp forests to the more popular coral beds. Although the coral beds of the tropical seas flaunt a dazzling array of colors, like rainbows shattered into a million broken glints, they appear to be the creation not of nature but of a precocious child or Walt Disney. The kelp forest unfolds as a natural wilderness, marine-style.

The prize game in this wilderness is the black bass, which can weigh over 400 pounds. The black bass hunter uses a spear gun six feet in length. This gun springs a six-inch steel shaft attached to 150 feet of high-test nylon line. When the bass glides within range (eight yards), the hunter triggers

the silent gun, and the shaft leaps the gap. Landing a bull's-eye shot at the backbone behind the gills is only part of the job. To shake loose the steel shaft, the bass will tow the hunter on a frantic underwater ride. If the hunter's supply of air holds out, and if he can steer the bass into a mesh of kelp that weighs down the 400-pound prey without becoming entangled himself, he can then stick his hands in the bass's gills to obstruct breathing. Recovery of a suffocated giant lying prostrate on the floor of a sea forest posed somewhat of a problem until someone decided to attach an inflatable life jacket to the nylon line. When the gun is triggered, the life jacket springs to the surface as a marker for surface craft. Once the black bass hunter has his prey, he looks for enough friends on whom to pawn off 400 pounds of fish meat.

For underwater hunters interested in less arduous activities, the sea forests provide abalone. This giant of the snail family consists of a meaty white "foot" encased in a lead-colored shell up to a foot in diameter. Abalone will cover a submarine cliff like a coat of mail, the foot gripping tenaciously to the cliff. The abalone hunter uses a tire iron to pry the abalone from his vertical perch. The rubbery foot is tenderized with a wooden mallet and fried in butter, and the shell, which has a mother-of-pearl sheen, can be used as a decorative ashtray. (Indians in California preferred to embed the shells in the shoulder bone of a whale. Thus decorated, the bone served as a funeral bier.) California takes its abalone resource so seriously that out-of-state shipments are prohibited to conserve the supply.

The abundance and variety of life encountered in a sea forest are founded on the kelp's "biomass" capability. Biomass is the amount of living matter per unit of area. A kelp plant, with its multitude of fronds, injects far more living matter into a given area than the ocean's tiny current-driven plankton. Kelp concentrates marine life, while plankton, which drifts about the ocean in pasture-sized clumps, disperses life.

The key to this biomass capability is that kelp is the fastest-growing plant on this planet and one of the largest and most prolific. This stature has been achieved without the aid of chemical fertilizers, pesticides, and agricultural extension services. Since the kelp's prime source of energy is photosynthesis, the fronds that bud from the holdfast virtually race to reach the sunlit ocean surface. They can grow two feet in a day and double their length in fourteen days. The holdfast, meanwhile, must expand its rootlike grip on the bottom to withstand the pull of the waves and of the floats that buoy up the fronds. This balancing act forces kelp to grow in rocky bottom areas. The fronds would uproot the plant from a sand anchorage.

Once at the top, the frond creeps over the ocean surface to bask in the sun. The corrugated shape of the frond's lanky blades increases sun exposure. These blades also filter and store iodine, potassium, and other mineral nutrients from the ocean. The thick brown canopy that results shuts off the young bottom fronds from life-nourishing sunlight. To overcome this blackout, the adult surface fronds pass down their energy to the young lower fronds in a process called translocation, a nutritional self-sacrifice which causes the frond to live for about seven months. Then it shrivels up, sloughs off from the canopy, drifts in to a beach, there to be despised by bathers.

The thick surface vegetation not only drives most other marine plant life from a kelp-dominated area but impedes the kelp's own reproductive capacity as well. Since germinating kelp spores must find a place on the bottom where sunlight can penetrate, those that are able to survive and grow usually drift to the periphery of the forest where the canopy is not so lush. A kelp plant emits a constant stream of seeds, up to seventy trillion annually, to ensure that enough seeds find a place to grow.

THE kelp industry emerged after a heated diplomatic exchange. In 1910 Germany had a world monopoly on potash deposits, an important fertilizer and an ingredient in the manufacture of munitions. When Germany replied sharply to an American accusation that potash prices were being rigged, the U.S. Congress authorized the Department of Agriculture to uncover potential domestic sources of potash. The search ended in the forests off southern California, and a dozen prospective kelp-harvesting companies sprang up. In a year's period during World War I, 3500 tons of potash were recovered from 305,000 tons of kelp. After the end of the war, the industry underwent a recession but revived when algin, another kelp derivative, proved successful as a preservative in the packaging of premixed medicines and synthetic products. Today, algin suspends, stabilizes, gel-produces, and emulsifies laxatives, penicillin, candy, babies' rubber pants, and 200 other products.

Besides being among the first to exploit the ocean for commercial gain, the kelp industry has pioneered in ocean conservation. The industry has volunteered to pay increased fees to the California Fish and Game Department, which leases the forests as a property of the state, to underwrite the enforcing of harvesting regulations. The mechanized barges that sweep through the kelp like hay reapers are allowed to cut only to a depth of four feet so that the forests can quickly regenerate. Since kelp has difficulty surviving in warm water and dies when

the water temperature goes above seventy-five degrees, harvesting is restricted during critical warm spells.

The reproductive capacity of the kelp, the foresight of the industry, and the prized recreational allure of the forests would seem to preclude destruction. Yet for the last fifteen years, the sea forests off southern California have been faced with just such a prospect. The kelp degeneration began in the late 1940s when harvesters found they had to make longer and more costly runs to reach healthy kelp stands. By the late 1950s, the Palos Verdes forest off Los Angeles, which once embraced three square miles, was a virtual marine desert. The Point Loma forest off San Diego, originally six square miles in size, shriveled to a .61-square-mile patch. In a visit to these once flourishing areas, I found myself roaming through a ghost forest, strangely somnolent except for stray perch or a clutch of leafless, stringy fronds. Charles Darwin's century-old vision of chain destruction was now reality. "I can only compare these great aquatic forests with the terrestrial ones in the inter-tropical regions," he noted in *The Voyage of the Beagle*. "Yet if in any country a forest was destroyed, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish as would here, from the destruction of the kelp. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter; with their destruction the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also. . . ."

In 1958, the state of California initiated a five-year investigation into the kelp decline. Dr. Wheeler North of Scripps Institute of Oceanography, a soft-spoken, well-tanned scuba-diving biologist, was appointed project officer. To scientific sea rangers, kelp poses its own peculiar problems. Studying a kelp plant, Dr. North has noted, is like "studying a Sequoia tree." Seven days are consumed in laying out a kelp plant on the beach and then studying, measuring, and analyzing the 200-foot-long specimen. The fact that the kelp decline occurred off coastal cities led to suspicions that sewage outfalls were undermining the health of kelp with effluent, oil-field brine, soda ash, dye-stuffs, starch acids, and other urban excretions. Suspended sewage particles floated about like dust in the dying forests. But in the laboratory, Dr. Kenneth Clendenning of Scripps found that kelp actually flourished in sewage water.

Dr. North spent days wandering through dying beds in search of further clues. He observed only one creature in any abundance, the bottom-hugging sea urchin, which resembles a purple pincushion full of pins, or spines, which can puncture a man's flesh.

The presence of these urchins perplexed Dr.

North. Equipped with five microscopic teeth, an urchin can set a kelp plant adrift by supping on its holdfast anchorage. One urchin would not pose much of a problem to a bountiful sea forest, but urchins, like locusts, move in "fronts," up to 100 urchins per square yard. Only because these fronts move on at about a yard a day does a sea forest have a chance to regenerate. Yet Dr. North was observing sedentary urchins by the millions within the confines of dying forests. Urchins can survive for a year by supping on the tissues of their reproductive organs, but such survival stamina did not entirely explain such a populous presence. Were these urchins feeding on sewage particles and scum algae spawned by the sewage? As sewage-subsidized feeders, the sedentary urchins would deprive the kelp in the area of any chance to regenerate.

The aftermath of a shipwreck lent support to Dr. North's theory of unbalanced ecology. In 1957, the tanker *Tampico* was stranded off a rocky cove in Baja California, disgorging its cargo of refined oil. The oil spill spread over an area characterized by an abundance of urchins and a paucity of kelp plants. In a year's time, however, the oil had apparently exterminated the urchins, thus liberating the regenerative power of the kelp.

Dr. North decided to experiment with urchin purges off southern California, but he lacked an agent of extermination. Fur hunters had long since purged the cublike sea otter, the one major predator able to stomach the urchin's spiny exterior. France controls urchin populations by consuming urchin gonads as a delicacy, but the American palate is not prepared for this. Fencing off urchins from sea forests is ineffective because urchins can climb. One day, Dr. North and a squad of scuba divers descended upon one urchin-infested forest with hammers. Instead of squashing out urchins, the men surfaced with spines in their hands.

While Dr. North was extracting the spines from his hand, a colleague, Dr. David Leighton, read how quicklime was used to exterminate starfish gorging on commercial oyster beds on the Eastern seaboard. In the laboratory, quicklime proved just as effective on urchins. At the same time, perch, bass, crayfish, and kelp remained immune to it.

In the initial experiment, a dose of quicklime cleared urchins out of a half acre of the Palos Verdes forest off Los Angeles. Three months later, kelp fronds began wriggling up from new plants. But six months thereafter the kelp colony was gone. Dr. North's first quicklime purge had been frustrated by the ability of nearby urchins to scent young kelp.

Dr. North decided that an urchin purge over a wider area might prove more permanent. But by

this time, five years had passed, and the state of California had stopped funding the kelp investigation. A kelp-harvesting company, Kelco, agreed to provide funding and a kelp barge to sow the quicklime. Forty tons of quicklime descended like a snowfall on a five-acre area in the Point Loma forest. Urchins by the thousands perished, kelp began sprouting, and then an odd thing happened. Neighboring urchins migrating toward the budding forest stopped short at the periphery. Dr. North concluded that the urchins were cooperating with his experiment but only because bottom drift kelp from the revived forest met their food needs. In March of 1964, twenty-seven more acres in the Point Loma forest were treated. Last year, Kelco harvested the forest for the first time in seven years and collected 11,000 tons of kelp.

Today, Dr. North, an associate professor of environmental health engineering at the California Institute of Technology, experimentally transplants kelp to barren areas. Einar Anderson, a research assistant, cultures kelp seedlings on nylon rope in the laboratory and then sets the rope on a rocky seabed, where the seedlings can take hold.

The combination of kelp's remarkable fecundity and man's ingenuity may well herald future submarine forestation programs. Whereas coral beds require centuries and land forests decades, transplanted sea forests will spring up in a year's time. Kelp's biomass ability to concentrate marine life may make such forestation programs a necessity, yet the fact that the kelp decline in southern California is still far from resolved suggests the difficulties that such programs would face. Dr. North has recently revived another urchin-infested kelp forest off San Diego through liming; meanwhile, kelp harvesters note with chagrin the appearance of tiny urchins in the treated Point Loma forest. These are the offspring of the adult urchins that surround the forest and monopolize the drift kelp. The revived forest has thus served to foster an urchin population explosion, and this could lead to a feverish cycle of liming and reliming.

Current laboratory and field tests sponsored by the U.S. Public Health Service and conducted by Dr. North and Dr. Leighton indicate that urchins, rather than subsisting directly on sewage, subsist on small marine plants nourished by the sewage. That sewage discharges may undercut the balance of marine nature through a nutritional as well as a toxic impact only adds to the problem of redressing this balance. (Each day, coastal cities in southern California discharge half a million gallons of sewage, or "fertilizer," into offshore waters.) This snarling up of nature, of course, has a long history on land. At this point one wonders if in the future a swimmer in California will be able to descend into a sea forest by simply venturing beyond the cresting surf waves.

BOOKS and MEN *Writers about writers this month engage the attention of ATLANTIC critic Louis Kronenberger. He illuminates the literary biographer's problem in deciding whether to write about a man who wrote books or about the books a man wrote.*

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY:

Art or Archaeology?

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

LITERARY biography — the lives of writers — is a form of literature clearly deserving a very judicious survey; yet even within the confines of the English language, there has up to now, so far as I am aware, been no orderly, large-scale history of it. The amount of material, to be sure, is frightening; but at least its all-too-vast lower depths — exhibiting, as they do, stock tendencies and recurrent weaknesses — can be much of the time evaluated on the analogy of the bad apple speaking for the barrelful. And in *Lives and Letters: A History of Literary Biography in England and America*, Richard D. Altick, the author of *The Scholar Adventurers*, has gone manfully at the subject, offering a documented, often detailed history from the distant infant days of the Waltons and Fullers to the decade we are living through. He has read “several hundred biographies,” in addition to many non-literary ones; he has quoted the theorizings, and conceivably the rationalizings, of dozens of biographers; and he has virtually anthologized the critics on the subject, whether they speak in small, specific or in large, general terms. He has himself been critic as well as chronicler; and any names that one might charge him with neglecting can have no vital bearing on how thoroughly he records, or from what a diversity of examples he appraises. Indeed, what his book tends particularly

to suffer from is a sense of too-muchness, of a larger framework, a fuller commentary, than the subject seems happy with — whether because, so frequently in the telling, Mr. Altick’s *History* repeats itself, or because of not enough real substance and significance in the tale. But we might best follow the story first, and discuss its pluses and minuses afterward.

The childhood of literary biography was more backward, the development even slower, than that of biography (the word only dates from the 1660s) itself. Even during the Renaissance, there was small sense of “an essential connection between person and artist”; and beyond that, not just a lack of research methods, but a dearth of research materials. The first native work to matter, Isaak Walton’s famous *Lives*, has the serious flaw of finding its subjects to be virtually flawless. The first native work to delight, John Aubrey’s *Brief Lives*, is, as its devotees know, a wonderful ragbag of colored scraps, quaint smut, and glittering hearsay. Thus Ben Jonson

had one eye lower than t’other, and bigger,
like Clun the player. Perhaps he begot Clun.

This painting in the blemishes, often without the face, this portraiture-by-anecdote, was to develop during the century to come into a species

of biography — or a substitute for it — whether as ana (“Swiftiana,” “Walpoliana”) or as table talk. These blobs, the meager, trivial substance of their own day, have become the flavorers of many later volumes. For, even where it was highbred and cultivated, the eighteenth century developed a very secular spirit and a very gamy taste; and biography, by dishing up a certain number of facts to bear witness to its truth-telling, could insinuate lies and slide effortlessly into fiction. Thus Pope’s publisher antagonist, Edmund Curll, who was to become posterity’s Unspeakable Curll, ran a factory whose hacks shrugged off truth and snatched at scandal while producing, for a mass audience, full-length biographies of criminals and reformers, actors and slave traders, bluestockings and valets. If Curll’s unsavory life stories were said to have “added a new terror to death,” they and their kind yet constituted a new form of writing and found a new public.

Thus biographers of one kind or another were busy all through the eighteenth century; but it was not till near the end of it that with, as it were, a magnificent *pas de deux* literary biography both came of age and turned immortal. In a sort of calm classical sunset Johnson wrote the *Lives of the Poets*, and then, in a blazing and transforming sunrise, Boswell wrote the *Life of Johnson*. “The biographical part of literature,” Dr. Johnson once said, was what he loved most; and, as Mr. Altick remarks, he was “the first important English critic to take biography seriously.” He also approached biography very humanly, setting a few minutes’ talk with a man’s servant above much fusty borrowing from books; and though he himself did no great amount of legwork, he sired Boswell’s method of running “over half of London to track down a single date.” Nor did Johnson create between biography and criticism any really vital connection. But if the *Lives of the Poets* — some of them brief and perfunctory, others ample and solid, the most vivid of them all (the *Richard Savage*) written long before the rest — produce a misshapen biographical mound, they constitute in their wit, wisdom, and knowledge of life a great personal monument. Even when Johnson’s style skirts self-parody, he can be a total delight:

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope’s excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage.

Boswell’s *Life of Johnson* emerged, as everyone knows, one of the supreme achievements of biography in the very act of revolutionizing its approach. Yet Boswell’s *Johnson* is decidedly open, as

literary biography, to criticism. There isn’t space enough to explore the subject here; but I would myself remark that the *Life of Johnson* is in one sense incomparable precisely for *not* being literary biography. It essentially celebrates a great talker, a great eccentric, and a great man; and it does so in a great, indeed a transcending, manner. The fact that much else about Johnson the human being, and infinitely more about Johnson the writer, remained to be said only attests that the book, far from being a biographical model, is simply a masterpiece.

Yet for the future, Boswell’s *Life* could in important respects serve as a model, and nowhere more than from Boswell’s refusal to make his “tiger a cat,” to sacrifice truth to the proprieties. Had the *Life* not been so essentially truthful, his hero would not have been so gloriously alive, nor his book, either. But though Boswell, as it were, bequeathed to subsequent biographers the close-up, they (unlike him) went in besides for all kinds of makeup and, where necessary, for false beards and even face-lifting. What the Victorians gave to biography in bulk, they took away in forthrightness. A Carlyle, while overstretching his Hero thesis — “the History of the world is but the Biography of great men” — might yet be a rare protester of how much that was unheroic got inked out by respectability, so that, as he remarked, the only English lives worth reading were those of actors, who had “bidden Respectability good-day.” Indeed, the Victorians not only got rid of warts; they inserted dimples. And the life of writers, in particular, had its dark, unseemly episodes; had not only skeletons, but cowering mad folk, transvestite costumes, and flagellants’ whips in its closets, not to speak of very strange bedfellows in its beds. As it happens, the century’s greatest biographical explosion-in-print concerned the Truth About Carlyle, when in 1882 James Anthony Froude exposed Carlyle’s domestic life and his wife’s peevish martyrdom. It was only, however, in his posthumously published papers that Froude recorded the black-and-blue marks Carlyle’s abusiveness had imprinted on Jane’s arms; and told, apropos of Carlyle’s impotence, how on the morning after the wedding night Carlyle “tore to pieces the flower garden . . . in a fit of ungovernable fury.”

And indeed, from a certain legitimate concern for privacy, but much more from a constant dither over impropriety, the opposition to Telling All, or sometimes telling anything, was widespread and often high-placed. As late as 1888, Tennyson could roar:

Rip your brothers’ vices open,
strip your own foul passions bare;
Down with Reticence, down with Reverence
— forward — naked — let them stare.

Only a Burns or a Byron, from having been scandalous while alive, could suffer the full posthumous glare of truth-telling (nor was some of the truth, witness the matter of Byron's homosexuality, aired at all). As against this, there were Official Biographies innumerable: Edmund Gosse joked that a great man's obit gave the name of the prospective biographer in the same sentence with the time of the funeral. By treating of real people, biography suffered even worse than fiction from repressive influences. These more than offset any progressive attitudes — the desire to see into the writer and relate the writings to the man; or the need of access to letters, journals, authors' and family papers. For all too much in the letters and papers was ruthlessly withheld or hacked out; and all too stringent were the conditions the family imposed in exchange for "cooperating." Worse yet, the family might itself elect to write the biography, requiring, for every bottle of ink it used, a can of whitewash, and muffling all unwelcome facts straight on to the anything-but-bitter end, to the hallowed deathbed scene and the lofty, hortatory last words. (In Hannah More's case, the last words became second- and then third-to-last, for it took three deathbed scenes for her to die.) Moreover, the subjects of the biographies had themselves all too often touched up and toned down their papers and journals, not just writing for posterity, but rewriting for it as well.

IT WAS a long literary era, decked out with many emblems of Victorianism — endless pilgrimages to Stratford or Abbotsford, fluttery quests for a lock of Byron's or Wordsworth's hair, a host of Browning (and other) Societies, a flocking to lectures, in America even more than in England (just as, in terms of familial piety, a Hawthorne's widow kept pace with a Shelley's daughter-in-law). There was also the cozy habit of taking a Dickens or even a Shakespeare right into the family. "We don't say Mr. Shakespeare," remarked Mrs. Cowden Clarke, "but — darling Willie, dear William, beloved Will." The most that so sentimental an atmosphere and so fervid an adulation could hope to produce was, in Dr. Johnson's old phrase, "rather nothing that is false than all that is true." A few still enjoyable biographies survive from Victorian times — for one example, which Mr. Altick does not mention, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*; as well as the best volumes in the compact English Men of Letters series. The great Victorian monument is doubtless the *Dictionary of National Biography*, begun with Leslie Stephen as editor in 1882, and finished with Sidney Lee in 1900. Its 63 volumes ran to 29,120 lives; its unofficial motto was "No

flowers by request." Walter Pater, tradition has it, "religiously" read each volume from end to end as it appeared (rather obligingly, one would think, for a biographer who himself chose to write *Imaginary Portraits*).

But to a very considerable degree the overstuffed official biography persisted until the epoch-making publication in 1918 of Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*. Never has England produced a work more destructive of biographical sanctities and human reputations alike. The book was a superb new broom, a new broom that swept dirty, that with gusto and glee piled all the available debris right in the middle of the floor. As a brilliant, lean, selective method, presented in a generally knife-sharp, scissors-cold, seductive style, it gave biography a wholly new look, and a new luster into the bargain. The method had its great weaknesses: *Eminent Victorians*, which is in effect an exposé of Victorianism, may be said to falsify the whole in proportion as it illuminates the parts; it is a prosecuting attorney's moderately dishonest triumph rather than a judge's wholly disinterested one. *Queen Victoria*, published three years later, is far finer, not just because Strachey half fell in love with his heroine, but because she invited a sustained tone of comedy, offering Strachey less bite but much delightful tongue-in-cheek, and because (not least to Victoria's own annoyance) hers was social rather than political power. Though Strachey wrote no literary biography, his work has kinship with it from his being the man of letters much more than the historian. His influence, for a time at least, was bound to be overwhelming, as it was bound in the end to be injurious. He made the pendulum swing to the opposite extreme without making the clock keep really accurate time. He begot — rather unfairly to himself — a decade of debunkers, an ostentatious skepticism, a literature of the toplofty sneer. Yet, if only for what he forever rid biography of, Strachey proved invaluable; and his own kind of artistry and brilliance is, as reading matter, worth whatever it entails.

The other great and almost simultaneous influence on literary biography, as substantive as Strachey's is structural, was Freud — a lasting influence of great value, though also much given to distorting the whole while straightening out the parts. And when the 1920s moved into the 30s, Marxism laid its soothing fist on this or that writer's frayed nerves or rumbling belly, at times with undoubted point, but never with any permanence. Since then, it seems to me, no approach like Strachey's, or gospel like Marx's or Freud's, has meant half so much in literary biography as has a tireless, predominantly academic quest of "sources" — a burrowing in libraries, newspaper files, courthouse records, family trunks; a bringing

new material to light as a prelude to new theories, symptoms, solutions. (A biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson acknowledged the aid of—to name just a few—the Weather Bureau, the Cunard—White Star Line, A. T. & T., the National Tuberculosis Association, the Coast Guard, and the Pennsylvania Railroad.) What, for biographers today, must add a new terror to death equal to the Unspeakable Curll's, is the fiendishly mounting source material. Consider the letters alone—11,000 of Dickens, 12,000 of Henry James, 20,000 of Cardinal Newman, not to mention the 98,721 that Lewis Carroll's record book says he wrote and received.

All this—taken in conjunction with how many writers' lives, like Jane Austen's, are undramatic, or, like Wordsworth's, have only a briefly dramatic first act—has created new problems for literary biography as a specific form, as a practicable craft. There have certainly been good literary biographies of late—Keats, thanks to W. J. Bate, Aileen Ward, and Douglas Bush, has been particularly fortunate—but too often any fair mating of the scholarly approach (exhaustive research and intensive scrutiny) with the artistic approach (gifts of structure and style and a unified total effect) seems hard to come by and almost a contradiction in aims. "The life and the works," Leon Edel quotes Henry James as saying, "are two different matters." And far from proving a successful fusion, literary biography seems increasingly a kind of "problem" half-breed, neither outright biography nor critical biography—neither, essentially, about a man who wrote books nor, essentially, about the books a man wrote. The two species, serving different ends, providing different gratifications, calling forth different endowments, might better draw farther apart than come closer together. To reconstruct, portray, and ably interpret a writer's life with the craftsmanship associated with a good novel, the showmanship implicit in a good play, can provide notable aesthetic rewards; to concentrate on the full significance and aesthetic value of his writings is a far more cerebral and critical, but a far less aesthetic, job.

In any case, the annals of literary biography seem, all in all, neither very illustrious in terms of an art nor very stimulating in terms of an art form. It is the failure of the form itself to absorb us (as the novel or the drama or even the writing of history does) that suggests why Mr. Allick's book, however well researched, pleasantly written, and nicely seasoned with anecdote, should prove eminently dipable, but not unthinkably skippable also. For, quite beyond the fact that the masterpieces are so

few, there is in literary biography not very much striking or significant development, experiment, mutation. Orderliness has to take over the role of organic form, and vigor do the work of subtler qualities. What the history of literary biography chiefly comes down to is, first, a long and arduous struggle to get unimpededly at the facts; and next, a longer and perhaps never-ending struggle to reshape them into truth.

TODAY—when no blinds are drawn, few holds are barred, and infra-red rays defeat most ancient attempts at concealment—today would surely seem an opportune and benign period for literary biography. Nevertheless, the specialist's need, the academician's demand for all the facts, all the clues, all the conjectures tend to overshadow the larger aims and livelier pleasures of biography itself. Narrative values are as much discounted, or as much play second fiddle, in "serious" literary biography as in fiction. Is it perhaps a little strange, and even a little symptomatic, how seldom superior creative writers have attempted literary biography at all? One thinks of Moore's *Byron*, Scott's *Dryden*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Charlotte Brontë*; thereafter, a Trollope's *Thackeray*, or a Henry James's *Hawthorne*, or in our own day, an Angus Wilson's *Zola* is a small-scale work, predominantly critical. In other words, writers with the greatest gift for form and structure, storytelling and style, innovation and experiment are virtually strangers to our story. In terms of revolutionizing procedures, it is difficult to add a third name to Boswell's and Strachey's (unless we invoke Freud's, for his making parentage, once a few pages in Chapter I, now motivate entire biographies). A biography would seem to take firm shape, or indeed acquire shapeliness, where it boasts a special approach or visible theme, as with A. J. A. Symons' *The Quest for Corvo*, Francis Steegmuller's *Flaubert and Madame Bovary*, or Justin Kaplan's recent *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*. Otherwise, matters boil down to a number of very good biographies—the first volume of Professor Pottle's *Boswell* is the latest and one of the best—all well laid out in their way, but asserting no very distinctive patterns and articulating no really instructive laws. Nor should patterns and laws much matter, provided the gifted and skillful biographer can satisfy his need to select, refine, reorder, omit in an age where the stress is all on digging up new facts, on dredging up new solutions or—better yet—new mysteries.



Living

THE CASE FOR GRUMP

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Grump, which calls itself a humor magazine and is published bi-monthly, was a year old at this writing, and its first anniversary issue included selections from those preceding it. Humor is a treacherous word to play with, especially to take unto oneself, when it usually means that the taker is out to make the reader laugh even if it kills them both. But *Grump* proves to be a valuable exception to this generalization: its anniversary issue (\$1.00) seemed to me well worth the money and very funny indeed.

For the past fifteen years or more the United States has had no counterpart of such a publication as *Punch*, today a literate, edgy review stocked with sharp criticism, light prose and foolery, and what for my taste is a variety of the best comic art currently in print. (I qualify these opinions as my own and no more, for I keep in my desk a multipanel drawing, in color, by *Punch*'s Bill Tidy, which I count among the funniest and most wildly original I have seen, and many friends to whom I have shown it don't think it's funny at all.) It would be a fine thing if some new magazine were to

do as well for us as *Punch* does for the British, but we continue to lack *Punch*'s counterpart. *Mad*, in its nine-issues-a-year appearances, and now *Grump*, if all goes well, offer a kind of comedy more or less unobtainable in Britain, although *Mad*'s British edition, which seems to be a selection of listings from the American edition which the editors hope will be intelligible to the British reader, has a block of customers in England.

Now in its second decade, *Mad* continues to offer its own sledgehammer kind of commentary on life in the United States, entirely pictorial and with what seems to me more — too many more — long, multipage subjects in the comic-strip style than it used to carry (see "The Case for *Mad*," September, 1963, *Atlantic*). Its visual wallop is still formidable, and it ventures boldly into controversial areas ignored by other publications. Its content is thoroughly up to date, always with a surprise or two and much that is funny. *Mad*'s Alfred E. Neuman covers have lost none of their distinctive absurdity over the years, but it is nonetheless good to find in *Grump* a generous assortment of prose — parodies, burlesques, and criticism, the best of it written by young newcomers, or unsigned and presumably the work of Roger Price, the editor of *Grump*, who will be re-

membered as the originator of the pictorial scheme known as Doodles. I append a few items from *Grump*'s anniversary issue.

An example of Mr. Price's editorial style, commenting on what he calls The New People (those under twenty-five): "In rejecting the theology of Christianity they have also, to a large extent, rejected its ethics. Many of them have concluded that if Jonah wasn't swallowed by the whale then it's okay to steal."

An underplayed and very funny parody of the cliché-ridden kind of view-with-alarm article written by some plodding hack who has interviewed various supposed authorities in order to document his warnings. This one is written by Judith Rascoe, who is otherwise a student at the Harvard Graduate School, and it is titled "Creeping Heterosexuality — America's Number One Social Problem."

A superior one-page assault on the weasel words, so cravenly enacted by Congress at the bidding of the tobacco companies, that "smoking *may* be hazardous to your health." A couple of *Grump*'s parallel examples: "Caution: This Italian Suit May Make You Look Like a Jerk," and "Caution: Buying This TV Set May Cause Your Children's Brains to Turn to Oatmeal."

A rhetorical question: "Does Athe-

ism Pose a Threat to Organized Bingo?"

A conversation between a husband, wife, and their son and the Registrar at Harvard, by Bill Majeski, titled "Any Old Sport in a Dorm," which succeeds in being funny on the subject of sex with nary a leer. Another bright and successful bit is a short tirade by Alice K. Turner against male exhibitionists, whose "naïve" behavior she deplores with these words, "It's evident these men are simply not aware 49% of the human race are structured similarly to themselves."

Grump carries no advertising, and advertising-procurement costs for a new magazine can be almost prohibitive, but it would do the space buyers for some of the big institutional accounts no great harm to loosen up and give a lift to Mr. Price's undertaking. For all I know, he might refuse it, but it's just as well to be invited to the party even if one doesn't want to go. In any case, I wish him and his young contributors success, with the hope that Price's Law, so frequently applied in the democratic process of 1966, will exempt *Grump* from its strictures.

Price's Law: If everybody doesn't want it — nobody gets it.

Mead

BY MARGERY SHARP

British writer MARGERY SHARP gained a reputation in the United States with her novel THE NUTMEG TREE in 1937. This is her first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

Driving to Holy Vale, on an island in the Scillies, by pony cart in 1936 was probably much like driving there in 1736, or 1536, or even earlier — the dividing line probably the introduction of iron tire to wooden wheel. The cart was definitely unsprung: each jolt when the hairy pony stumbled shot uncushioned up the backbone straight to the base of the skull. Why the pony stumbled so often was partly on account of his age and partly because the lane leading down to the vale had never been made. It was essentially a wide rut, in winter probably a watercourse. On either side grew blackberry bushes, honeysuckles, clovers, and a sort of scentless mignonette.

It was very hot. Even the bees (increasingly numerous, murmurous) seemed burdened by more than pollen. (Buzzing a bourdon to their burden.) As the pony plodded downward, his hairy coat collected flies. He was an off-white pony. Quite soon his coat looked expensively ermine-tailed.

We had come to buy honey in the comb. Mead was far from our minds.

The vale itself turned out to be no more than a dell, or dingle, deeply embowered in more blackberry bushes, more honeysuckle. It brimmed with sunshine as with some tangible golden fluid. It was even hotter than the lane, and fuller of bees and flies; their combined buzzing and humming produced an effect on the eardrums like organ stops left out. In the center of this dell, upon a patch of turf some ten yards across, stood a very small cottage with a bench by the door. The beehives were scattered over the slopes higher up where the heather was.

We dismounted and knocked. There was a long pause. The pony went to sleep on his legs. Presently a tall old man came out and sold us four combs of honey. We had wanted six (being commissioned by friends at the hotel), but he said four was all he could spare. His voice was wonderfully low and soothing — a trait I had noticed before among beemasters, in fact among a whole conference of them gathered at Charleston, South Carolina.

When we had paid, "Have you ever tasted mead?" asked the old man.

We said no.

"Then have a drop," said the old man.

The grave courtesy of his manner, also a certain authority, put refusal out of the question. It would have been like refusing a gourd offered by Jonah. We sat down on the bench while he went in and came out again with three small squat tumblers that looked like bottle ends worn smooth by the tide. The green-tinged glass was so thick it was impossible to tell what mead looked like. Following our host's example we took it in sips.

This was the first time we had drunk mead, and rather oddly, I cannot remember its taste. Perhaps mead has no taste. On the palate

it was liqueurish, almost overbland; there was no backlash. However, nothing could have been more pleasant than to sit there in the sun listening to the flies and the bees and smelling the clover and the honeysuckle and the mignonette.

"Have another," said the old man. We hesitated.

"It has no effect," said the old man.

We did not accept a third because he was obviously going to refuse payment. Our glasses again empty, we climbed back into the cart and woke the pony. To re-enter the lane pointing the right way necessitated a preliminary circuit of the cottage; evidently the pony was still half-asleep, for he went round five or six times before hitting the gap.

As everyone knows, it is always more comfortable driving a pony cart uphill than down; not a single spine-shattering jolt marred the ascent. We might have been on springs. We might have been in a Rolls-Royce, so smooth and effortless our progress. We might have been on the back of Lohengrin's swan. The pony had indeed (we both now remarked on it) a pronouncedly swanlike curve to his neck; perhaps a touch of Arab? Nor was it nearly so hot in the lane, with ten-foot blackberries interlaced arcade-like overhead. Some of their branches bore grapes, others figs. Honeysuckles on the other hand confined themselves to carpeting the ground and emitting delicious odors when crushed — a nice



example of modesty to giant clovers thrusting their heads practically into one's lap and singing the Hallelujah Chorus. But how to snub them, with the pony taking solo bass? We ourselves arrived back singing seconds.

Otherwise mead has no effect whatever.

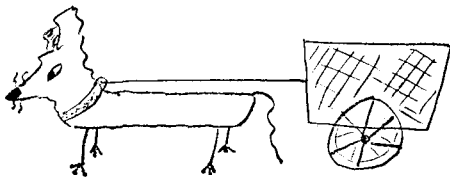
Decapitation Revisited (*All Tumbrils Are Go*)

BY JOHN H. SLATE

JOHN H. SLATE, a New York lawyer, reflects upon the days when decapitation was in flower.

Since its halcyon days during the French Revolutionary era, the "vogue" for decapitation has sharply waned, and our daily lives are impoverished once again by the ponderous march of what passes for progress. Just as the flashlight has displaced the fagot in the field of illumination, even so the rich pageantry of the Place de la Concorde (with its veritable sea of tricolor cockades rippled by some zephyrs and a thousand soaring voices united in the refrain of "Roll Out DuBarry") has vanished forever.

Now we are left with the colorless cyanide of San Quentin and the



"Roll Out DuBarry"

bleak electronic apparatus at Sing Sing, whose name alone survives as a reminder of those simpler, happier times.

VOLTAIRE LAUDED

What has happened to our sense of history? It is the author's belief that the blame must be placed in large part upon the nineteenth century. It has long been known, of course, that from a purely chronological standpoint the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries differed by a good hundred years. However, what is not so generally understood is that there were also differences in *attitude* between these two periods.

It is not for nothing that the 1700s are known as the Age of Reason. Nowhere was this more plainly revealed than in the cultivated view of decapitation, which was early recognized by the leaders of the Enlightenment as uniquely efficacious for separation of the head from the body. As Voltaire put it, "How else, we must ask, is it to be done?"

VICTORIA FOR THE VICTORIANS

However, the clarity of this vision was soon obscured by the dim-witted

sentimentality that flawed the reign of Queen Victoria (which was, indeed, distinguished more by its length than by either of the other two dimensions). Yet the actual fault lies, perhaps, more with Rudyard Kipling than with Victoria herself. For when he wrote, "If you can keep your head when all about you/ Are losing theirs and blaming it on you," he put the cat irretrievably among the pigeons. From that day to this the public has viewed decapitation with grave misgivings.

And so, even in the United Kingdom (where Tyburn stood for centuries as a monument to all that was splendid in dismemberment) the light is flickering and will soon gutter out. For Parliament will almost certainly enact the pending statute abolishing capital punishment — despite the fact that the hangman's noose is virtually the last hand-crafted instrument still in use for this purpose.*

THE CAMBRIDGE "SCHOOL"

Are we, then, confronted by nothing less than the death knell of the Death Knell itself? So it would seem. Still, in a few quiet enclaves of learning there have been those who have had the courage to speak out against these hasty reforms.

Perhaps the most cogent formulation of the conservative position was embodied in this enunciation by Cambridge's late great J. B. S. Haldane:

If King Charles I's or King Louis XVI's [severed] head had been stuck within a minute or so on a pump which supplied oxygenated blood to it, it would almost certainly have come around, after half an hour or so, enough to open its eyes and move its lips, and would probably have recovered consciousness.

Although written in 1949, this

* The statute in question (which was still in legislative process when this paper was written and not yet approved by the Crown) has now become law. Why was the text of the paper not revised accordingly? There can be no honest answer to this question, good one though it be. Suffice it to say that it was not.

bold conception is as fresh today as it was at the moment of its birth. Nonetheless, it would be less than realistic to suppose that this lone voice crying in the wilderness of modern thought will not, in the end, be overborne.

THE ERRORS OF J. B. S. HALDANE

For there is no longer any blinking the fact that the people are simply not prepared to place their reliance on blood pumps to anything like the extent that Professor Haldane (sheltered as he was from practical affairs) so idealistically postulated.

What is more, Haldane blundered in an extraordinarily ingenuous way in his reference to *both* Charles I and Louis XVI. For apart from the manner of their deaths, these dignitaries had almost nothing in common. Certainly the man in the street has sufficient difficulty in identifying with even *one* king. Is it not, then, the height of folly to "ring in" an *additional* monarch at this time?

It must also be admitted that Professor Haldane would have been far more convincing if he had at least roughed out what Charles and/or Louis might have *said* when their lips began to "move." While space prevents our dwelling on this elementary question here, the first-year student may wish (by filling in the following blanks) to complete two or three sample utterances:

Charles: Where?

Louis: I haven't

(Additional blank forms may be obtained from the registrar.)

In summary, then, Haldane's otherwise impeccable analysis was marred in these three respects:

1. Excessive blood-pump reliance;
2. Fuzzy image kingwise;
3. No sayings; and
4. His vague prediction that the two (2) rulers would have recovered "after half an hour or so" is simply not in harmony with modern standards of split-second timing. It is difficult to visualize the employer of today's citizen accepting de-

capitation as an excuse for
job tardiness.

HEADS UP!

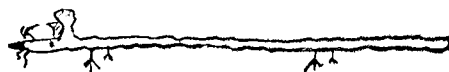
One point remains to be considered — the place of the head in the life of the mind. Throughout history these have gone hand in hand, and it has been noticed that even when the greatest care is exercised, removal of the one impairs the other.

It has been said that the head contains the brain, an instrument of impressive capabilities, yet whose extraordinary complexity is not generally understood. What is needed is a publicity campaign to bring the facts home not just to megalopolis but to the veriest hamlet in the land.

The number of discrete neural paths in the human brain has been estimated at the fantastic level of 10^{25} . Since Einstein calculated that the total number of particles in the entire universe does not exceed 10^{79} , what this means is that *each* particle can be “patched” into a separate neural circuit and there will still be enough free circuits remaining for all workaday thinking needs.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

In contrast, the far more limited circuitry of the brain of a serpent

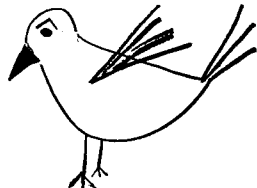


“Spotted Serpent”

would require several particles to share the same circuit in a sort of party-line arrangement. What is more, the snake would then become nothing more than a live switch-board for interparticle communications, deprived of all capacity for the management of its own affairs. Surely this is not a course that will commend itself to the humane.

While the suppression of the anopheles mosquito during the construction of the Panama Canal was doubtless grounded in realpolitik

“Typical”
Panamanian
Bird
(Canal Zone)



considerations, *no* argument has been advanced which would even remotely justify this ruthless exploitation of the scaly inhabitants of our planet.

After all, can we be so certain that we are not being *watched*?

THE ENTRAPMENT OF JOHN ALDEN, or WE PAINT THE LILY, WE BEARD MR. LONGFELLOW

BY OGDEN NASH

Once there was a Pilgrim Father named Miles Standish,

Because despite many misconceptions few Pilgrim Fathers were
named Praise-God Barebones or something equally outlandish.

Miles Standish was ordinarily a direct man, but in affairs of the
heart he was inclined to crawfish,

Indeed, he might have been termed Standish-offish.

He had moved from Plymouth to Duxbury, and he had a friend who
was a born bachelor named John Alden

Who had also moved to Duxbury, though he might have done better to
plump for Nahant or Saugus or Malden.

Well, Miles Standish fell in love with a Pilgrim maiden named
Priscilla Mullens,

But whenever he approached her she fell into a fit of the sulks
or sullens,

And he was afraid that if he offered her marriage in person she
would grow even acider,

So the upshot was that he persuaded John Alden to be his ambassador,

And the offshoot of the upshot was that Priscilla welcomed John
Alden as Penelope might have welcomed Odysseus

And she baked him a pumpkin pie that was simply delysseus,

And she evinced a frightening tendency to mingle,

And when he transmitted Miles Standish's proposal to her she asked
him why he didn't speak for himself, but he really had nothing
to say for himself except that he enjoyed being single.

Had he been a Method actor preparing for a play set in Greenpoint
he could have told himself, “I can ad lib dis,”

But now with the image of Miles Standish looking over one shoulder
and an amorous maiden snuggling against the other he stood
silent between Priscilla and Charybdis.

This silence resulted in a union which eventually produced eleven
children, several of them born in August,

And a recently discovered diary of John Alden's reveals that he
often wished that instead of joining Miles Standish in
Duxbury he had Nahanted or even Saugused.

pleasures and places



THE WITCHES OF 1966

BY VERONICA THOMAS

I got in touch with Miss Ruth Tongue, co-author of *Folktales of England*, by devious means and called her at her home, which is a cottage in the middle of a deer park near a village some seven miles from Taunton, Somerset. Despite the fact that she didn't know me, and there wasn't even the scrappiest of introductions, Miss Tongue expressed no surprise when I telephoned. "Witches," she repeated, "in Somerset, are there? Dear me, you seem to know more about it than I do." Silence, then a sudden chuckle, and she agreed to meet me for lunch at the Castle Hotel in Taunton the next day.

The train was late, and Miss Tongue was waiting for me in the foyer. She wore a red and blue plaid cloak, thick red wool stockings, and a round hat made of patterned Shetland wool that sat on her head like a crown. My first impression was of a slimmer Margaret Rutherford.

"I'm nearly blind," she said, indicating the walking stick she used. "They're going to try and do something, but it's a dreadful nuisance."

We went into the dining room, and Miss Tongue loosened her cloak, ordered a glass of grapefruit juice, sighed briskly, and came straight to the point. "First of all,"

she said, "witches won't talk to an outsider. I know several men and women witches who live in these parts, but it wouldn't do any good if I were to take you to them." She paused and looked at me through the pink-frame glasses she wore. "I can tell you some things," she said slowly, "just a few little things here and a few little things there. If you keep your mind open and listen carefully, you will learn." She laughed. "It's a bit like trying to do a jigsaw puzzle when some of the pieces are missing."

I asked her if she was an active witch, and she told me she elected not to practice the craft as her main interest was in West Country folklore and herbal medicine. "I'm a Chimes child," she confided. This meant she was born between midnight on a Friday and cockcrow on Saturday. She said there was a lot more attached to the day of the week and hour of birth than mere ancient superstition. "You mean the 'Monday's child is fair of face' jingle?" I asked. She nodded and told me a local Somerset rhyme.

They that are born in the hours of chime
Are singers of music and makers of rhyme.
Every beast will do as they say
And every herb that do grow in the clay.
They see what they see
And they hear what they hear
But they never do tell for a hundred year.

Miss Tongue said that Chimes children make the best doctors, farmers, musicians, and poets. They also have a natural capacity for white witchcraft. "Except some don't realize they have this power, and so it never gets developed, which is a great pity."

In Somerset the word witch is used only when referring to black witchcraft — white witches are called charmers, conjurers, or wise ones.

When Miss Tongue was a little girl she lived in Taunton Castle, and because of being a Chimes child the local wise ones would tell her things. "Blacksmiths are particularly gifted people," she said. "Horns are a sign of power, either evil or good, and the upturned horseshoe nailed to a door for luck represents the lunar horns of the Moon Goddess, Goddess of Fertility, or the Great Mother. The goddess has other names: Cybele, the crescent moon; Selene, the full moon; and Pale Hechete, the waning or dark moon. Hechete, the most powerful of all three, is sometimes referred to as the Goddess of the Crossroads — traditional meeting place for witches."

The waiter brought our main course, and Miss Tongue went on to talk of the late Dr. Margaret Murray, whom she had known. Dr. Murray was a well-established Egyptologist when she started her research of witchcraft, approaching the subject from the anthropological view. According to Dr. Murray, long before Christianity there was an organized religion in Western Europe with well-defined rites. The two main festivals were May Eve and November Eve, indicating that this cult was pre-agricultural, coming before the solstitial division of the year. The witches of 1966 still celebrate these two dates as being the most important festivals. The fertility rites paid little attention to crops and harvest but focused on the increase of livestock. The god of the cult was at first an animal and later a two-faced man wearing a horned headdress. A present-day male witch (they don't call themselves warlocks), told me that this idea of two faces was because the god was masked, which meant he had his own real face as well as that of the mask.

"Remains of fertility dances are still performed in Abbots Bromley, Staffordshire," said Miss Tongue. "Eight male dancers go from village

to village, and they wear actual antlers on their heads." She explained that this had no connection with the black witchcraft practice of wearing a two-horned headdress with a cross fixed to either horn and a black anti-Christian candle in the center.

Miss Tongue then told me of an old spell used to harm an enemy by driving a nail through the person's footprint. "It lamed them instantly," she said, "prevented them from getting around and doing their dirty work. Mind you, this was a special nail the blacksmith made solely for that purpose." She popped a piece of roast chicken into her mouth and continued cheerfully. "Shape shifting," she said. "The last witch to be executed in England was hanged right here in Somerset in 1666. They hanged her because she used to change herself into a hare and cause damage to farms. There is a café a few miles away in Brendon Hills called Lady and a Hare." Miss Tongue paused for a moment. "Oh, yes," she said, "shape shifting was a terribly common thing. There's the story of the young boy watching the horses and hounds in hot pursuit of a fox. 'Run, Granny,' he shouted, 'run! run!' Then later on they'd find the old lady back in her cottage gasping and panting for breath."

Miss Tongue told me that witches didn't like to be hanged. They much preferred to be burned because that way their power was destroyed with them and their children were safe. Hanging didn't destroy their power, which could then pass on to their descendants. "Fire eliminates all," said Miss Tongue, as she chose a steamed pudding for dessert.

I waited for her to continue. "It's fear," she said; "fear of the unknown darkness within is just as basic today as it ever was. I know people even now who keep toads in boxes as their familiars. Goose feathers have a magic property also. One man uses feathers from a gander for his witch's ladder—that's a rope, about five feet long, with certain feathers on it. It's used to summon people. Once he casts the spell that person will and *must* come to him."

We adjourned to the hotel lounge for coffee, and Miss Tongue accepted a cigarette before proceeding to tell me a few other "little things."

"Witchcraft thrives on dark hours," she said. "In olden days all the farms closed down on the eve of Candlemas [February 1], and the whole family retired to bed. 'Put your box of matches away, for tomorrow will be Candlemas Day.' No lights were visible, and the countryside was plunged into darkness. The custom is dying out now, but it still exists in more remote rural areas."

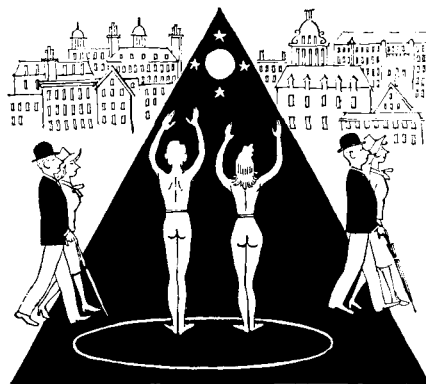
We talked on, and Miss Tongue told me two stories. The first was about the circle of standing stones at Stanton Drew, near Bath. One Saturday evening there was a wedding party, and the guests were dancing. When the hour approached midnight the piper refused to play for them into the Sabbath, so they raised the devil, literally, who at once provided music. The party gaily continued, but at daybreak all the dancers suddenly turned into stone. According to legend, anyone who tries to count the number of stones in the circle will die within the year.

The second story was about the Drawing the Line spell. There was an open country road with a rhine (dike) on either side of it which was the only means of access to the nearest town. All the farmers drove their sheep and cattle along this road to market. One particular farmer, who was a witch, put a spell on the road to stop the others from driving their animals in to be sold. He drew an invisible line across the path, and neither man nor beast could pass it. The only way the line could be broken, thereby releasing the spell, was to get someone to cross it from the *opposite* direction. "That is a true story," said Miss Tongue. She hesitated, then added: "There is another way to dispel the invisible line, which involves salt or a piece of bread and the striking of three matches in a special fashion, using crisscross signs."

We finished our coffee in silence; then Miss Tongue gathered together her handbag, walking stick, and a pair of wool mittens. "Yes," she said, "the old religion has never really died, it simply went underground for a time. Now the craft is springing to the surface again"—she made a piano-playing motion with one hand—"a little bit here and a little bit there."

I was lucky enough to get an introduction to a coven of witches

who practice the craft in London. The shape of power in a coven is rather like a pyramid. At the top is the high priestess, next comes the



high priest, and then the elders. Witchcraft is basically a religion—a form of nature worship. The names of the witch gods and goddesses are kept secret; they are not considered entities but symbolic leaders of the various rites performed. One of the main concepts of the craft is to work and think in symbols because it increases the force of power raised by the group.

A nine-foot circle is drawn with the sacred black-handled knife called an *athame*, and within this circle the priest and priestess represent the witch gods. British covens mostly hold their meetings indoors for a purely practical reason—the weather. As it is therefore impossible to draw the circle in earth, it is marked out with chalk or charcoal after first being traced by the *athame*.

Altogether there are eight festivals during the year. These are divided into the four great sabbaths, which fall on May Eve, August Eve (also known as Lammastide), November Eve, and Candlemas. The remaining four are the spring equinox on March 21, the summer solstice on June 21, the autumn equinox on September 21, and the winter solstice (sometimes referred to as Yule) on December 21. The sabbaths are older and tie in with the breeding season of animals. There are special ceremonies for each festival, and, if possible, new members are initiated at these times. Covens vary from one part of the country to the other, but in general the rituals follow a similar pattern. Apart from the festivals, the covens meet once a month as near as possible to the time of the full moon to celebrate a less important ceremony known as the Esbat.

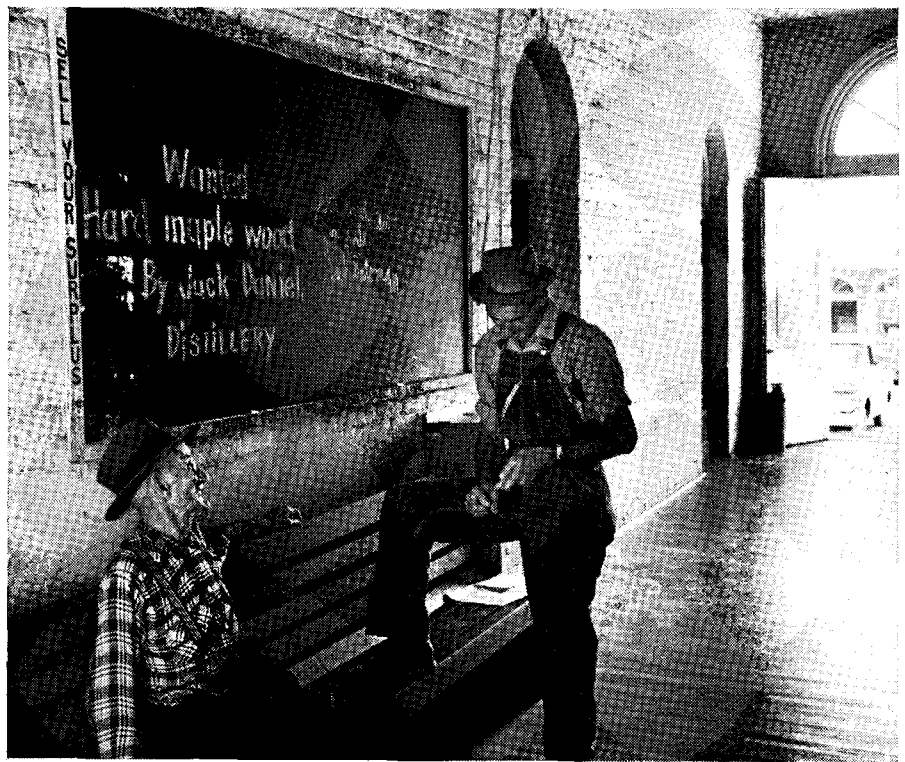
The men witches in the London coven outnumber the women, and there are more than the traditional thirteen members in the group, which includes a doctor, a secretary, a lawyer, a civil servant, and a factory worker. Ray, the high priestess, told me: "Thirteen is not necessarily an ideal number for a group working in a nine-foot circle. More speed of energy is generated with additional people."

As well as being a high priestess, Ray (who is a registered nurse) is also the liaison officer for southern and West Country covens in England. She impressed me as being a forthright, sensible woman. "We are all so sick and tired of those ridiculous stories about witches. We don't eat babies, nor do we fly over chimney tops on broomsticks."

I asked her what was the main purpose of being a witch apart from observing the various rituals. "Basically our aim is to help others by using our collective power," Ray said, "and we succeed usually." The coven receives many requests for aid from people in trouble — usually the problem is to do with health. The priest or priestess tells the group what "the business at hand" is, and sometimes they will concentrate on a picture of the person they are going to help, frequently a total stranger. They chant in a rhyming, unknown language, and holding hands, dance around the circle. Unlike some other covens, the London one doesn't use any music but will occasionally have drums. At no given time the dance will suddenly stop — "it just happens that way," Ray said. Then the group concentrates on the healing wish, summoning up their collective force until something "rather like an electric current" vibrates through them. In cases of very serious work, and only then, they perform the ritual of Drawing Down the Moon. Ray explained that this was a drawing down of power from outside and was very rarely done.

By the same token, the force generated by the group can be used in another way. For example, if someone is spreading malicious gossip and causing harm, then a doll might be made in his or her likeness. The lips of the doll are stitched together amid the proper incantation, and I was told the result is very effective in silencing the troublemaker.

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of concentration takes time and a great deal of practice. There are special exercises that help develop discipline of mind. The beginner starts off thinking of something relatively easy, such as a triangle or some other simple shape, and gradually works up to more advanced levels. The idea is to empty the mind of everything but the desired image and retain that picture for as long as possible.

Arthur, a quiet-spoken man in his forties, is the high priest of the coven. When I asked him why he had become a witch, his answer was very similar to that given by the other witches. "It was a gradual thing," he said. "I was seeking for something without knowing exactly what that something was. I was dissatisfied with the way of life offered by Christianity, and one day I began to read about the craft. The whole concept of the cult fascinated me, and I read all the books I could get hold of on the subject. Then I met someone who put me in touch with the coven."

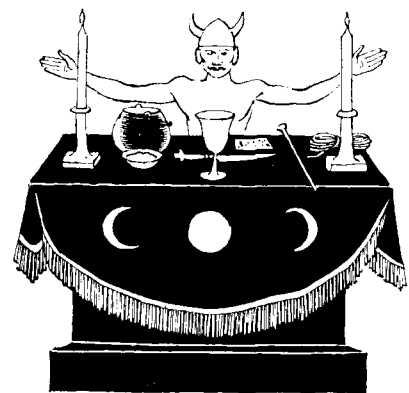
Every Wednesday evening members who are free meet at Ray's house. These gatherings are informal over cups of tea or coffee and are a means of getting to know a prospective member, by letting him come and join in the general conversation. Arthur told me they don't ask the candidate any special questions, but just talk. If the person seems genuinely keen on joining, he is given a list of recommended books to read. "Is there any reason why you would turn someone down?" I asked. "Only if we felt they wouldn't fit in with the rest of our group or if we thought they weren't truly sincere," Arthur said. "Unfortunately," he added, "because of the public's growing interest in the craft, we get the occasional crank or thrill-seeker trying to join. Some will even offer us money to be accepted. Most of all we don't want a person seeking a prop or crutch. The craft believes that all strength and power has to come from within the individual."

I became friendly with an attractive young witch named Bronwen, who is engaged to be married to another witch. Bronwen grew up in a tiny village in west Wales, and her father once said to her when she was a child: "Don't mind the pictures of witches you see in story-books with their funny hats and

ugly faces. You know real witches here in the village, and they don't look like that at all. They are ordinary men and women." After studying medieval literature at a university, Bronwen came to London to work as a teacher. It was only then that she became actively interested in the craft, and now she is a high priestess in her own right and could start a coven if she wished. When Ray is absent for any reason, Bronwen takes her place.

Bronwen told me as much as she is allowed to about what happens at the festivals. There is a strict vow of secrecy; even Ray's husband is never permitted to attend because he is not a witch.

All members of the coven are naked and wear a garter, really their white initiation string, around their waist. The priestess has three, signifying the material, mental, and spiritual aspects of life. The women wear necklaces, which can be made of pearls, metal, glass beads, and so on. The necklace is a circle, and therefore another symbol of eternity. The priestess wears a special silver bracelet on her arm (silver is the color of the moon) engraved with symbols and her witch name. There is an altar on which are placed various tools of the craft: a silver chalice, candles (which in this coven are not black



but usually a color suitable to the time of year, such as green for May Eve), a wand generally made from hazelwood, a small caldron, a censer filled with incense, a pentacle which is a flat piece of metal engraved with witch signs, a length of cord, a scourge, a bowl filled with salt, and the black-handled *athame*. Each tool has a special meaning. The caldron represents water and the Mother Goddess; the wand is the male phallus and fire; both salt and the scourge symbolize purification; the pentacle is earth; the *athame* is

air; and the cord is the spirit that unites all elements.

Some use is made of belladonna and also the amanita mushroom, which is either brewed or eaten raw. The mushroom has the effect of heightening awareness and can even produce hallucinations. Scrying, which is a form of crystal gazing, is a common practice, and witches divine things in water, black ink, dark mirrors, or a polished stone.

Along with the Druids, witches believe in reincarnation of the spirit. This follows the natural law of change brought about by the seasons. Winter is the apparent death of the earth, and spring the rebirth. Without life there cannot be death, and vice versa. Thus the Horned God represents both fertility and death — not the Christian concept of the devil at all. The witches believe in a destructive force and a changing rather than death per se.

As high priest, Arthur comes into his own during the winter months when he represents the Horned God of the underworld. "Starting with Halloween, our November Eve festival, the god is honored rather than the priestess," he said. "It's to do with the germination of the seed in the ground, and I wear the horned headdress, a two-horned helmet rather like a Viking's. There's a special short ceremony, and the women salute me with a kiss."

On May Eve the priestess again takes over, and this is the time when fertility rites are performed. Again the ceremony is purely symbolic, and not, as I had previously thought, a wild sex orgy. Arthur did tell me one story about last May Eve and a married couple who attended. Nine months later their baby was born. "I hasten to add," he said, "that conception did *not* take place at our festival!" There are special dances for May Eve, one of them being the jumping dance, to make the crops grow tall. Another one Arthur told me about is the fire dance, which they do if they are able to celebrate the rites outdoors. They light a bonfire, and holding hands dance right through the hot embers without anyone hurting himself.

Bronwen could disclose very little about the actual initiation, which is kept a top secret. The ceremony lasts for approximately a half hour. "I remember how scared I was before being initiated," Bronwen said. The



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candidates are blindfolded, and their hands tied behind their backs before they are led naked into the circle. According to custom, Arthur initiates all women members and Ray the men. The leader of the coven touches their breasts with the *athame* and warns them it is better to die than join the craft with fear in their hearts. The wording of the ritual then offers them the chance to change their minds and turn back. "Perfect love and perfect trust" is the reply. Many covens "purify" the newcomer by a token scourging — first three times, then seven, then nine, and finally twenty-one. The London coven doesn't observe this part. The tools of the craft are shown, and then the novitiates are consecrated with oil and wine. The members each have their own *athame*, which they make themselves and keep always. They don't hang these knives on the garter cord around their waist but carry them in one hand. At the end of the initiation the coven has traditional cakes and wine, which are served at every Esbat and festival.

There is a second initiation when the person concerned becomes a high priest or priestess. This differs from the first in that there is no blindfolding and it is the candidate who "scourges" the priest or priestess, but with three times the number of strokes. At the second degree initiation the candidate receives a red garter string and may then choose a witch name.

When I asked Ray if she believed black magic was practiced today, she was quite firm in her conviction that it was not. Certainly some incidents which have been attributed to black witchcraft were more likely to have been the work of vandals or people with a warped sense of humor. For instance, there was the case of a pig's head which was placed on a wooden cross between two other crosses on Tooting Bec Common, a London suburban park. "Yes," said Ray, "and didn't they all feel silly when they found out it was done by teen-agers from a local school!" However, not so innocent was what happened two years ago at St. Nicholas Church, Bramber, a village near Brighton. I spoke to the Reverend Ernest Streets, who was the rector there at the time. He told me he arrived at the church early one Sunday morning to find a huge stone cross had been dislodged

from a grave in the churchyard and placed against the main door along with a pile of rocks. Statues of angels had been broken and thrown on the ground. The door itself was covered with such black-magic marks as a circle with a dot and cross drawn through it.

"It made me very wrathful," said the Reverend Streets, "so I called down the church's curse upon those responsible. I cursed them and their families until they should repent." Shortly afterward the cross was replaced one night, and the rector then removed the curse.

Another incident happened at a Norman church named St. Mary's in the village of Westham, Sussex. I spoke to Mr. Walter Binsted, who was, and still is, a bell ringer there.

"It was the time of the church's Christmas fair," he said, "and I was standing at the gate just as dusk was falling. Four young men passed me and went into the church. After a while it was quite dark, and I thought they would need some light, so I went inside to put it on for them. The men were standing with their backs to me, facing the altar, and chanting in some foreign language. I don't know what it was, but it wasn't English. They had taken four candles from the altar and placed them, lighted, on the floor so they formed a cross."

Mr. Binsted ran next door to the church hall and fetched the vicar, the Reverend Harold Coulthurst, an elderly man who is now dead. Together they went back to the church, and the vicar challenged the men. They roughly pushed him aside and ran off. Later, when the police came, they noticed that the cross on the altar had been spat upon with great thoroughness. The vicar was convinced it was black witchcraft and reconsecrated everything, including the altar cloth.

Although the white witches are strongly in the majority, there is still a lot of superstition connected with the craft. Bronwen told me about a young Catholic college girl who was introduced to her one Sunday morning. Upon discovering that Bronwen was a witch, she gasped, "Oh, dear, I've just come from Mass!", and seemed afraid to shake hands in case Bronwen might disappear in a cloud of smoke.

"There are many of us now," said Arthur, "and the number keeps growing all the time. The old re-

ligion is a deep-rooted thing. Don't forget witchcraft was practiced long before Christianity came on the scene, yet despite persecution by church and state, it managed to survive through the centuries."

Ray was getting a bad cold and doctoring herself with her own special recipe — a raw onion sandwich, which she detests but claims works very well. Amid much facemaking, she finished it and poured another cup of tea. "Our gods," she said, "became the Christian concept of the devil, although they did borrow the female deity from us when they discovered a need for a mother image to worship."

I asked her what the basic premise of the cult was, and she said, "We worship the god or goddess incarnate in human form according to the natural cycles of the year. It is basically a very simple belief, which is precisely what makes it so strong. Nature doesn't change because of the atomic bomb or television. We believe in helping people, and most of all we believe in joy."

Arthur looked serious. "One day we shall regain our place of esteem in the world." He smiled and added, "Until then, merry meet, merry part" — which is the witches' farewell.

THE PERFECT PET

BY STUART HEMSLEY

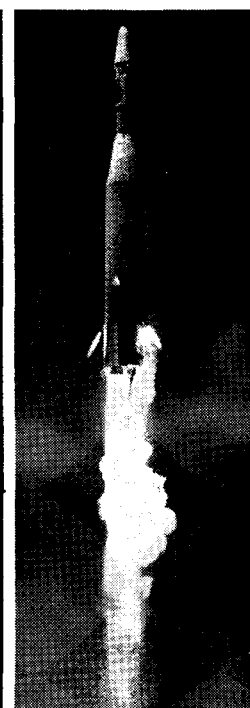
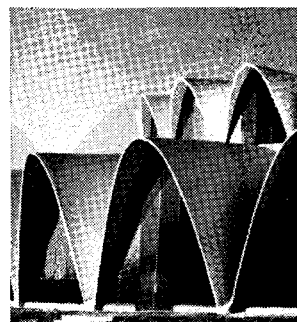
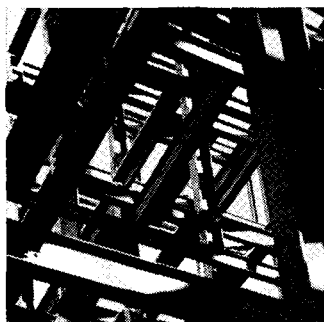
"Serpents make perfect urban pets — or so say the numerous New Yorkers who own them. NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

I bought a boa constrictor
To give my wife a pet.
In moments when she's lucid
She talks about it yet.

I thought it might be helpful
To change it for a krait.
I still recall her comments
When they came for her that night.

Her conduct had me worried;
But then I found the nub:
These pets are good for urban-
ites — and we are sub.

The moral: though in cities
Snakes may work out fine,
You'll need, if extra-urban,
A wife that isn't mine.



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BARBER, THE BARD, AND THE BARGE

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

It takes almost as long nowadays to write a new opera as to build a new opera house. Such, at least, has been the experience of Samuel Barber, the American composer commissioned to write the opening-night opera for the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. The house has been a-building, in its major construction phase, for three years, and Mr. Barber has been working on his *Antony and Cleopatra*, based on Shakespeare's play, for two.

"When I remember that Debussy spent ten years writing *Pelléas et Mélisande*, I feel better," said Mr. Barber. "But when I think that Verdi wrote *Aida* in six months . . . how was that possible?"

Mr. Barber was talking on a summer day (at the New York office of his publishers, G. Schirmer), at a point when the finishing touches were being put on both the opera house and the opera. At the handsome marble edifice workmen were tacking down the red carpet on the lobby floor preparatory to the September 16 opening, and at Schirmer's Mr. Barber was preparing to return to his studio home in Mount Kisco, New York, to finish up his orchestration.

"I orchestrate standing up at a

wall desk, like a clerk in an old-fashioned office," he said. "It's good for the back."

At fifty-six, Sam Barber is a handsome, well-built man whose hair is graying at the temples. Physically he resembles a successful businessman more than a successful composer, though perhaps the two are no longer mutually exclusive. The Metropolitan Opera is no bastion of modernity, but it badly wanted a new American work (as well as an all-American cast) to inaugurate its new home, and Barber, an admired and accomplished composer who works largely in traditional molds, was an obvious choice.

Considerably less obvious was the choice of subject, which was left to the composer.

"I prefer to work with contemporary texts," explained Barber. "I talked to Tennessee Williams and James Baldwin about a possible libretto, but they were just not very interested in opera. I talked to Thornton Wilder, too, but that didn't work out either. Then while I was mulling it over, suddenly I thought of *Antony and Cleopatra*. It's perhaps my favorite Shakespeare play. I know some actors consider it much too long and somewhat unsuccessful as a play, but it has

wonderful poetry in it. Right from the start Leontyne Price had been very much in everybody's mind for an important role at the opening. And *Antony and Cleopatra* certainly provided that. So you see, Shakespeare really proved to be quite an amenable librettist for the occasion."

Barber had one more suggestion. He wanted Franco Zeffirelli, the Italian director-designer, brought into the picture, even though it meant breaking the all-American pattern the Met would have preferred. General Manager Rudolf Bing agreed, and details were worked out among the three men at the rear of Bing's box during an intermission in the Zeffirelli production of Verdi's *Falstaff* two seasons ago. Later the parts were parceled out: Cleopatra for Price, Antony for the young Puerto Rican bass Justino Díaz, Caesar for tenor Jess Thomas, and Enobarbus for bass-baritone Ezio Flagello, with Thomas Schippers, long associated with Barber, conducting.

The job of condensing and adapting Shakespeare's play into a libretto was undertaken by Barber and Zeffirelli, although only the latter is given official credit on the title page. The Met arranged for a Ford Foundation grant—its size undisclosed—to pay Barber; and the cost of the production was met by a particularly philanthropic member of the board of directors, Francis Goelet.

"He's a generous man," said Barber. "It's a very big production."

It is, as a matter of fact, the most expensive production in the history of the Metropolitan Opera, with its total cost reaching \$200,000. *Aida* two years ago was a mere \$150,000 (commented a member of the Met administration).

Antony and Cleopatra has no fewer than thirty solo parts, an oversize chorus, a vast orchestra, and is divided into three acts and nineteen scenes. It has land battles, sea battles, dances of jugglers and slave girls, a drunken revel, and even an apparition or two. In its scope it provides the kind of grandeur and panoply the Met regards as appropriate to the inauguration of a new house, especially a house with the prairie-like stage and intricate machinery of the Lincoln Center palace.



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Barber himself seems a bit awed by the size of the production the Met is planning. "I said 'chorus,'" he remarked, "and discovered it was going to be a chorus of a hundred and twenty. I also found there were going to be a hundred and twenty supers in the costumes of the various political divisions of the Romans and Egyptians. Actually, Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* is a very sophisticated play and by no means spectacular. There's a dichotomy between the struggle for political power and the great passion which blazes through to sheer poetry at the end. What I'm trying to say is that for this occasion, the opening of a new opera house, the spectacular side is being emphasized more than it has to be. This opera is suitable for smaller productions too."

Barber's vocal music has always been regarded as eminently singable. His aunt was the renowned American contralto Louise Homer, and he was trained as a singer himself. He once made a recording (for RCA Victor) of his fine setting, for baritone and orchestra, of Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach." His only previous opera, *Vanessa*, to a libretto by his friend Gian-Carlo Menotti, besides winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1958, has attained eighteen performances in three Met seasons, which is considered not bad. A strongly lyric impulse has also underlain most of his instrumental works, beginning with the famous *Adagio for Strings* in 1938.

So, despite the inclusion in his large orchestra of such instruments as piano, guitar, antique cymbals, extra percussion, and stage brass, it will be no surprise to find the voices, both solo and choral, carrying most of the musical and dramatic burden.

"The characters speak in different musical languages," said Mr. Barber. "Shakespeare's lines for Cleopatra were easiest to set because they're very loose and lyrical. They're scarcely in iambic pentameter. Iambic pentameter is hard to set to music, you know. The worst thing in the world to set is a sonnet. I've rather stylized some of the music a bit. When Antony is having a verbal feud with Caesar, I've characterized the Romans' rigidity and the tightness of their language by a fugato passage — a real fugato, with inversions, augmentations, and all. It begins right here at the words 'I

learn you take things ill which are not so.'"

Barber pointed to the place in the manuscript score of Act I spread out before him and began to sing in a healthy baritone, demonstrating the repeated entrances of the subject in its various voices. He obviously enjoyed singing it, and it sounded wonderful.

The chorus — all 120 voices of it — plays a considerable part in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The opening scene, subtitled "A vision of the Empire: Jews, Persians, Africans, Romans, Greeks, Soldiers," is entirely choral; Barber and Zeffirelli assembled the text for it from passages scattered throughout the play. The chorus also pronounces a kind of benediction ("She looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony" — originally Caesar's) at the final curtain. It even gets to comment, with various wondering interjections, on Enobarbus' famous description of Cleopatra's barge. This Mr. Barber characterized not as an aria but as an "interrupted narration" — with Cleopatra, incidentally, appearing as a vision during the passage.

For all his enthusiasm for Shakespeare's lyricism, Mr. Barber acknowledged that, Cleopatra aside, some problematic moments had arisen. "I ran into a couple of tongue twisters," he said, "lines not of a very lyrical nature. You come to a line like 'You have broken the article of your oath which you shall never have tongue to charge me with' — it isn't as easy to set that to music as 'All alone by the telephone.'"

After Mr. Barber had completed the first act, a rather unusual procedure was followed. The score was performed and taped at a recording studio, with an excellent young soprano named Sara Mae Endich singing the Cleopatra role. This served two purposes, aside from giving all concerned an opportunity to hear how the opera actually sounded: it demonstrated the timing of the scenes in the act, and it was useful to the singers in studying their parts. A tape of the act was also sent during the summer months to Zeffirelli, who by now was back in Italy, deep in another, somewhat different Shakespeare project, a film version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor.

Barber declines to estimate where *Antony and Cleopatra* is likely to stand in his canon of complete works, or to say whether he is conscious of new musical departures in writing it. He acknowledges that it is larger in scope than *Vanessa*, but cheerfully admits that he has come up with a traditional opera divisible into traditional parts — arias, ensembles, dances, and the rest. He has been classified as a "neo-romantic" by Gilbert Chase in *America's Music*, possibly the most authoritative and comprehensive book in its field. Mr. Chase goes on to say of Barber's later works: "His feeling for traditional forms appears to be gradually uniting with a trend toward dissonant counterpoint and polyharmony. He is slowly catching up with the twentieth century."

Barber chuckled when the passage was read to him. "I don't think I've caught up with the twentieth century at all," he said. "You would have to be aleatoric, electronic, and everything else. Even Boulez is out of date. Mr. Chase is being much too kind. As for whether *Antony and Cleopatra* breaks any new ground for me musically, I'd rather not answer. You'd best answer it for yourself after you hear it."

As operatic subject matter, the Cleopatra story is not exactly a novelty. Mr. Barber said he had counted up thirty-five previous treatments in Grove's *Dictionary*. His isn't even the first American version of the story to be given at the Met, for it was antedated by Henry Hadley's *Cleopatra's Night* in 1920. "I wonder what *that* was like," said Mr. Barber thoughtfully. In any case, the choice of an American opera performed by an American cast for the opening of the new house will be a marked contrast to the opening of the old one in 1883, when a French opera (Gounod's *Faust*, then twenty-four years old) was performed by a mostly Italian cast.

Whatever success it may achieve at the Met or subsequently, *Antony and Cleopatra* is unlikely to make Sam Barber a wealthy man. From a composer's standpoint, opera is not a very marketable commodity. Schirmer's is printing a complete vocal-piano score of *Antony and Cleopatra*, but the full orchestral score will be published only in the form of photostats of Mr. Barber's manuscript. The parts from which the

instrumentalists will play on opening night will also be copies of the original, just as in Mozart's day, except that now the copying is done photographically rather than by hand.

So far no other opera house has put in a formal bid to produce *Antony and Cleopatra*. "There have been a few nibbles, but that's all," said Mr. Barber with a faint smile. "They always wait to see how the first one goes."

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Trio in B-flat Major, Opus 97, "Archduke"

Eugene Istomin, pianist; Isaac Stern, violinist; Leonard Rose, cellist; Columbia MS-6819 (stereo) and ML-6219

This is a record to renew one's faith in music as an expression of human nobility. The *Archduke* Trio is one of Beethoven's most stirring and beautiful works in any form, and these three fine musicians give it a closely knit yet broadly conceived performance that makes it seem intensely personal and intimate. Isaac Stern is established as one of the great virtuosos of the day, but a recording like this is a measure of his qualities of musical leadership and dedication as well as of his mastery of his instrument.

Hindemith: Ludus Tonalis

Käbi Laretei, pianist; Philips PHS-900096 (stereo) and 500096

Ludus Tonalis ("Play of Tones") is the not very alluring title Paul Hindemith gave this set of "Studies in Counterpoint, Tonal Organization and Piano Playing." But though his purpose may have been pedagogic, somewhat like Bach's in *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, he came up with a series of piano pieces that have a vitality and variety of their own. Counterpoint has had no more resolute an exponent than Hindemith in this century, and in *Ludus Tonalis* he demonstrates convincingly the adaptability of ancient forms to modern uses. Käbi Laretei, the sympathetic and strong-fingered pianist, certainly seems capable of holding up her end of an artistic household—her husband is Swedish film director Ingmar Bergman.

Honegger: Pacific 231 (two versions)

Leonard Bernstein conducting New York

Philharmonic; Columbia MS-6659 (stereo) and ML-6059

Maurice Abravanel conducting Utah Symphony Orchestra; Vanguard VSD-71156 (stereo) and VRS-1156

Pacific 231 still is pretty exciting stuff. Honegger wrote it in 1923 as a musical statement of his "visual impression and physical enjoyment" of a railroad locomotive. And it really *does* sound like a train, gathering strength and majesty as it goes, reaching a peak of what Honegger termed lyrical exuberance. The music is, of course, an exercise in orchestral virtuosity, and there is more of this in Bernstein's orchestra than in Abravanel's. Curiously, though *Pacific 231* takes only six minutes, it leaves a far more powerful impression than any of the other works on either of these records. The Columbia release also contains Honegger's *Rugby* and *Pastorale d'Été* plus Debussy's *Rhapsodie* for saxophone and clarinet with orchestra; the Vanguard offers Varèse's *Amérique* and Milhaud's *L'Homme et Son Désir*, two highly percussive pieces, the first being an ambitious if not altogether successful sound portrait of New York in the 1920s.

Duke Ellington's Concert of Sacred Music

Duke Ellington and his orchestra, with Brock Peters, Esther Marrow, Jimmy McPhail, Bunmy Briggs, and the Herman McCoy Choir; RCA Victor LSP-3582 (stereo) and LPM-3582

Psalm 150's injunction to "Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet . . . Praise Him upon the loud cymbals" was never obeyed more explicitly than here, where the praising is done by an entire jazz band. Duke Ellington's *Sacred Concert* was recorded on the scene at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, and it makes for a fascinating, if not altogether liturgical, listening experience. At times, as when Brock Peters delivers a set of rhyming couplets giving a modern picture of chaos, it seems a bit banal and contrived, but its best passages (mostly the instrumental ones) are nothing short of magnificent.

Harold Sings Arlen (with friend)

Harold Arlen and Barbra Streisand, singers, with orchestra conducted by Peter Matz; Columbia OS-2920 (stereo) and OL-6520

Harold Arlen not only has composed the music for some of the most cele-



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brated American popular songs ("Blues in the Night," "Ding-Dong! The Witch Is Dead," "For Every Man There's a Woman," "House of Flowers," and others), he also knows how to sing them with more feeling and clarity than many a professional performer. Apparently he has been entertaining his friends for years with private recitals; here he has put one on records. (The "friend" coyly included in the title is none other than Barbra Streisand, who sings two of the numbers.) This is altogether an attractive record; so much so that one wishes Arlen would make new recordings of such other Arlen "standards" as "Stormy Weather" and "I Got a Right to Sing the Blues."

The Mad Show

Directed by Steven Vinaver, with Linda Lavin, MacIntyre Dixon, Dick Libertini, Paul Sand, and Jo Anne Worley; Columbia OS-2930 (stereo) and OL-6530

This long-running off-Broadway revue loses its madcap visual appeal in its transfer to recording, but its general air of perky irreverence comes through intact. Mary Rodgers' music is just right for the pointed lyrics of Marshall Barer and Larry Siegel; the result is an amiable, occasionally ribald collection of satiric songs. Some of the targets, such as movies, television, and football, are fairly obvious, but *The Mad Show* also has some slyly pertinent comment to offer on such matters as American family life. The song that seems to be particularly relished by younger listeners is entitled, simply, "Eccch!" There's no great subtlety here, but the attitude, if not the sound, is prevalent throughout the show.

Way Out West

Mae West, singer, with anonymous band; Tower 5028 (monaural)

Mae West is, as they say, no chicken. But she takes to rock 'n' roll like . . . oh, well, a duck to water. Singing such songs as "Treat Him Right," "When a Man Loves a Woman," "You Turn Me On," and "If You Gotta Go," she displays a natural sense of rhythmic bounciness and the voice to carry her through. Her innate ability to kid sexiness while embodying it adds quite a distinctive touch to the songs. Things do get a bit repetitive after a while — the lady's range, both of voice and subject matter, is limited — but it's all good, clean fun. Fairly clean, that is.

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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN a heat wave descends upon the Canadian woods and the river temperature rises to 72 degrees plus and the salmon, in Howard's words, "become dilatory," there are other things to do than flog the pools. I don't mean that fishing ceases to be our central occupation, but common sense warns us that the fish will take only in those pools which are cooled by brook water, and there only before the sun has touched the water, or at dusk.

Meantime there is the full day to employ as the thermometer edges up to 90 degrees, with certain sensuous delights which are not part of one's daily life in Massachusetts. Breakfast, for example. In common with most men of middle years I have a sensitivity about my waist in profile. But all thoughts of diet fly out the window when confronted with Ken's homemade bread toasted to mahogany crispness. When after my poached egg and bacon I am offered pancakes, I take one, and it slips down so easily with the syrup that I don't feel too guilty at accepting another. Just one more. At least I have the courage to resist the oatmeal covered with canned milk and brown sugar which Matt White is lapping up.

There are various ways of courting a river in heat. One of the pleasures of fishing with Dale is his inquisitiveness: he always wants to see and to know, and on this brassy bright morning he and Ranny, his guide, are planning to pole upstream to take the pulse of the score and more of brooks flowing into the broad Southwest between our home camp and Push-and-Be-Damned. It will be quite a journey, so Ken has made them sandwiches, and they have a light rod with the smallest Rat Face McDougalls, of Dale's tying, just in case.

With Dale upstream and Bob and Phil on the home pools I head down to the Grilse Hole. It is a lovely voyage with the eyes luxuriating in the spruce and hemlock slopes and in the shade with which the wooded cliff shields Betz Pool. The

water feels like milk; I expect no follows to my fly, and am not surprised. My excitement comes from the moose prints in the soft ground above the spring, and then after we pole across river to the moist ledge above Howard's Rock, I gather a bouquet of purple iris and wild white orchids for our dinner table. My capture for the day.

We have cold boiled grilse, salad, and beer for lunch, with canned peaches and Ken's doughnuts for dessert — Bob, a slimmy, eats five — and when I draw my cabin curtains for my nap, I expect to be dead to the world for ninety minutes. Easing back to reality when it is over, the mind passes through a brief fantasy of home thoughts before it focuses on the problem of how to tease the heat-drugged fish. Perhaps some of those small hair flies tied by Mr. Doak of Doaktown would help. The drive to his shop takes us along the ridge, above the river, through fogs of dust and amidst the largest flocks of evening grosbeaks I have ever encountered. Sassy, fat, brilliant yellow, black, and white birds, they keep feeding away on the salty gravel until the car is almost on them; then they flee ahead of it in long swoops, shrilling their irritation. I have to swerve from one side to the other to avoid hitting them.

Dale has returned by the time we do. Of the twenty-three springs he sampled, the coldest was 39 degrees — "There must still be ice around that one somewhere," comments Ranny — and they averaged out at 41 degrees. The salmon can taste that cold water a mile down river, and it is no wonder that they streak through the holding pools of June and September to get as close as possible to the cooler inflow. "See any fish?" I ask. "Grilse," says Dale. "Close to the bank and in the shade. When the fly came close to them, they'd sniff it off." Yes, I know that sniff, a tiny gossamer of spray instead of the wholehearted swirl one hopes for.

Since it was a zero day with no fish taken or lost

by anyone, the talk at cocktails dwelt not on our exploits but on the riverbed: how it had been altered when the ice went out; how we should like to alter it if we had the use of a giant bulldozer. "Those big white rocks you see underwater in the camp pool," said Murray, "we planted them there five years ago, and the fish like 'em. When it's not so hot." Then we went into dinner, to a side of beef which Ken, unlike most camp cooks, is willing to serve pink.

If there are other places where the sleep is as tranquil as it is in Canada, I have yet to find them. But because of the long nap which divides the day into two such different halves, I don't stay down quite as long in the dark. It was 2:45 A.M. when the river awoke me, and the moon was full. Sitting up, I looked through the screen at the bright water and listened to the sibilance with which it flows over Murray's rocks and on downstream. The salmon move up under a full moon as much as seven miles or ten. The night air was cool; would there be fresh ones in the brook pool tomorrow?

TURNING POINTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY

For summer reading I want a book like *Puck of Pook's Hill*, a book which excites the imagination and one which can be taken in short bites. This year my trove was SIR ARTHUR BRYANT'S *THE FIRE AND THE ROSE* (Doubleday, \$4.95). Sir Arthur, who is an old friend and protégé of G. M. Trevelyan, has woven together his account of eight decisive events when the present and future of England were at the brink. "All," he says, "were contests of will in which the contenders staked their all, including life." Three occurred in the Middle Ages: the first, the duel between Henry II and Becket; the second, Edward III's incredible campaign at Crécy, when the English longbow in the hands of disciplined archers destroyed at odds of one to four the flower of French knighthood; and the third, an illuminating explanation of how the desperate social conditions following the devastation of the Black Death drove the peasants under Wat Tyler and John Ball to a state of rebellion that I have never appreciated before. There is a day-to-day account beginning on September 3, 1651, of the miraculous journey which Charles II, age twenty-one, with a price of a thousand guineas on his head, made after Cromwell's net had almost closed on him at the Battle of Worcester. For nearly a month and a half, he was passed from loyal household to loyal household. He missed detection by an eyelash; his gratitude is endearing, and in that sleepless escape his steel was tempered.

The latter half of *The Fire and the Rose* is com-

posed of narratives drawn from Britain's twenty years of conflict against the dynamic power of the French Revolution and Napoleon, beginning with the mutiny in the British Navy when the invasion barges were first being gathered in the Dutch ports. Sir Arthur's description of the conditions within the British fleet, of the mutiny gathering head at Sheerness, or of Nelson preparing his captains at Aboukir is brilliant writing; and as evidence of his style throughout I should like to quote three passages — first, this vignette of England after the Black Death: "Deep down the malaise of England after the Black Death was spiritual. It was the sickness of soul of a people who felt that justice was being outraged. The old static feudalism, in which every man knew and accepted his place, was disintegrating; the more fluid society that was replacing it was on the make and given to lavish and ostentatious luxury." Of Ireland in 1798 Sir Arthur writes: "For here in the island which she had conquered, misgoverned and never understood, proud England was faced that spring with disaster." And last, these words about Nelson: "His was that strange combination of brooding patience, study and intense concentration with a mercurial temperament that rose like lightning out of storm and, in the hour chosen of destiny, lighted the path to victory." This is indeed history raised to the level of epic; each episode comes alive once we have passed through the vestibule of orientation.

THE BEST APPLE OF THE ADAMSES

The Delicious apple in its size and sweetness is redolent of California, though if kept too long it can be punky and soft. The Roxbury Russet has all the characteristics of New England; firm and juicy, it will retain its flavor well into the winter. ABIGAIL ADAMS HOMANS is a Roxbury Russet. She was named for her famous forebear, the loyal and spirited Abigail who was the wife of our second President. After her father's death in 1894 she was "educated" by the most famous trio of uncles in the United States, Charles Francis Adams, Henry Adams, and Brooks Adams, and today, in what I might call her sagacious autumn, she is as keen-witted and as attractive as she must have been in the Quincy and Paris of 1900. Her brief memoir, *EDUCATION BY UNCLES* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00), is a tangy introduction to the Adams family and their way of enjoying each other and the world. It is crisply written, not a mushy word in it, as delightful a delineation of the New England character as I have tasted in a long time.

With the fine clarity of age, Mrs. Homans has recaptured the impressionable years. We see her elders as she saw them then, but we feel in the

candor of her judgment the appreciation and criticism which came to her as an older woman. Her candor is salted with humor. Her father's house in Wollaston was built at the worst period in American architecture, and she remembers it as "the ugliest and most inconvenient house that I ever was in." Her account of the Paris convent into which she was shoved by Uncle Brooks is just as austere and amusing. Her portrait of her popular, diffident, unambitious father, the oldest of the four brothers, is charged with affection and invigorated by the forthrightness of his letters and of the speeches which he made in an effort to bring South Carolina and Massachusetts to an understanding after the Civil War. No woman has ever written of Henry Adams so well, of his immaculate house on H Street in Washington, where it was his invariable rule that "serious things must be discussed lightly and light things seriously"; where he maintained a pose as a recluse as a blind for living exactly as he wanted; where at his select breakfasts (served at noon) he introduced his niece to his famous friends with the quiet admonition: "Have your own ideas but keep off other people's."

Brooks Adams was educated in rude isolation in an English boarding school while his father was our unpopular minister to the Court of St. James's during the Civil War, and Brooks never acquired the art of making friends. He was, in Mrs. Homans' words, "brusque, intolerant, opinionated, cranky and tactless to the last degree." And she loved him. It was Brooks who took her on most of her early travels, and it was of this craggy uncle that she said to her young husband, "You must spend five minutes every morning on the problem of liking Uncle Brooks."

Uncle Charlie, more social, energetic, and unaccountable, was forever moving, from Boston to Lincoln to Washington, and he wrote in his autobiography that he had tried Boston society drunk and he had tried it sober, and drunk or sober there was nothing in it. Washington, he thought, would provide new and interesting people, which caused his brother Henry to chuckle. As for that rocky, windy promontory in Massachusetts Bay where the Adams clan traditionally spent their summers, the Spartan activity there must be read to be believed. Brooks visited it once, and afterward remarked, "Oh, that is the place where they all eat in the cellar."

Whether she is writing of the Boston Cotillion, where she sometimes had to sit waiting for favor, or of Uncle Henry as he showed her through Canterbury, or of English house parties which she enjoyed with Ambassador Hay, Senator Cameron, and Uncle Henry, young Abigail is in her element, and I am at her feet.



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

WITH KENNEDY (Doubleday, \$5.95) is PIERRE SALINGER's account of his role in the Kennedy Administration. The book lacks the sweep of the magisterial accounts by Arthur Schlesinger and Theodore Sorensen. Salinger never influenced policy and makes no pretense to having shaped history. The value of his narrative, however, arises precisely from the independence of his perspective. Salinger has the detachment of an observer, loyal to his chief but unobsessed by any need to justify a particular position. He writes candidly; he knew nothing about the Bay of Pigs and says so. And he knows how to tell a good story; the account of a day in the country with Khrushchev is funny as well as illuminating.

Pierre Salinger came into the Kennedy entourage at a relatively late date. He had worked with Robert Kennedy on the Teamster investigation and had taken an active part in the presidential campaign of 1960 when he entered the White House as press secretary. His function was communication with the newspapers and, therefore, with the public. He faced the problem of translating the intentions of the new Administration into comprehensible terms, by no means a simple task given the difficulties of 1961.

Kennedy took office burdened by campaign rhetoric. His own ideals and the exigencies of the election had pressed him to create an image different from that of the old, tired, and passive Administration he had succeeded. The responsibilities of power were sobering, while the narrow margin of his victory and his tenuous control over the Congress for two years left little freedom of action in either foreign or domestic policy. The New Frontier could not immediately realize its hopes of civil rights, peace, or economic growth. The Administration was under constant pressure, therefore, to explain itself. Hence the importance of Salinger's role.

The book says practically nothing about domestic issues. There is a nice picture of the efforts of the President's family to maintain some degree of privacy, and there is a lucid and fair description of the White House staff. But the focus of the

work is on diplomacy. In those years when the peace of the world repeatedly hung in the balance, Salinger was drawn somewhat unexpectedly into service as intermediary between Kennedy and Khrushchev. Soon after their meeting in Vienna it became clear that one of their greatest problems was the basic one of opening dependable lines of communication between them. Messages that passed through formal channels were simply not reliable. The Foreign Office and the State Department could not always say what they meant when their words were to be scrutinized by other powers and by the public. Only the leaders speaking directly, personally, and informally could convey their precise meaning to each other. Salinger's account of the gradual development of such media of communication, through newspapermen and other unofficial persons, is fascinating. It may well be that only the existence of these links prevented total disaster at the time of the Cuban missile crisis.

The obligations of a world of continuing danger and of secret discourse produced a troubling conflict between the Administration's need to act under cover and the public's need to know what was happening. The clash over the problem of managed news in Vietnam was the most bitter outcome, and at one point it induced President Kennedy to request a newspaper publisher to withdraw an unsympathetic reporter from Saigon. Salinger, in retrospect, is critical of the restrictive policy. Yet he also points out that some journalists were playing a political role; their avowed purpose of bringing down the Diem government led them into questionable collaboration with the Buddhist leaders. The dilemma Salinger and Kennedy faced in 1963 still exists today. A democratic government, committed to total candor in its press policy, confronts an impossible choice between using any methods at its disposal, including some secret operations, and doing everything out in the open, with all the limitations to which such self-denial would subject it.

FAITH AND HISTORY

Every religion demands of its followers some suspension of the rules of evidence. So far as it recog-

The Peripatetic Advertiser



Alas for the book critic who writes with passion and polish and a nice sense of proportion only to see his closely reasoned paragraphs ripped apart and exploded into vulgarly large type sizes reappearing over the book publisher's colophon. Even the mandatory elision dots don't always save him from distortion. But this is the price he pays for writing memorably, for soaring above the earthbound copywriter. Consider: Of **NEW AXIS** (\$3.95) by Charles Newman, the publisher said, "A look beyond the familiar jibes at suburbia into its pattern of human aspiration."

The critic said, "... one of the best American first novels I've read since **THE CATCHER IN THE RYE** and certainly one of the two or three fiction discoveries of the year... His episodic technique, like that of his distinguished predecessors Joyce (in **THE DUBLINERS**) and Sherwood Anderson (in **WINESBURG, OHIO**), gives us the best of both novel and short story... **NEW AXIS** taxes the vocabulary of praise." — WEBSTER SCHOTT, *Life*.



Of **HALIFAX: The Life of Lord Halifax** (\$8.50), by the Earl of Birkenhead, the publisher said, "The biography of a statesman who never sought office." The critic said, "**HALIFAX** is first rate. Seldom has a more enigmatic and difficult person had a biography more clear-headed and explicit, as well as fair." — JOHN GUNTHER

"... an important and interesting book; a splendid example of clear dispassionate English biography concerning a significant figure

in 20th century England."

— PROFESSOR FRANK FREIDEL

Of **STEPPING WESTWARD** (\$4.95), by Malcolm Bradbury, the publisher said, "A novel which tells of a fumbling, unsuccessful English novelist who is offered a creative writing fellowship at Benedict Arnold University, somewhere east of the Rockies."

The critic said, "Mr. Bradbury sets a lively pace... The novel has a casually funny surface flecked with sudden lyricism, and with a high casualty list amongst professional frauds, horrible children permanently damaged by dotty intellectual parents, and amongst the jargon-mongers." — *The Spectator*.

"... Mr. Bradbury has a baleful eye for human weakness; he describes like a devil; and the result is clever, queer, witty, uncomfortable... a prose of considerable surface brilliance and oddity... there is always a sharp cutting edge concealed somewhere under the froth." — *The Manchester Guardian*

The newest in the **Daedalus Library** is **THE NEGRO AMERICAN** (\$9.50), edited by Talcott Parsons and Kenneth B. Clark. The publisher said, "In it, thirty leaders of the Civil Rights movement and scholars in the fields of history, sociology, social psychology, political science, and economics, reflect on the newest stage of the Civil Rights Struggle."

Writing ahead of publication William Bradford Huie said, "Before the mass impact of these extraordinary papers, the walls of self-delusion fall and leave our great dilemma open on every side to the attack of courageous minds."

Vive the critic!



A circular from British publisher Heinemann enlivens the morning mail. Its first page, without caption, is a full length photographic study of one of the most engaging young cadets ever to pose for the camera. In the strongly handsome, still vulnerable face, in the proud swagger of the stance there is a promise of a man to make history. The picture having done its hypnotic work, the back-up page claims with no British reserve at all "The most important biography of our time." **CHURCHILL** by Churchill. We approve this stout assessment and shall lift it for our own use when we present **WINSTON S. CHURCHILL** tardily on this side of the Atlantic, two weeks after its London debut because of the book club adoption here.



Sir Winston Churchill's own letters form the core of this definitive biography, written by his son, Randolph Churchill. Sir Winston comes on the scene with his own words in a letter to his mother, written when he was seven. The last letter in Volume I was written from Canada when at twenty-six he had just finished a lecture tour in the new world.

"... So the Queen is dead. The news reached us at Winnipeg and this city far away among the snows — fourteen hundred miles from any British town of importance began to hang its head and hoist half-masted flags. A great and solemn event: but I am curious to know about the King. Will he become desperately serious? Will he continue to be friendly to you? Will the Keppel be appointed 1st Lady of the Bedchamber? ... I am most interested and feel rather vulgar about the matter. I should like to know an Emperor and a King. Edward the VIIth — gadzooks what a long way that seems to take one back! I am glad he has got his innings at last, and am most interested to watch how he plays it ..."

The letters are all wonderfully revealing of a brilliant society living at the top of its bent and of an appealing, stubborn, eager youth, short of money and patience, already too tough minded to fit inside his social mold, too ingenious and too lucky to stay cooped inside a strongly guarded Boer prison, too forthright to temper his wartime reportage to



the prevailing political winds. Certainly it was someone who read every word of this book who called it "The most important biography of our time."

Another piece of mail, this one outward bound, presents something that in our time only visitors to the New York Historical Society have seen. This is the collection of the original paintings created by John James Audubon for **THE BIRDS OF AMERICA**. When Audubon created them one hundred and forty years ago, no process existed for precise reproduction of works of art. Instead, craftsmen in London engraved a copy of each painting on

a plate, at times adding backgrounds and changing compositions. The plates were printed in black and white, colored by hand, and bound together into the Double Elephant Folio edition. The surviving prints, not exact copies to begin with, have often suffered from age and misuse. Subsequent reproductions of Audubon's birds have been copies of such copies and many of the essential qualities of the man's original art have been lost.



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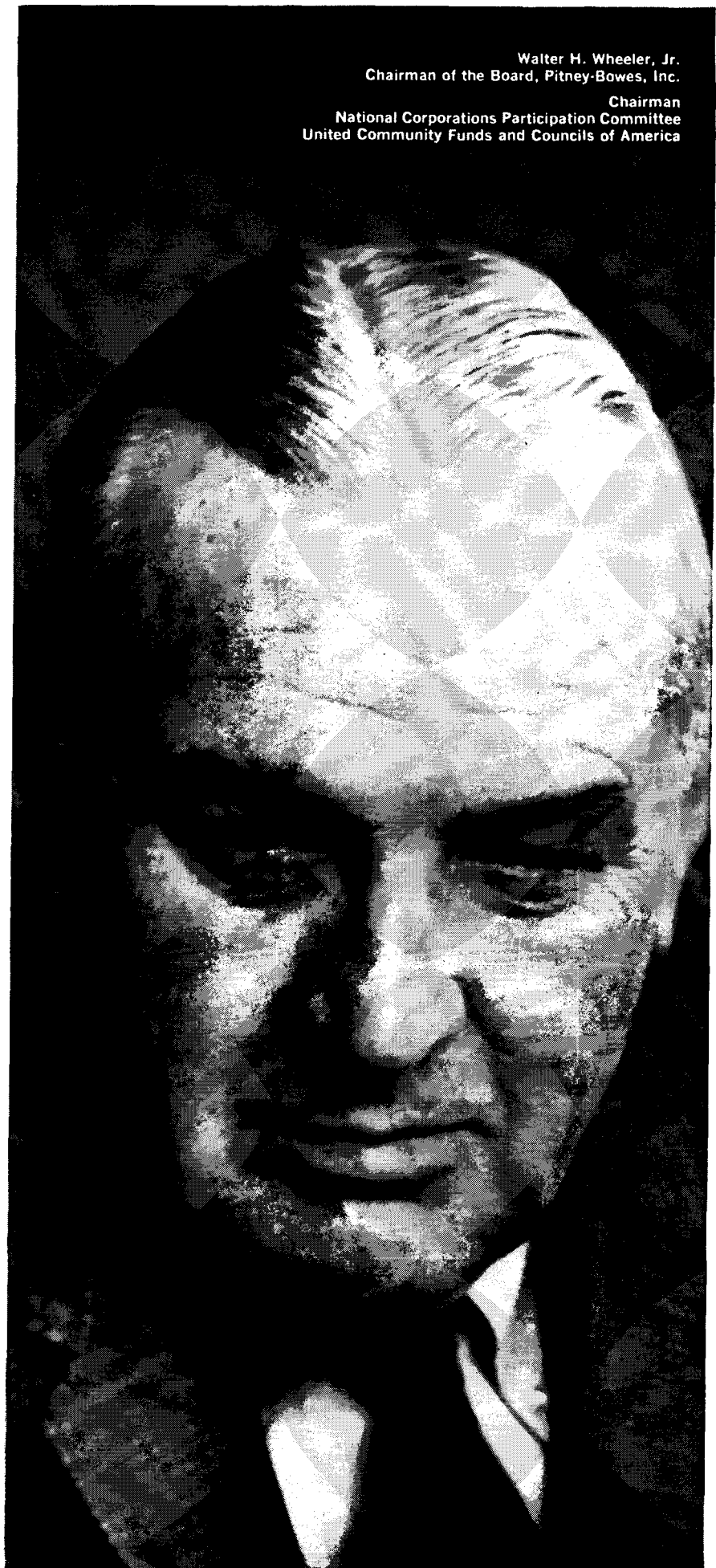
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nizes the intercession of a divine force in the world of men, it claims exemption from the rules by which ordinary historic events are judged. The career of a prophet is not subject to the criteria of credibility which govern the lives of other men.

In most cases, of course, the issue does not arise. The incidents the believer accepts on faith occurred in times and places so remote that the evidence is beyond the reach of verification. When, however, the critical event happens close by and in the recent past, information is available, and there is a problem of reconciling faith and history.

Mary Baker Eddy, like Joseph Smith, was the founder of an American church which today commands a substantial number of adherents. Exactly one hundred years ago in Lynn, Massachusetts, she passed through an experience that was the starting point of Christian Science. She was thus certainly a historic figure of the known past, who left abundant traces in the records of her time.

ROBERT PEEL in **MARY BAKER EDDY: THE YEARS OF DISCOVERY** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.50) deals with the formative years in Mrs. Eddy's life. From a bleak girlhood on a New England farm he follows her through two unhappy marriages to the discovery of the truth and its ultimate exposition in *Science and Health*. Peel is about the only serious student to have had access to the church archives, and his book contains information available nowhere else. It is particularly good on her family background and on her early years. Moreover, Peel is commendably familiar with the literary and intellectual context within which his subject grew up.

Yet he writes as a believer who has to square uncomfortable evidence with the dictates of his faith. The most notable example is the key event in 1866 which led Mrs. Eddy to the insight fundamental to Christian Science. Peel gives the account accepted by the church. A fall left her permanently incapacitated with a concussion and possible spinal dislocation. Medical treatment was futile. Then "quite suddenly she was filled with the conviction that her life was in God. . . . At that moment she was healed." In that short experience she glimpsed the great fact she would thereafter try to make plain to others — "namely Life in

How Can Anyone Find Peace of Mind Today?

It's surely not easy in this era of tensions and fears.

Living in the shadow of atomic catastrophe is hardly conducive to a sense of security. Nor is it easy to keep life's values straight in an age disturbed by political and race conflicts . . . by fears of economic collapse . . . by a wide-spread decline of morality and a growing disrespect for law and order.

Even in tranquil times, the sensible person feels the need for something to cling to—a solid foundation of principles that will stand up against the storms of life. How much more, necessary is it to find such a cornerstone today? And where is it to be found?

To say that the answer lies in the teachings of Jesus Christ may seem too simple and inadequate to a generation that fires rockets at the moon. But isn't it really the *only* answer . . . the *one* formula for living successfully in these troubled times . . . the solid *cornerstone* that banishes fear and eases the tensions of everyday living?

No scientific fact or piece of human knowledge is more positively validated than the words of Jesus. And He promised us:

"Everyone therefore who hears these

my words and acts upon them shall be likened to a man who built his house on rock. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat against that house, but it did not fall because it was founded on rock" (Matt. 7:24).

And lest you think that these are merely words . . . that the teachings of our Lord were intended for an earlier and less complicated world . . . be reminded that the cornerstone which He built is still present and visible, and the words He spoke are lasting foundations of truth which no wind, or flood or nuclear blast can destroy.

If you are searching for true peace of mind in these turbulent times, take a few minutes to read a pocket-size pamphlet we have prepared on the topic: "Everlasting Foundations." It covers such points as Christ the Cornerstone, Apostolic Witnesses, Apostolic Successors, Christian Response and The Christian Heritage. And it will show you how to be like the man whose house survives every storm because it is built upon rock.

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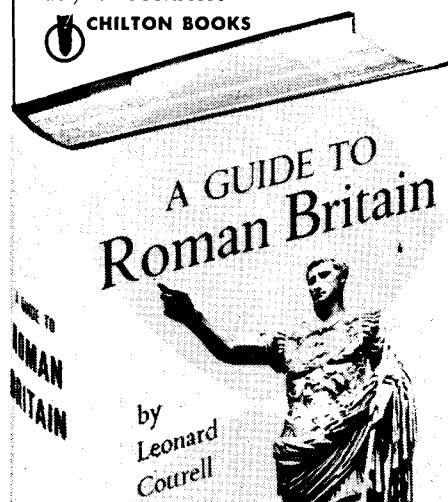


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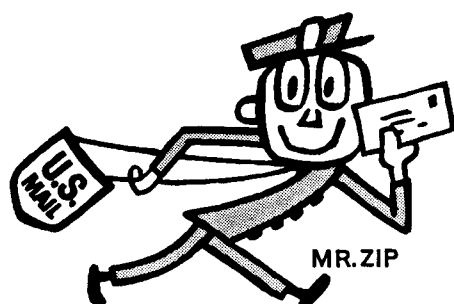
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and of Spirit; this Life being the sole reality of existence."

Many years later when his patient had become famous, the physician who attended her disputed this account. The injury was superficial, and she needed only a sedative to quiet her nerves. Peel, nevertheless, must reject this evidence, although the official version rests on the reminiscences of Mrs. Eddy and her followers. The fragment of information closest to the event, a letter she wrote within two weeks, is silent on the revelation that should have been uppermost in her mind.

In the zeal to portray the prophetic, Peel obscures the more dramatic story of the woman. The setting is the hill country of New England, economically decadent, drained by the West of its most vigorous elements. Mary passes from frustration to frustration; her health is always precarious, and like her contemporaries, she shows a morbid concern with death. She complains constantly of nervousness. Repressed passion flares out in anger. "I will see them in the bottomless pit before doing it," she writes when asked to arrange things for her father's new bride. She is no great intellect; her comments on politics are inane, and her efforts at poetry are banal. She is a woman of deep feelings. Yet Peel must present her as one "in whom an unseen spiritual purpose" is steadily forming.

The sense of intellectual growth is conveyed through a skillful although dubious process of affiliation. Peel quotes Melville's *Confidence Man* taking issue with science, and notes that Mrs. Eddy "could have agreed." But there is no evidence that she knew of Melville or Kierkegaard or the other writers whose words lend tone to these pages.

ETHOLOGY

The revolution of the past generation in the biological sciences has scarcely penetrated popular consciousness and has not significantly influenced public policies that rest upon totally outmoded conceptions. Yet for more than two decades, the study of the relationship of living organisms to their environment has reoriented our thinking about man's situation in the natural world.

Research in genetics has begun to explain the transmission of traits from one generation to another, and

ethology has supplied hundreds of fragments of fascinating information about the connections between living beings and their surroundings. The implications are already clear. The view of evolution inherited from the nineteenth century is no longer tenable. Darwin envisioned an orderly progression through time, the dynamic force of which was natural selection, the capacity of the fittest groups to survive in the endless competition for space within the environment. The logic of this position led in the social and psychological sciences to behaviorism. Man was a creature of his environment, stimuli from which produced the conditioned reflexes and other learned responses which determined his personal character and his social relations. In this picture, there was no room for "instincts," a vague residual concept within which were located all the phenomena still unexplained by behavioristic theory.

The new biological sciences have accumulated massive stores of data pointing to the persistence of factors that cannot be explained in environmental terms alone. Some traits transmitted through the gene pools of given populations remain intractable whatever the environment. Furthermore, some forms of behavior are either unlearned or are learned in ways not related to any element in the environment. Whether those be called instincts or some other name, they demand an explanation.

It is the virtue of **ROBERT ARDREY'S TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE** (Atheneum, \$6.95) that it offers a convenient and readable introduction to this information, much of which is buried in learned journals. Mr. Ardrey has enough academic background to be able to consider these matters seriously; and his experience as a playwright has left him the ability to communicate what he knows in a comprehensible, exciting manner. He is at his best in summarizing his own detailed observations or those of the scientists whose work he reports. His own spying on the love life of the Uganda Kob, Tinbergen's description of the arrival of the herring gulls at their breeding ground, Schmidt's account of the wanderings of the eels out of the Sargasso Sea are genuinely dramatic. Ardrey's lively style encases the scientific information in a colloquial narrative spiced with personal reminiscences.

Ardrey's inferences from this data, however, will not win easy assent. He believes that an innate code governs the behavior of animals, including men. The key to that code and the chief mechanism of natural morality is attachment to a particular territory. The territorial imperative is the guiding element that shapes the actions of all living beings.

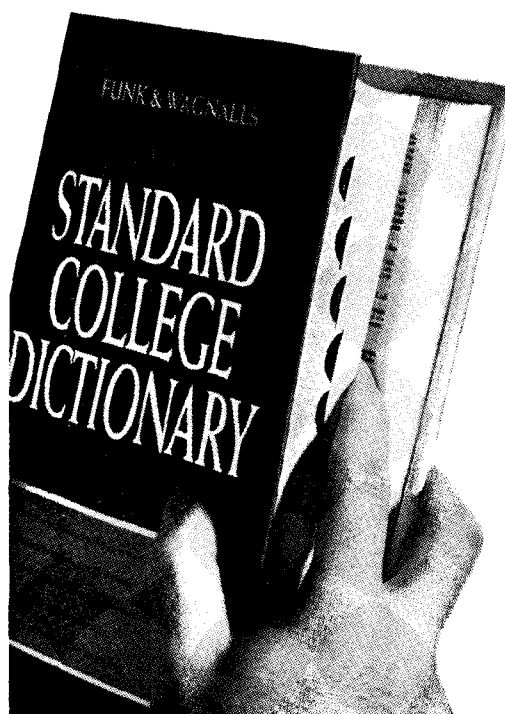
Ardrey knows that the conclusion is subject to many qualifications, but his exuberant style runs away with him, particularly when he takes leave of the biological data and applies his judgments to Vietnam, World War II, and the State of Israel. In calmer passages he recognizes that to describe one instinct is not to describe the whole complex organism. If the territorial imperative applies to man at all, it does so in intricate relationship with social and psychological forces of other derivations.

Nevertheless, these data have serious implications for important questions now before us. In the past generation, the social sciences have clung determinedly to environmental theories, whether they dealt with the causes of poverty, of war, of prejudice, or of delinquency. Aggression, for instance, is almost universally explained as a response to frustration. **BURN, BABY, BURN!**, the vivid story of the Watts race riot by **JERRY COHEN** and **WILLIAM S. MURPHY** (Dutton, \$5.95), gives the frightening details of the disorders that tore Los Angeles apart in August, 1965. When it comes to an explanation, the authors emphasize, as did the McCone Commission, the deprivations of the district and of its people.

It is certainly worth considering the possibility that instinctive drives will be expressed in aggression, even if every man has a job, and every nation living space. **KONRAD LORENZ's** thoughtful **ON AGGRESSION** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75) has some sobering thoughts on the matter. A distinguished biologist, on whose work Ardrey has drawn, Lorenz explains the instinctive drives that trigger hostile behavior. He is not pessimistic, for he also shows the means by which wolves, dogs, rats, and birds control their destructive impulses and learn to coexist, and he ventures to suggest that analogous responses may apply to humans.

There are no easy solutions. It is worth doing what can be done about poverty because it is easier to change

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the environment than to deal with those scarcely known forces we call instinctive. But the caution that housing and job programs are not panaceas is not an indication of despair. If we retain the faith, basic to science, that nothing true can ultimately be injurious, we may learn to recognize, even utilize, the drives in man now too often employed in his destruction.

THE SPANISH WAR

Franco's destruction of the Spanish Republic tested all the optimistic assumptions of the 1930s that had survived World War I and the Depression. The rational, liberal, and democratic Republic had briefly seemed to draw Spain out of its reactionary past into the modern world. The bitter struggle against it became for liberals the decisive trial of their faith in progress.

In *JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER*, **PETER STANSKY** and **WILLIAM ABRAHAMS** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50) have composed a dramatic dual biography. The two authors combine the talents of the historian and the poet to create a vivid picture of the intellectual turmoil of the decade of the 1930s.

Their subjects are two unusual young men who lost their lives fighting with the loyalist force in Spain. Julian Bell, the son of Clive and Vanessa Bell and the nephew of Virginia Woolf, was born in Bloomsbury and lived in intimate association with the brilliant circle identified with the Quarter. He shared the interwar attitude: literature was life, and life was politics. He wished to write poetry, but suffered from the perplexities of the liberal and allowed his personal life to fall into disorder. War was a justifiable escape.

John Cornford, his friend, was heir to an academic tradition of considerable depth. He was the great-grandson of Charles Darwin, and the university life of Cambridge was his familiar environment. At the age of sixteen he became a Communist. Spain called him to action. He died on his twenty-first birthday.

Bell the liberal and Cornford the Communist were both, to begin with, pacifists. The civil war totally committed them to action. Products of an intellectual aristocracy which accepted an obligation to help change the world, they could not doubt that

Spain was the inevitable place to be.

The account of their lives is deeply moving. These were literate young men accustomed to putting their intimate thoughts on paper, and Stansky and Abrahams were fortunate to have secured access to the surviving documents. Their book brings to life two vivid personalities and their milieus.

The same war also troubled Americans. Among those who made the pilgrimage to Spain was John Dos Passos, who was upset by its revelations. By then his novels of the 1920s had already made a substantial contribution to the literature of the United States. He had begun with Walt Whitman's conception of a country throbbing with the vitality of its free people, but had framed that vision within the radical points of reference of his own times. The shock of discovering what the Communists were actually up to in Spain caused him to draw back; and the problems of composing the trilogy, *U.S.A.*, led him to re-examine his whole position. The result was a profound transformation that culminated in the conservatism of his book *Midcentury* (1960).

JOHN DOS PASSOS' WORLD IN A GLASS (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95) contains a selection from his works arranged to give a view of our century. The anthology gains substantially from an illuminating introductory essay on the man and his works by Kenneth Lynn. But its unity and coherence derive from the fact that the country here described was always a central character in Dos Passos' fiction. His technical innovations — the camera-eye, the shifts in narrative focus, the mixture of biography, social documentary, and fiction — and his concern with reproducing the texture of the language reflected his wish somehow to describe the life of the whole people. The collection distills from his novels a panoramic view of the era they traversed.

A remarkably consistent picture emerges despite the shift in political position of the author. There is certainly a change from radicalism to conservatism. The iconoclasm and passion that imbued the earlier novels give way to anguished uncertainty. But the personal and national values remain resilient; from beginning to end, Dos Passos conveys a sense of the strivings for dignity of the people in all their variety.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

CHINUA ACHEBE of Nigeria has written two subtle, melancholy novels on the destruction of the old tribal and village life of Africa. His latest book, **A MAN OF THE PEOPLE** (John Day, \$3.95), is quite different. It describes modern politics in a discreetly nameless new African country, and it is all blunt roughhouse and fierce slapstick. The wit cuts like an ax, pidgin English is used mercilessly for satirical effect, the characters are almost entirely fools, or rascals, or both. *A Man of the People* is a very funny book, but it is gallows comedy masking despair and disgust. "You died a good death," the author concludes, "if your life had inspired someone to come forward and shoot your murderer in the chest — without asking to be paid."

THE LAST JEW IN AMERICA (Stein and Day, \$4.95) contains three interlocking stories by **LESLIE A. FIEDLER**. Lewis and Clark City is the source, if not actually the setting, of all of them, and its inspired name characterizes the place perfectly. Mr. Fiedler's central characters are an old Jew obsessed by the withering of Hebraic tradition, a poet (The Last WASP in the World) who has substituted sexual excitement for both brains and talent, and a Negro nightclub owner (The First Spade in the West) warily making his way toward bourgeois respectability. Mr. Fiedler's attitude toward the racial tensions involved is tartly unfashionable, amounting to a plague on all your houses, but there is much more than mere insouciance in these tales.

In **THE OTHER VICTORIANS** (Basic Books, \$5.95), **STEVEN MARCUS**, associate professor of English at Columbia University, discusses some aspects of pornography in the nineteenth century. Discusses is, I think, the proper term. Mr. Marcus quotes at length, examines the evidence, and proposes various interesting hypotheses concerning the relationship between pornography and social reform or scientific advance. He comes to no comprehensive conclusion beyond the fairly foreseeable observation that pornography consists es-

entially of monotonous fantasies with strongly childish characteristics. Mr. Marcus also predicts that the stuff will eventually disappear, having reached its peak of usefulness in the late nineteenth century when the "view of human sexuality as it was represented in the subculture of pornography and the view of sexuality held by the official culture were reversals, mirror images, negative analogues of one another."

There seems to be some distant connection between the prospective decrease of pornography and the appearance of **BARBARELLA** (Grove, \$5.95). *Barbarella* is an intergalactic Miss Fixit invented in comic strip form by the French artist **JEAN-CLAUDE FOREST**. Aside from amusingly lively, attenuated drawing, the strip offers the indestructible *Barbarella*, an affectionate chick whose clothes fall off in every crisis and whose adventures, clothed or not, are ineffably preposterous but never quite as uninhibited as the preliminaries lead the reader (viewer?) to expect. The thing is, in fact, a successful pseudo-naughty, pseudo-erotic, pseudo-science-fiction spoof. Its hilariously disjointed action is partly deliberate, partly a necessary concession to the kind of vocabulary involved. "Switch off the reactors and stabilize the rockets by using the anti-gravity device" is rather more of a problem than "To horse!", and something has to give.

In **STALKING THE HEALTHFUL HERBS** (McKay, \$6.95), **EUELL GIBBONS** describes the properties and uses of various wild plants. He has had the assistance of the food and nutrition department of Penn State University on the question of vitamins and such, but the charm of the book, like that of Mr. Gibbons' previous works, is the odd information turned up and the author's optimistic persistence in seeking a use for the most unlikely flora. Only Mr. Gibbons would attack skunk cabbage, much less battle that mephitic vegetable to a draw, or confess that his orange-lemon-bearberry jam was pronounced very good — probably better without the bearberries. He also reveals that the languid Victorian maiden nibbling on candied violet petals was actually stuffing herself with vitamins A and C. Altogether a most engaging book, the better for Mr. Gibbons' insistence that home-brewed potions are no substitute for the doctor.

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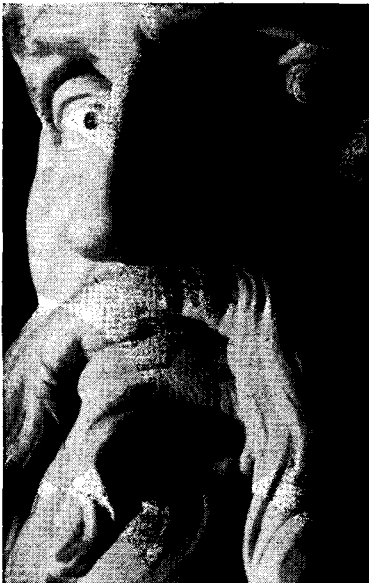
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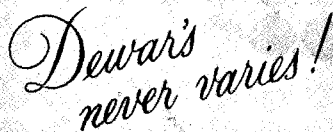


Sandro Botticelli (above)
Primavera is a reproduction of a painting by Sandro Botticelli, one of the most famous of the Italian Renaissance. The painting depicts a group of figures in a lush, garden-like setting. The figures are dressed in elaborate, classical-style clothing. The scene is set in a garden with trees and flowers. The painting is a masterpiece of the Italian Renaissance, and it is one of the most famous works of art in the world.

The book also shows works by Botticelli (above), Raphael, Giotto, Uccello, Lippi, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Donatello, Ghiberti and others.

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